

NEW MOVIE TYPES WINNERS IN THIS ISSUE!

Modern Screen

JANUARY

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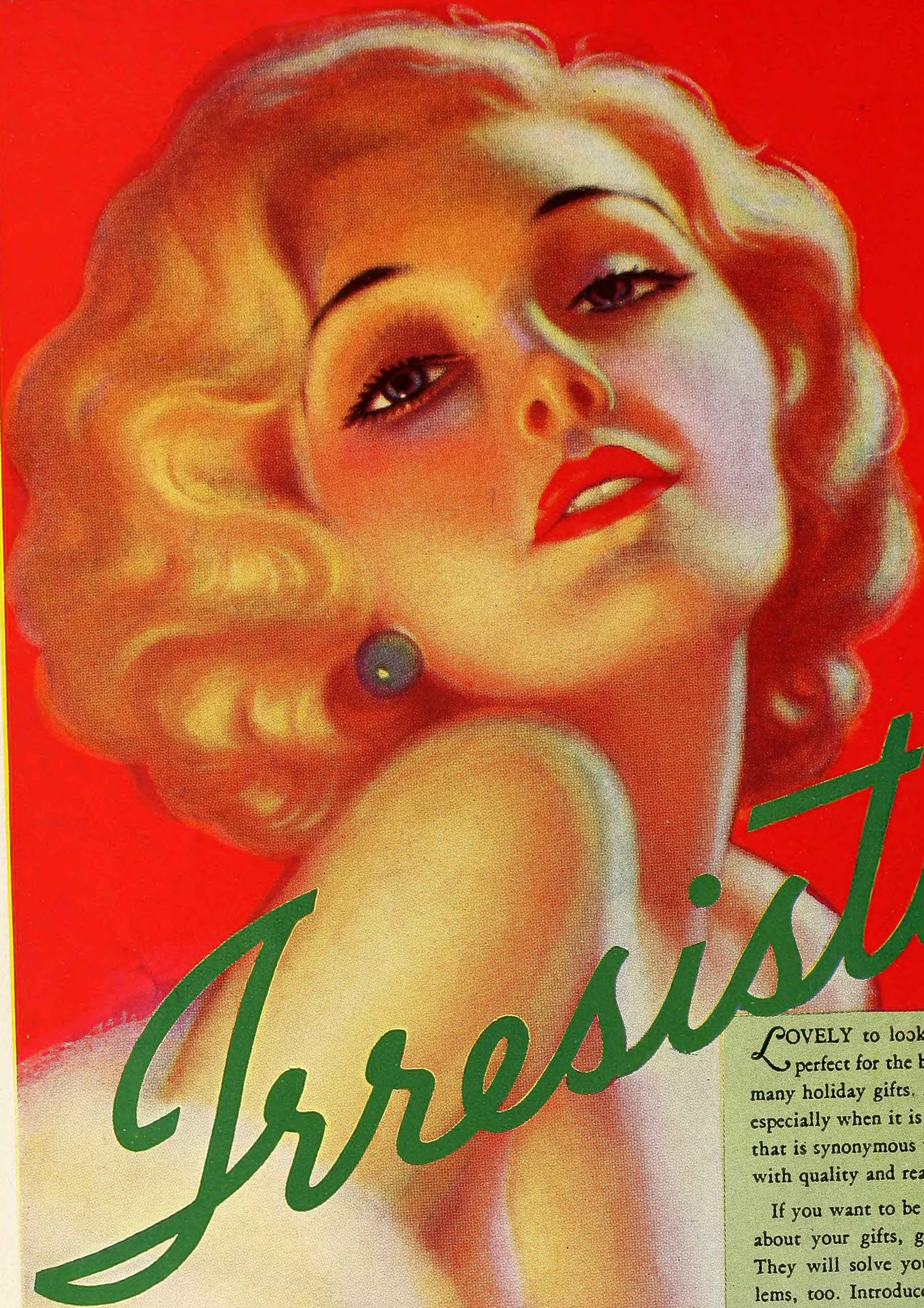
THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
SCREEN MAGAZINE



ROBERT
TAYLOR

"I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH ASTAIRE!" says ELEANOR POWELL

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS



Irresistible

LOVELY to look at, delightful to give, and perfect for the budget that must stretch over many holiday gifts. A combination hard to resist, especially when it is "IRRESISTIBLE", the name that is synonymous with "allure" in cosmetics.. with quality and real value.

If you want to be romantic as well as practical about your gifts, give Irresistible Beauty Aids. They will solve your year-round cosmetic problems, too. Introduce yourself now to Irresistible Cosmetics . . . to the satin-soft face powder, to Lip Lure that is so vivid and lasting, to Irresistible Perfume with its exotic fragrance. 10c each at leading 5 and 10c stores.



Irresistible Perfume 10c
4 Piece Irresistible Gift Set 25c
5 Piece Irresistible Deluxe
Gift Set 50c



Eye-taking Loveliness

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



IF ONLY this lovely girl could stand forever as you see her here—serene, beautiful, goddess-like! *But when she smiles—when lovely lips part and reveal dull teeth and dingy gums—how quickly and tragically the spell of beauty is broken.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It may not seem dangerous—that first warning "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush. It may seem trivial, unimportant. But your dentist will tell you it can be and has been the prologue to many a dental tragedy. Remember—"pink tooth brush" is a distress signal, and only a distress signal. But when you see it, play

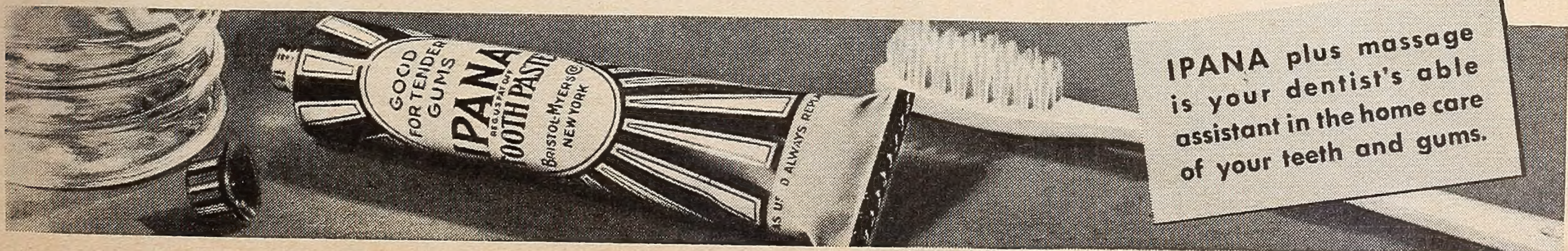
She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

safe—*see your dentist.* The chances are that it does not mean a serious gum disorder—but *your dentist should make the decision.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food menus—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as so many dentists will often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation

stimulates gum tissues. You'll soon sense a new, healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves.

Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is approved by many modern dentists, taught by many modern teachers in classrooms all over the country. Don't take chances. Even before you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, even before you have this first warning of danger—schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine with Ipana and massage. Don't risk being a "dental cripple." Change to Ipana and massage, and help keep your smile lovely, bright, sparkling—and safer.



Modern Screen

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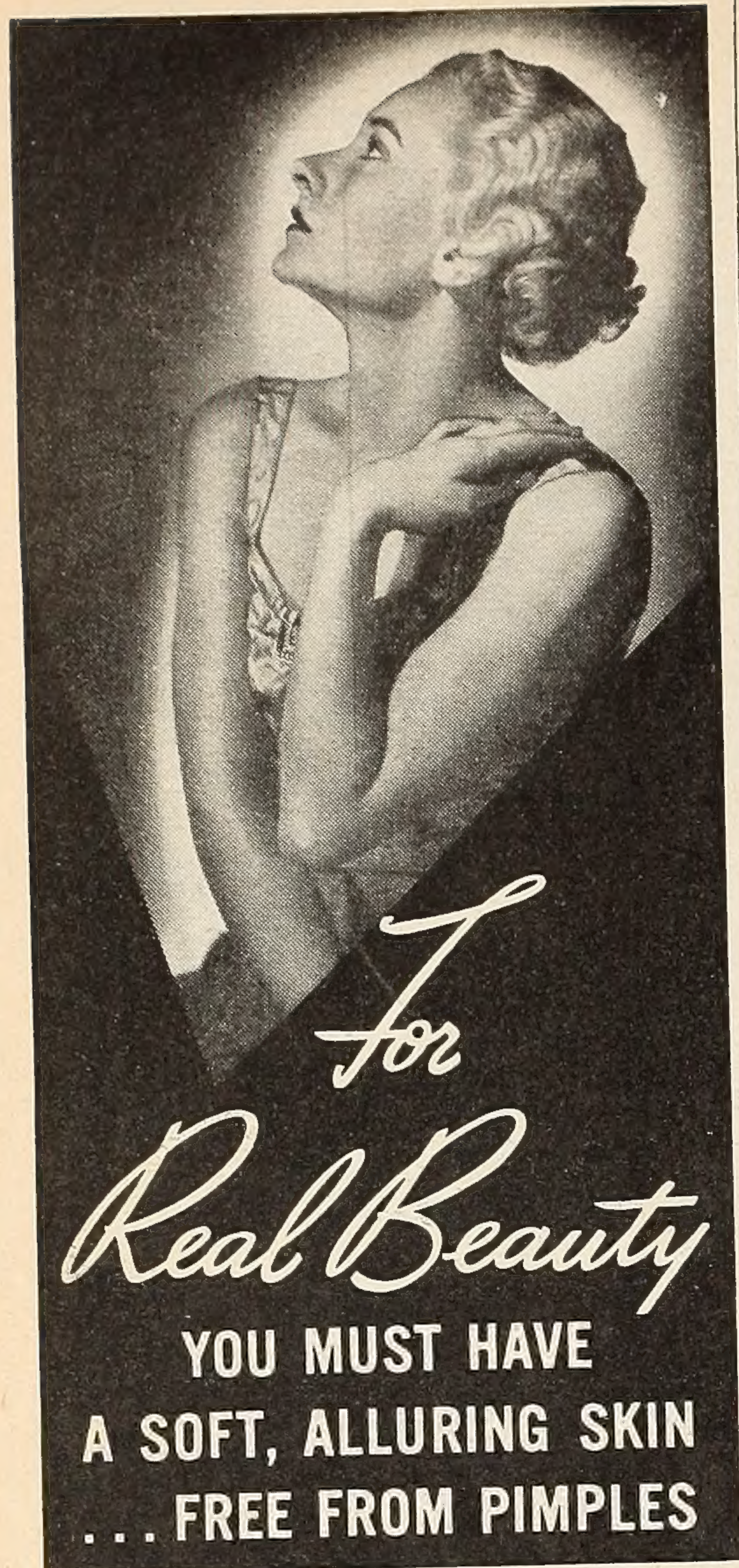
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Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. Chicago, Ill., office, 360 N. Michigan Avenue. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 14, No. 2, January, 1937. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, \$1.00 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, \$1.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 a year. Entered as second class matter, September 18, 1930, at the Post-office, Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Sole Foreign Agents: The International News Company, Ltd., 5 Breams Building, London, E. C. 4, England. Names of characters used in stories and in humorous and semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of a living person is used, it is purely a coincidence.



SMOOTH, satiny shoulders—lovely skin "all over"—a radiantly clear, youthful complexion—men admire them and modern style demands them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid your skin of ugly pimples on face and body. And thousands are doing it, with complete success.

The real cause of disorders resulting in ugly pimples may be nothing in the world except a lack of the yeast vitamins B and G. When these elements are not present in the human diet in sufficient quantities, the intestinal tract becomes weak and sluggish. Its function is badly impaired. Constipation is likely to ensue and this, in turn, often shows up in pimply skin.

Countless men and women have found that in such cases, Yeast Foam Tablets work wonders. This pure dry yeast supplies vitamins B and G in abundant quantities and thus tends to restore the intestinal tract to normal—in those instances of vitamin deficiency. With the intestinal tract again in healthy function, pimples should quickly disappear.

Start now. Try Yeast Foam Tablets and give them the chance to give you the same welcome relief they have brought to so many others.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

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Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.)

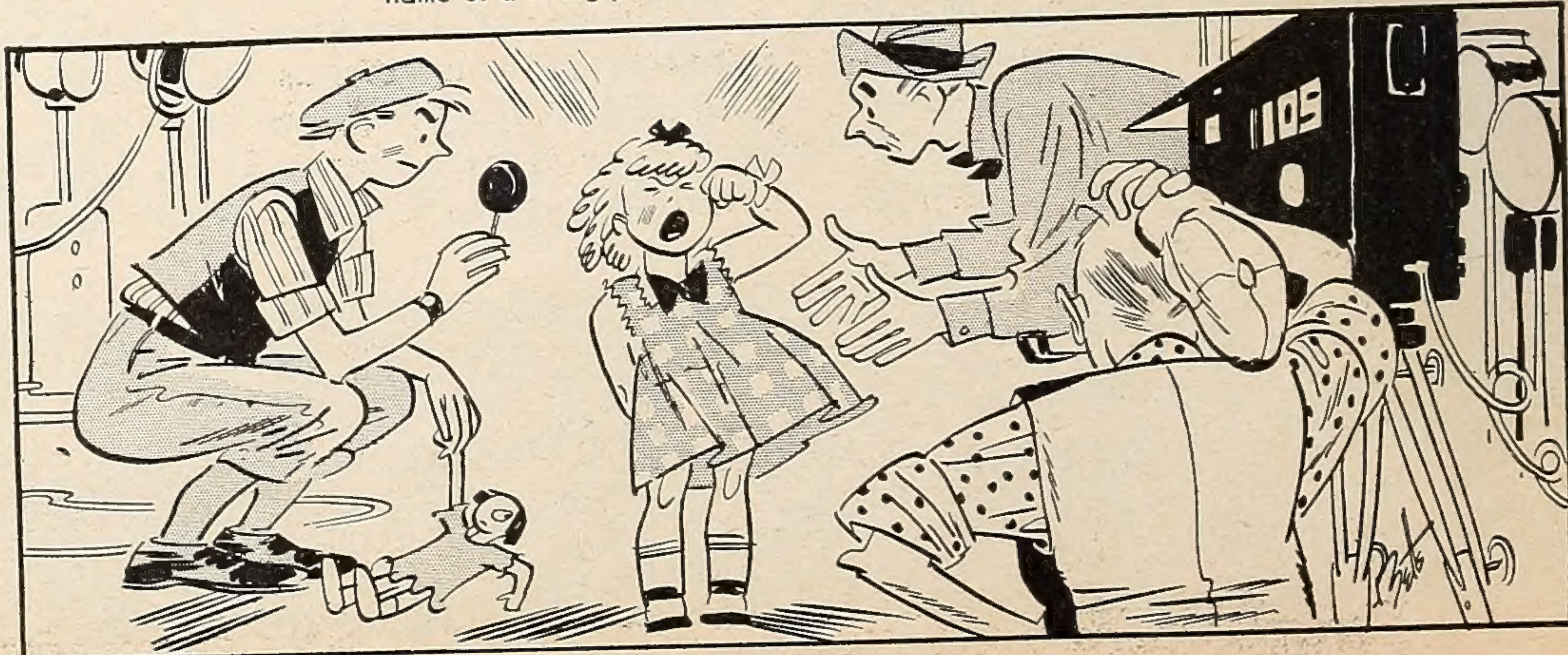
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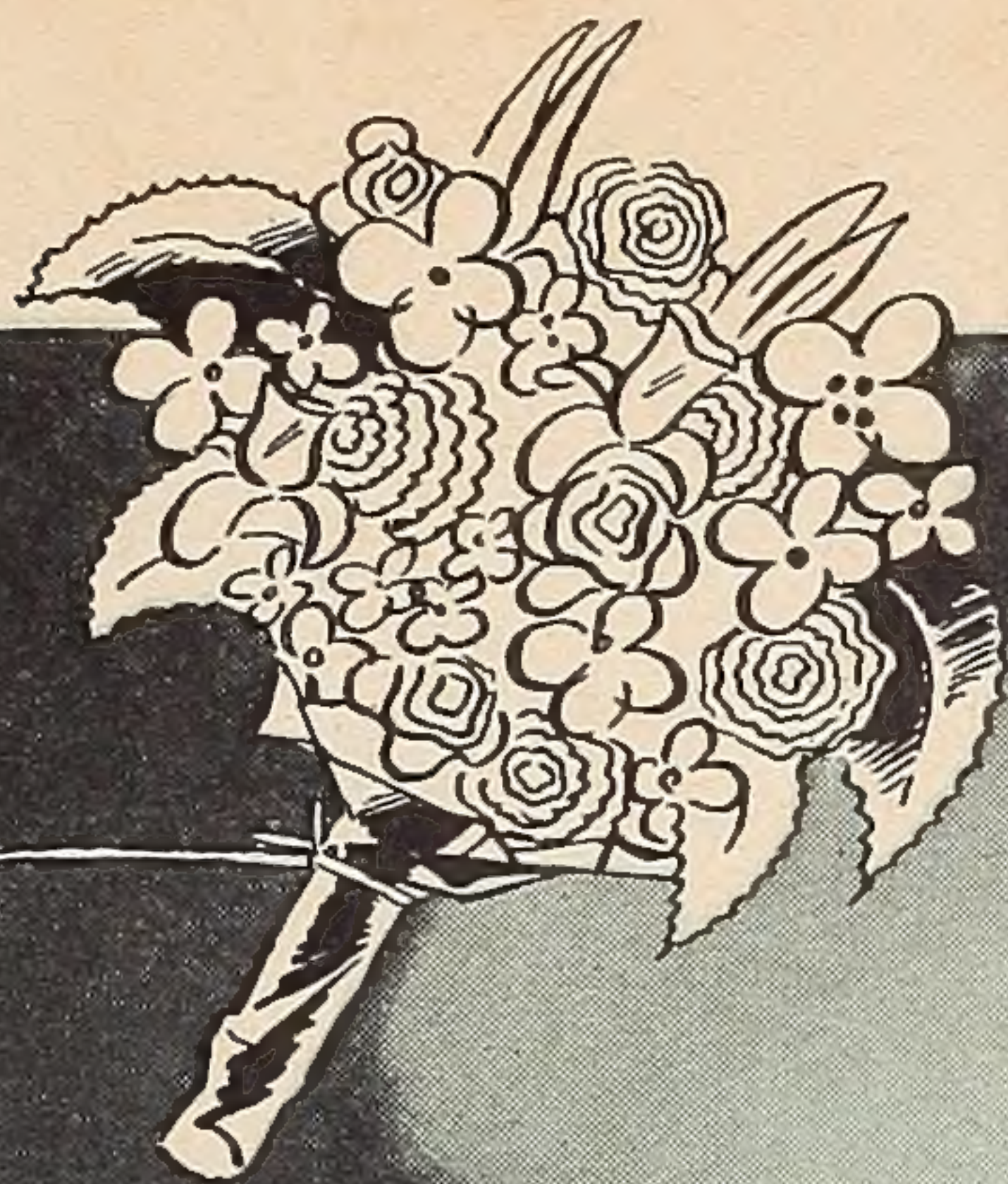
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**REUNION-IN LOVE -
BY REQUEST!**

You asked for it and you'll be delighted you did! They're together again! Joan and Clark taking their "Love On The Run"—kissing and kidding their way from Mayfair to the Mediterranean in a trans-continental caravan of jollity!



Joan
CRAWFORD · GABLE
Clark
IN LOVE on the RUN

A W. S. VAN DYKE Production
with
FRANCHOT TONE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
Joseph
L. Mankiewicz



We Salute 'LOST HORIZON'

It is our pleasure this month to congratulate all those who participated in making "Lost Horizon" the winner of Modern Screen's award for distinguished pictures.

A bravo to Director Frank Capra for his discerning work in preserving the flavor of the James Hilton book of the same name. And more bravos for the moving portrayals given by Ronald Colman, Isabel Jewell and Jane Wyatt, together with the fine work of Margo, Edward Everett Horton and John Howard.

Every month Modern Screen is awarding a medal to the most outstanding about-to-be-released production. Watch for this monthly award and let it be your guide to the month's best picture.

Modern Screen's Hollywood editor, Leo Townsend, presents our Medal to the director of "Lost Horizon," Frank Capra.



Modern Screen's Medal-Award Picture, "Lost Horizon," a Columbia production, reviewed by Leo Townsend



When James Hilton's "Lost Horizon" appeared in the bookshops in 1934 it was hailed by critics and the paying customers as one of the finest and most interesting novels in recent years. Director Frank Capra, who numbers among his successes "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" persuaded Columbia Studios to buy "Lost Horizon," and now, after more than a year's preparation, it comes to the screen as his most splendid celluloid achievement, as well as the most ambitious offering in Columbia's history.

The screenplay, by Robert Riskin, differs somewhat from the novel, but the changes were heartily approved by the author. It tells of a band of Englishmen and Americans, escaping bandits in a flight from Baskul to Shanghai, who suddenly discover their plane, piloted by a strange-appearing Oriental, is headed completely off its course. Passengers include Robert Conway (Ronald Colman), an author in the British diplomatic service at Baskul, his brother George (John Howard), Barnard (Thomas Mitchell), an international swindler, Lovett (Edward Everett Horton), a scientist, and Gloria (Isabel Jewell), a prostitute. Their mysterious journey takes them miles beyond the rim of civilization, high into a plateau land near Tibet, where they are met by a caravan of Chinese who conduct them across tortuous mountain paths until they finally reach a valley and the most beautiful sight they've ever seen. It is the lamasery of Shangri-La. Ruled by a high lama said to be over

300 years old, Shangri-La is a garden spot of contentment where time is unknown and whose inhabitants are blessed with eternal youth. It is occupied entirely by Orientals except for two young women, Sondra Bizet (Jane Wyatt) and Maria (Margo), a Russian who, despite her supposed sixty odd years, has the appearance of a girl of sixteen.

Life in Shangri-La soon becomes a happy existence for all of the travelers but George, who longs for the outside world. After a time he succeeds in convincing his brother that the lamasery's eternal youth is a myth, and together with Maria they leave Shangri-La to return to the outer civilization. Their journey is beset with hardships, and Maria, without the charm of Shangri-La, becomes once more an old woman. George, realizing his mistake, takes his life, but Bob Conway continues on.

Later, aboard a ship headed for England, Conway realizes this world has lost its appeal for him and he disappears from it once more, hoping to find his way back to the lamasery.

A year or so later, there are reports of a lone man wandering across Tibet. It is Conway, seeking Shangri-La—searching for his Lost Horizon.

Even the most critical and exacting readers of the original "Lost Horizon" will have to concede that Ronald Colman makes the ideal person to interpret the Hilton leading character, Bob Conway. Colman, with his usual finesse, gives a smooth, sympathetic and inspired performance.

Isabel Jewell, who has struggled valiantly for recognition from the Hollywood powers-that-be, has a chance again to prove that she is a fine dramatic actress. And Jane Wyatt, recruited from the stage and Park Avenue, is proof enough that the talent scouts are good spotters. She possesses both charm and ability. Margo plays her role with intelligence and an unexpected flair for characterization in the scenes where she has to grow old, and John Howard, as the restless member of the Shangri-La group, has that box office combination of good looks and sincerity in his portrayal.

THE PICTURE

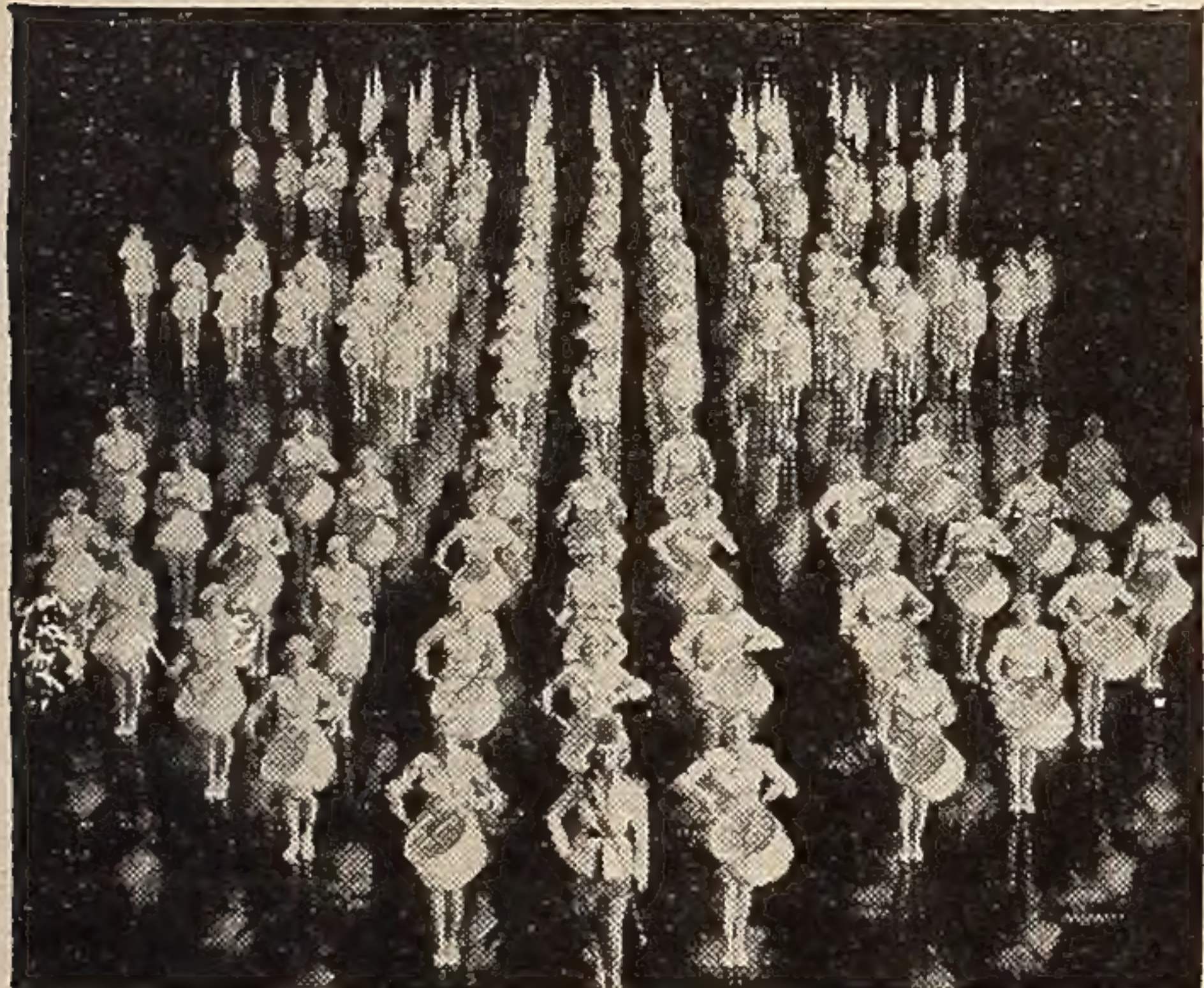
OF THE MONTH



Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"—to those dashing heartbreakers and champion fun-makers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!



Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"



And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!

**Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S
ON AGAIN!**



RING out the old...SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies...packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL

in

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburt

Warner Bros.

Between You 'n' Me

Here's where the fans have their say and win cash prizes as well



Maybe Simone Simon will tell her age now. A reader insists she must be older than Baby Leroy!

\$5.00 Prize Letter Is Mr. Gable Too Self-Satisfied?

Recently in a MODERN SCREEN interview Clark Gable spoke as follows: "Can you imagine me talking with an accent? You bet you can't. If I do play the part, I'll just talk like I always do. I'll be myself or nothing." (The part Mr. Gable was referring to was the title role in "Parnell.")

And in those few words, Mr. Gable covered the thing that seems to be wrong with most of the Hollywood actors and actresses; they appear to feel that all they need be is mere animated photographs of themselves. Not one out of ten really ever creates a part.

It seems strange that Mr. Gable should feel that he needn't make the effort to learn an accent, but that all he need do to please his public is just to go on being himself. All the great actors and actresses of the past, and a number of stage performers of today, never hesitated to submerge their own personalities and spent months re-making themselves into the people they were asked to portray. Surely Mr. Gable doesn't feel that the public will be content to go on indefinitely being satisfied with seeing him be himself, no matter what characterization the play may call for.

Why not have more display of histrionic ability, and less display of moving pictures of Hollywood personalities? — Kathryn Vaughan, Kent, Conn.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Your Age, Please, Simone?

Would it be asking too much to suggest that the new French actress, Simone Simon, tell someone her real age, and then stick to it? I have picked up three different screen magazines in as many days. The first said, "She's 25, but looks 18." The second: "She's 22, but looks 15."

The third: "She's nineteen, but looks—" Oh, well, by next month she'll be running Shirley Temple stiff competition, and in comparison Baby Leroy we would believe is a grandpa!

After all, the girl has plenty of charm and looks to see her through without all this simpering age business. Who cares if she lies about a couple of years? But couldn't she make up her mind, and stick to it?—R. D. Eaton, Sacramento, Calif.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Putting Astaire Wise

Why doesn't someone put Fred Astaire wise to the fact that he's killing himself. No, not in pictures. They're okay. In fact, there's nothing I like better than a swell Astaire-Rogers hit. But this business of radio broadcasting—Fred is one of the many stars who has to be seen to be enjoyed. He's tops as a dancer but his singing is decidedly weak. Anyone knows



How many of you agree that radio is not Astaire's medium, that he should stick to the screen?

that it's the Astaire personality that puts over his songs for him. And there's no use arguing about his ready wit. Sure, he has plenty of it, but Charlie Butterworth is no foil for him.

My advice to Astaire is to stick to pictures and Ginger Rogers until he can thrill his radio audience through television.—Betty Taylor, Montreal, Canada.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Send In Your Votes Now!

Shirley Temple has been in the lime-light for some time now. She has really done justice to the fair sex by placing herself in such a position of respect and admiration that, as a result, the typical American girl-child of today must look, act and respond in the characteristic Shirley manner or the child just isn't typically American. She has succeeded in creating

CASH PRIZES FOR LETTERS

There's no reason why YOU can't win one of the cash prizes. Every month lucky ladies and gents receive checks for their observations on matters pertaining to the movies. All you do is this: Write us a letter. If you've been following this column—or even if you're just becoming acquainted with us—you know that anyone who has anything worth while to say, is given space here—and what's more, he gets a cash prize to boot. Send as many letters as you like. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, \$5; five 2nd prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

a style of Tiny American Girlhood. But where, may I ask, is the male child who can possibly set himself up in the same position to the same degree of popularity as a model of American boyhood?

Personally, I should like to witness a contest of one kind or another which would ultimately end in the selection of a candidate for this position and which would make of this ghost-child of my imagination a reality of flesh and blood in the screen world.—Janet McConachie, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.

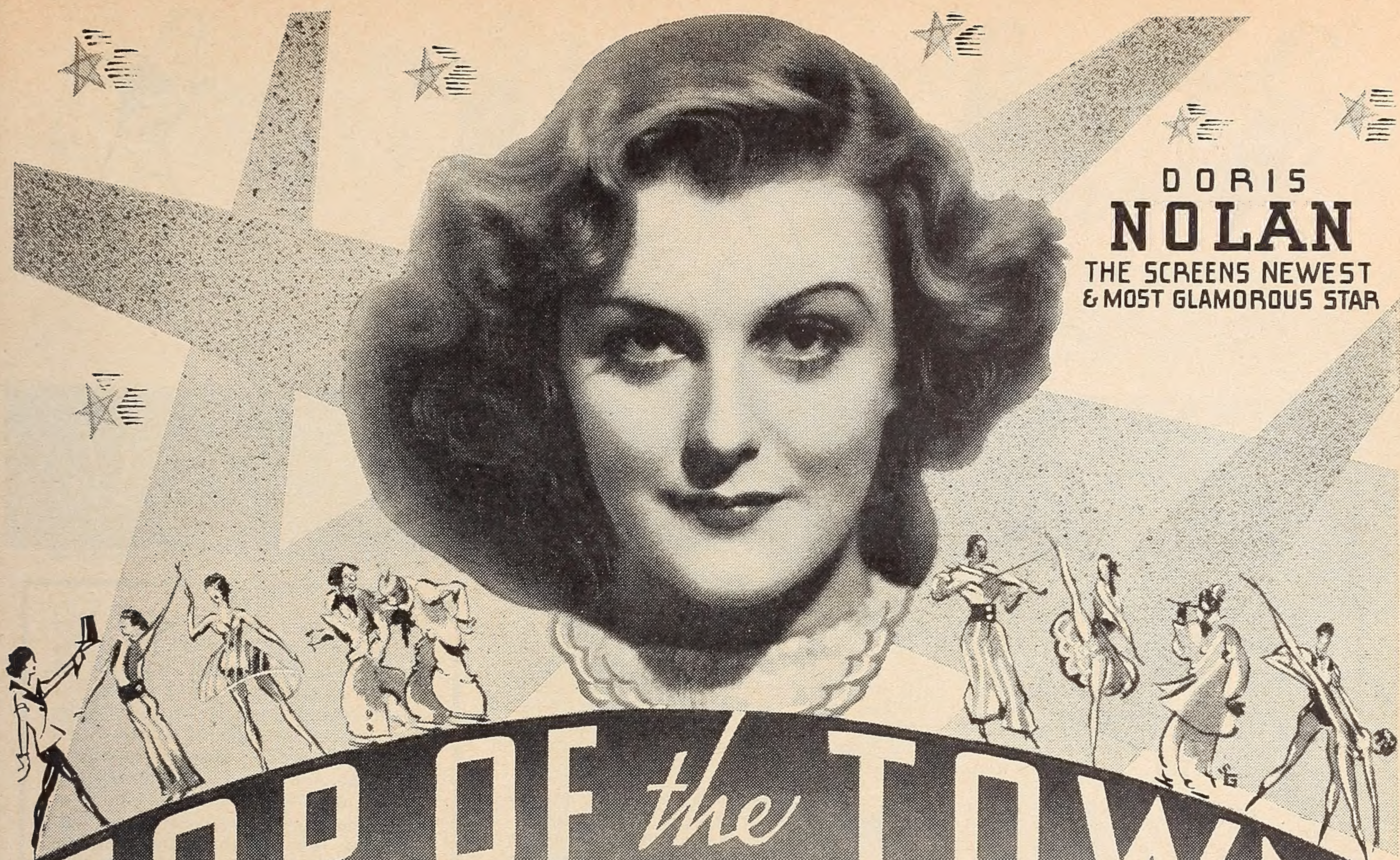
\$1.00 Prize Letter Roles They'll Never Play

1. Wallace Beery as The Thin Man.
2. Freddie Bartholomew as Tom Sawyer.
3. Adolphe Menjou as a farmer.
4. W. C. Fields as a bellhop.
5. Jack Oakie as Hamlet.
6. Bob Taylor as a villain.
7. Victor McLaglen as a playboy.
8. Mae West as a schoolmarm.
9. William Powell as a cowboy.
10. Norma Shearer as a chorus girl.
11. Buck Jones as a soda jerker.
12. Leslie Howard as a caveman.
13. Jean Harlow as a girl scout.

(Continued on page 85)



Season tickets for movies might be all right, if patrons didn't take the word "season" literally.



**DORIS
NOLAN**
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

TOP OF *the* TOWN

THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!

LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN

The new fan topic of the nation!

GEORGE MURPHY

Broadway's greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT

GREGORY RATOFF

HENRY ARMETTA

Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN

Radio's greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN

Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS

They're nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN

Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD O. SMITH

Where fun is—there he is!

JACK SMART

Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER

Remember the gorilla man of
"My Man Godfrey"?

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

**THE WHOLE WORLD WILL
BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS**

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"

"There Are No Two Ways About It"

"Blame It On The Rhumba"

"Fireman Save My Child"

"I've Got To be Kissed"

"Top Of The Town"

"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS

By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the
greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY

By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson,
Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and
Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR

Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before
Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS

By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and
wardrobe creator!

DANCES

By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New
York Music Hall Rockettes!

LOU BROCK, Associate Producer

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!



Information Desk

HERE ARE the biographies you have been clamoring for. Whether one is printed or not depends on the number of requests recorded for it. REMEMBER . . . every request counts . . . and mailing the little coupon on this page isn't just another way of satisfying idle curiosity. It's your way of telling Hollywood who's who on the screen. You're the public and you give the orders! So don't keep your flicker interests a deep dark secret.



ROBERT TAYLOR (Last printed October, 1936. Total number of requests since then 302.) Alaska found gold. Oklahoma found oil. Hollywood found Robert Taylor. Paradoxical, too, that this young chap, so quiet, with a life so uneventful, should be the sensation of a Hollywood decade. Born Spangler Arlington Brugh, in the tiny town of Filley, Nebraska, August 5, 1911, he enjoyed a normal boyhood as the son of a comparatively well-to-do country physician. At Doane College, his first alma mater, his interest in dramatics started . . . oddly enough it was the business side that intrigued him, and he looked after arrangements for the club's trips. Not unusual was this early indifference to acting. He was too serious about too many different endeavors to get engrossed in the stage. Gifted cellist, top notch athlete, a really brilliant orator . . . Bob was all three of these. When his cello teacher transferred to Pomona College, Bob followed. Pomona, an hour's drive from Hollywood, was just close enough to screenland for Bob to get some of the necessary movie virus into his blood. He took to acting with a vengeance. The first break came when the casting agent of M-G-M saw his work in the college production of "Journey's End." Conservative break . . . a contract at thirty-five a week. That was getting Bob's services at sweatshop wages, only nobody knew it. Metro used him for hack work, playing opposite unknown prima-donnas who wanted screen tests. Not even a public appearance until the "Crime Doesn't Pay" series came along. Then he was lent out to various other studios. Generous of Metro . . . if only they had known how truly generous they were. But soon the fan mail began pouring in . . . mysteriously . . . because Bob had had no ballyhoo . . . letters from fans who didn't even know their idol's name . . . had to describe him. Metro, shrewd lion, was too wise to ignore the uncanny intuition of the public. Overnight they made their find a star. Or how would you interpret this list of leading ladies—Dunne, Gaynor, Young, Stanwyck, Garbo, Crawford? The intimate facts about Bob are soon told. He doesn't get nervous before the camera. He never learns his lines until the night before he needs them. He gets up before his alarm rings at seven every morning. He sleeps in a great big bed, wearing the uppers and lowers of his pajamas. He likes meat, hates fruit, drinks about 10 cups of coffee a day. He has a man-servant by the name of Joe who lays out Bob's clothes, which he changes three and four times a

day. He feels very tender about Barbara Stanwyck, and they hold hands in the movies. His latest picture, "Camille," with Greta Garbo, should be released any day. PATRICIA HOYT, Sioux Falls, Iowa—There is no established record for the length of a fan letter. But Charles Boyer thought he was doing pretty well when an Omaha high school gal dropped him a seventy-nine page note.



JOAN BLONDELL (First printing; total number of requests 223.) Things started popping in Joan's life a scant four months after her birth, August 30, 1909. The little tot, scarcely old enough to play with her toes, gave nightly performances in the New York Globe Theatre's production of "The Greatest Love," while backstage, mama, herself a theatrical personage, prepared the ten o'clock bottle. Her education was richly seasoned with vaudeville. Whatever else she may have learned, she certainly should be well up on her geography. No use mentioning the fact that trouper Joan crossed this North American continent fifty-six times. It's so prosaic alongside of her one-night stands in Germany, her split weeks in Australia, her professional tours through China. At the age of sweet sixteen, when most young girls stay home nights doing their algebra and writing love letters to movie crushes, Joan found herself stranded in a Peking hospital, deserted by her troupe, with the option of washing dishes to earn her fare home or else settling forever on the good earth. Maybe she wasn't glad to get back to quiet, staid old Broadway, where nothing ever happens! But, of course, things always do happen to Joan. Opportunity came knocking in the form of a prominent role in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." And from then on, opportunity was a frequent visitor. A role opposite a young fella by the name of Cagney in a show by the name of "Penny Arcade" is what made Hollywood take notice. The call came from Warner Brothers. Joan and Jimmy played their "Penny Arcade" roles all over again for the flickers. The show was re-titled "Sinner's Holiday." Evidently Warners didn't think of Joan as a deserving sinner. She got no holiday. Fourteen pictures at a clip . . . all in one year. Sort of a world's record for hard work or good nature. Love has come twice into Joan's life. The first lucky devil was cameraman George Barnes. The two eloped to Yuma, Arizona in 1932. And on November 2, 1934, Norman Scott Barnes was born. Only ten months later, Joan and George went their separate ways. No need to tell you that Joan's second big moment is Dick Powell, to whom she was married on the 19th of September, 1936. Joan is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs about 115 pounds (so long as she watches that diet), has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes. You'll be seeing Joan and Dick soon in "Golddiggers of 1937."

BEATRICE BUTERA, Brooklyn, New York
—No wonder you're curious to know how

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on this page. And Look—how about saving yourself 2c by pasting your request on one of Uncle Sam's penny postcards? General questions, of course, will also be answered here. If your question is not taken care of here, look for it in your mail box. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

old Shirley Temple really is. You hear so many conflicting accounts. We have been fortunate enough to get a facsimile of her birth certificate which fixes the birth date as April 23rd, 1928. In other words, come next April 23rd, Shirley will be nine years old.



JOHN ARLEDGE (Last printed, April, 1936. Total number of requests since then 260.) The moral of John Arledge's early life seems to be that if you are a good boy and practise your piano every day, you'll be a "moompitcher" actor when you grow up. Born in Crockett, Texas, March 12, 1907, Johnson Lundy Arledge showed early aptitude for the piano. Immediately upon graduation from the University of Texas, he managed to land a job as one half of a radio piano duo. From radio he turned his attention to vaudeville, and it was the latter which brought him out to Hollywood. By the end of two years of knocking about in vaudeville, Johnny had become footlight-conscious. More than that, he had learned something about the stage. First crack out of the box, he was assigned a role in Pauline Frederick's production of "Crimson Hour." In April, 1931, the gifted young man came to the attention of Fox and he was subsequently cast for roles in "Young Sinners" and "Daddy Long Legs." Later on, his work as "Dude" Lester in a road show of "Tobacco Road" got RKO-Radio officials excited about him and his most recent appearances have been with that company. Last year he played featured roles in

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
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Please print a brief life story of

.....
in your department.
Name
City State.....



"We're Only Human," "Two in Revolt," and "The Big Game." Arledge is a quiet, diffident sort of fellow. Between takes on a set, he is always found in a corner reading a book. He is blond with a natural wave that is the envy of his girl friends. His eyes are gray and soothing and radiate a quiet charm that makes John Arledge a very distinctive person.

ETER BERNSTEIN, Santa Monica, California—Is Vic McLaglen as strong off the screen as on the screen? You bet your boots he is! In filming the "Magnificent Brute" a fight scene had to be retaken several times with the result that Vic was brawling for sixty-eight minutes straight by the stop watch. Figure out how many three-minute rounds that makes. And some time try holding a quarter of a ton ladle aloft for a whole minute.



ROBERT KENT (First printing; total number of requests 310.)—Riding master, able seaman, bank-messenger, prize-fighter, farm hand, model . . . add them all up, divide by the magic number and you have the actor, Robert Kent. But be

careful not to attribute this checkered career to shiftlessness. Kent has had too much bitter experience in the school of hard knocks to be shiftless. When his father died, Robert was only six. Penniless, his mother managed to scrape enough money together at a secretarial job to see her son through a Brooklyn high-school. After that he was on his own. Kent moved from job to job, though never in the role of drifter, always as seeker. It took him until 1930 to find what he was looking for. Through a modelling job which his six foot tall, out-of-door physique gained for him, he became acquainted with a little group of players which styled itself the Brooklyn Neighborhood Theatre. They gave him his first role in their production of "King Lear." Right then and there Kent knew where his career lay and went after it hammer and tongs. The independence which he had acquired in his years of knocking about did not desert him. He blasted his way from one company to another, and with each new group insisted on more important roles than he had had with the last. Not even Paramount found itself a match for the indomitable fellow. They gave him a contract, but failed to give him the roles he wanted. So Kent had the contract cancelled and went back to the legitimate stage, taking the juvenile lead in May Robson's coast production of "Kind Lady." Once more he was staking his career on his own ability and grit, and once more he proved himself a good bet. Zanuck, the veteran 20th Century-Fox head, admired his acting in the Robson production, signed him, and put him to work immediately. In a very short time he has appeared in "The Country Beyond," "The Crime of Dr. Forbes," and "Dimples." Right now you can see him in "Reunion," with Jean Hersholt and the Quints. Robert has brown hair and blue eyes.

(Continued on page 89)

"I'm most certainly grateful



to Camay"

SAYS THIS CHARMING WISCONSIN BRIDE



BELOIT, WIS.

Camay?—I wouldn't be without it! It's so pleasant to use, so quick in results. Yes, I'm most certainly grateful to Camay.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Jane Sherman Clark

November 12, 1936 (Mrs. Edward G. Clark, Jr.)

"THE bride carried orchids, wore white velvet with old lace"—a charming picture, but then what a lovely bride! For Mrs. Edward Clark, Junior, has joyous blue eyes, hair like blond satin, a complexion that's as fresh, as fair, as spring itself! And she keeps it so (just as you should yours) by daily care with deep-cleansing Camay.

It's exhilarating!—the mere touch of Camay's deliciously fragrant lather! And how clear, how

satin-smooth it makes your skin, even in coldest skin-trying weather. Camay's so soothing for Camay's so mild—provably milder than all other beauty soaps, by actual tests on women's skins.

Begin Camay care of your skin today. The price is very low!

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women



Christmas at the



As you can see, the Lloyd children take an active interest in Mother's candy-making activities, especially around holiday-time when sweets are the order of the day. Yes, they even have a hand in the fixing.

Here's a special offer! Those who send in the coupon, which appears at the end of this article, immediately, will receive recipes for the tempting candies, pictured right, in addition to the Lloyd recipes



Courtesy Karo

How to make your holiday a festive one in the Holly-

MERRY CHRISTMAS! And what a fine collection of Christmas refreshments I have in store for you this month—delicious treats that are sure to play an important part in making this particular season of the year brighter for you than ever before and that are certain to prove equally popular on many another special occasion.

Harold Lloyd's wife is not only a charming person but a delightful and accomplished hostess with a real interest in cooking and catering and a thorough knowledge of both. So it is with genuine pleasure that I present her recipes for the Lloyds' favorite Christmas foods—some of which will be given here, while still others will be found in our little "Hostess" booklets which the coupon at the end of this article will bring you free of charge.

It took but a few minutes after meeting Mrs. Lloyd and hearing about their holiday plans, to convince me that in all of Hollywood you couldn't find a home where Christmas is ushered in with keener anticipation or celebrated with greater joy. And

that's saying a good deal, too, for this moving picture capital of ours is the most Christmas-conscious place I know of. From the day when Santa Claus officially "opens the season" with a gay and colorful parade down the Boulevard to the dawn of the New Year, everybody's attention is focussed on gift giving and entertaining, as stars, studio workers and townsfolk alike enthusiastically celebrate the holidays.

Interest is greatest, naturally, in homes where there are children. So you can well imagine that at the Lloyds', where there are three happy youngsters, the peak of excitement is reached long before Christmas day and continues well on into the New Year.

Of course, all the parties that the Lloyds plan and carry out are enhanced by the fairy-tale setting in which they are given. For, as you doubtless know, their twenty-three acre estate is famed as the most gorgeous place in Beverly Hills. And according to my personal observation it more than lives up to its reputation and provides the most perfect of all possible settings for holiday entertaining. True there may be some folks who would

Lloyds



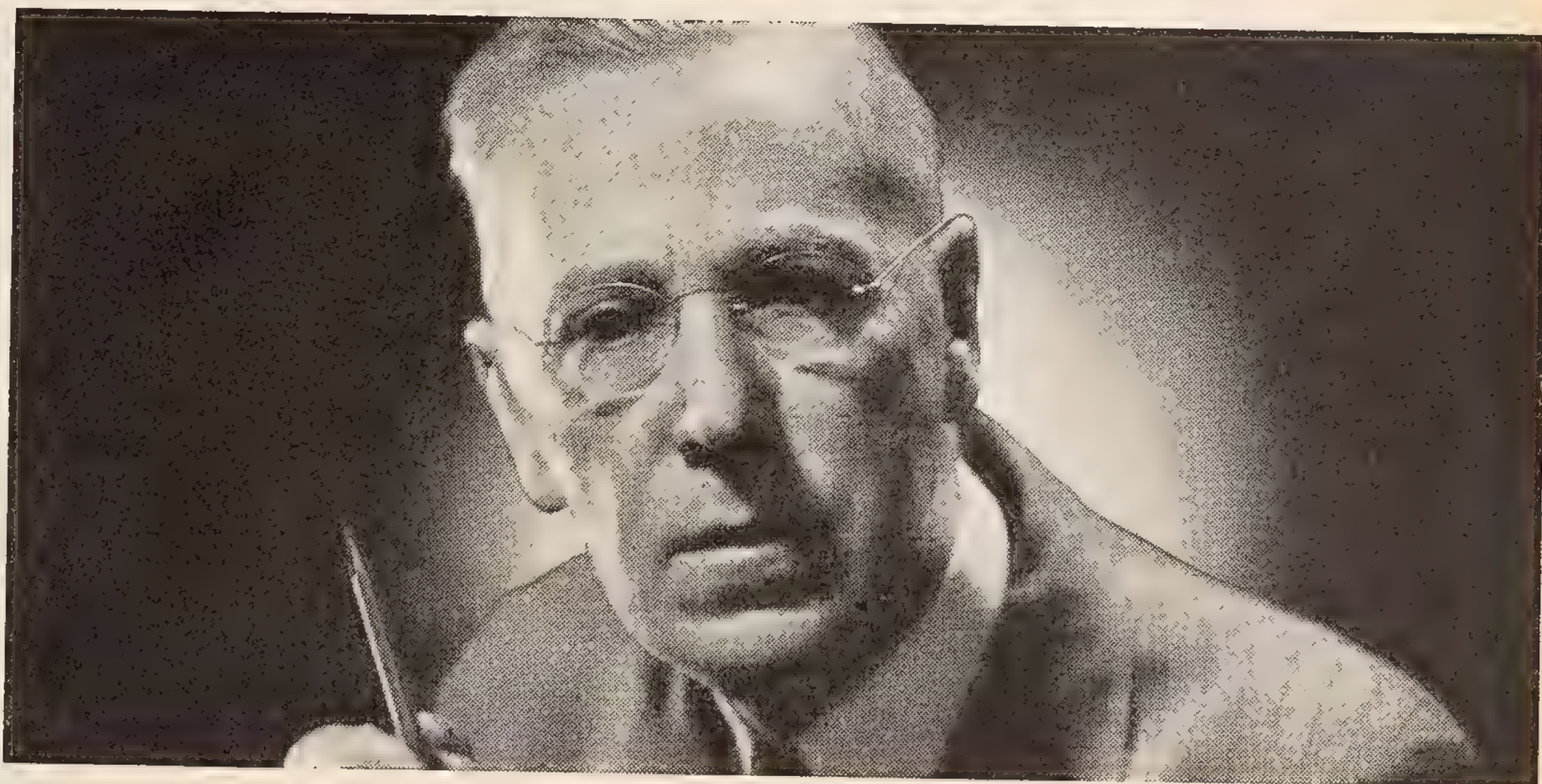
Holidays or no holidays, Harold Lloyd is busy working on the script for his next comedy, which grown-ups and children alike are anticipating.

By Marjorie
Deen

wood manner

miss the traditional "cold snap" in the air or "blanket of snow" on the ground, so closely associated with Christmas in the minds of many. But that is not the case with Harold, Mildred and their children. In fact, never having known a "white Christmas" the youngsters think it only natural, on December 25th, to be surrounded by green lawns and murmuring brooks, flowering shrubs and landscaped gardens which have never known the icy fingers of old Jack Frost. Instead of tobogganing or ice skating, the Lloyds and their guests indulge in games of badminton or tennis—while golf enthusiasts can play a round or two on Harold's private course. Stranger still, they'll probably end up the afternoon, I was told, (Continued on page 86)

Play safe...take the doctor's judgment about laxatives



YOU choose your family doctor because you have *confidence* in him. He will never take chances where your welfare is concerned. Even with a little thing like a laxative, doctors have a definite set of standards which guide them in their choice. They know the dangers of using the wrong kind. Before they will give a laxative their approval, it must meet their requirements on these specific points:

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Now, here's a fact that's significant—Ex-Lax checks on each of these specifications. Not merely on two or three. But on *all* these points that doctors look for in a laxative.

No wonder so many physicians use Ex-Lax in their own families. No wonder millions of careful mothers give it to their children with perfect confidence. For over 30 years the dependable, satisfying performance of Ex-Lax has created universal

trust. Today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a new and pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It is thoroughly effective. It does *not* over-act. Does *not* disturb the digestion. It allows your food to be properly assimilated. And these very qualities that make Ex-Lax so ideal for adults are *doubly* important in their relation to children.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Everyone likes Ex-Lax—particularly the youngsters. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. If you have been taking nasty, nauseating cathartics, you'll be grateful for the pleasant flavor of Ex-Lax. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. If you'd like to try a sample, mail the coupon below.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the Chocolated Laxative.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. MM-17

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

AL JOLSON ROGER JOEL MCCRICK ANN SOTHERN
 MAE WEST DOUG FAIRBANKS ROGER PRYOR HENRY FONDA DIXIE
 CARY GRANT VIRGINIA BRUCE CHARLIE CHAPLIN ISABEL JEWEL
 DEE RANDOLPH SCOTT KATHERINE HEPBURN HELEN MORGAN CHARLES BOYCE
 PAT DATER ANN DVORAK MARION DAVIES RALPH FORBES
 LORRETTA YOUNG ROBERT MONTGOMERY VICTOR MC LAGLEN
 FRANK OGDEN

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES BY Leo Townsend



William Powell, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy make "Libeled Lady" a rare film treat. Myrna Loy's another star in it.

★★ The Magnificent Brute (Universal)

This is a gusty little number, roaring in a steel-mill setting, and interpreted roisterously by men as tough as the steel they make. The toughest of them all is Victor McLaglen, who swaggers through to a two-fisted triumph as only McLaglen can swagger. You'll probably come home and growl over your steak, tear a telephone book in half, and tell your boss to go where you have wanted to tell him to go for years. McLaglen, of course, is superb as the victorious rival of William Hall for the position of "top man" at the mill. His laughter



"The Charge of the Light Brigade" is top notch entertainment for any fan. Errol Flynn and Olivia De Havilland in the leads.

is a bellow, his strength is prodigious, and his table manners are a miracle of gorging. "Why do you bother to cut your potatoes in half?" asks Jean Dixon, who runs the boarding house and is appalled at his gustatorial speed and capacity. McLaglen roars and reaches across the table for his third steak. McLaglen wins from Hall the worship of the landlady's small son, played by Billy Burrud; the awed respect of all the mill-hands; and Binnie Barnes, the girl who works in the candy shop and who automatically becomes the sweetheart of the "top man" no matter who he is. Hall double crosses McLaglen. But Miss Dixon, now in love with her boarder, learns Hall's plot and gets McLaglen to run the villain out of town.

★★★ Libeled Lady (M-G-M)

Pictures like this are few and far between. It is outstandingly good on every point that goes into the manufacture of a movie. The cast is not only composed of big names, but every member has drawn roles for which he is admirably fitted. Jean Harlow goes slithery

AL JOLSON MONA ALICE WHITE BING CROSBY
ICES DEE BARRIE GENE RAYMOND JACK HOLT JAMES CAGNEY KAY FRANCIS LORRETTA YOUNG
MAE WEST VIRGINIA BRUCE WALLACE BEERY JAMES STEWART TALLERON COLMAN
DANDOLPH SCOTT BARBARA STANWICK RUTH CHATTERTON



Catchy tunes and lots of laughs are what to expect from "Pigskin Parade." Jack Haley, Arline Judge and Johnny Downs are featured.

again as the grass widow in pursuit of Spencer Tracy, a newspaper man who can't spare ten minutes for the wedding ceremony, particularly after he okays a scandal about a millionaire's daughter, Myrna Loy, and has to hire William Powell, a man-about-the-world, to help him out. Powell's job is to get Myrna madly in love with him and, in order to pave the way for blackmail, he first marries Jean, an idea which only Tracy thinks good—at the time. And, in order to get Myrna, Powell must work through her father, Walter Connolly, whose main interest in life is fishing, a subject which Powell has to learn overnight in his hotel suite with the aid of E. E. Clive, a fishing teacher. The screen play is excellently written with complications piling up as fast as the laughs, and ending, of course, with the four stars being paired off to everyone's satisfaction. In the supporting cast, Walter Connolly, Charley Grapewin, Cora Witherspoon, Lauri Beatty and Charles Trowbridge score heavily. Photography is tops and the gowns and sets alone are worth the price of admission. In short, you can't go wrong on this one.

★★★ Pigskin Parade

(20th Century-Fox)

"Pigskin Parade" is a football picture with music. Or, if you prefer—considering the quantity of song and dance numbers—it's a musical picture with football. Burlesquing the big-time tactics of modern college football, "Pigskin Parade" gets under way when an unheard-of college in Texas is invited by mistake to play Yale. Coach Jack Haley and his wife (Patsy Kelly), scour the plains looking for talent and discover a hill-billy from Arkansas (Stuart Erwin), who can toss a melon fifty yards and name his target. They put shoes on him and hustle him right down to good old Texas State, where he becomes the passing sensation of the country. Comes the great game with Yale, and with the going tough in the last few minutes of play our hero whips off his shoes and wins the game for his alma mater. Highest point in the musical department are the songs by the Yacht Club Boys. Best of their numbers is "We'd Rather be in College." "Woo Woo" and "Down With Everything" are close seconds. Judy Garland does well with "It's Love I'm After" in spite of a tendency toward over-emphasis. Tony Martin and Dixie Dunbar click with "You're Slightly Terrific." In the supporting cast are Betty Grable, Johnny Downs, Arline Judge and Fred Kohler, Jr. It's a better-than-average musical of its kind.



Here's a sample of what goes on in "The Big Broadcast of 1937." That's Gracie Allen "amusing" Jack Benny and George Burns.

★★★ The Gay Desperado

(Pickford-Lasky)

Here is an excellent picture, with certain appeal for every audience. It abounds in adventure, humor, romance, satire, outstanding musical numbers and beautiful photography. The well selected cast is headed by Nino Martini, who shows sincere dramatic ability in the role of the unwilling bandit who is taken into Mexico's wildest and gayest band of outlaws because the leader, Leo Carrillo, has a passion for music and thinks Martini does pretty well as a singer. When Ida Lupino and James Blakeley, a clerk and a millionaire's son who have come to Mexico for an elopement, are kidnapped by Carrillo's bandits, the fun begins. Martini falls madly in love with Ida Lupino and she with him, and, fortunately, James Blakeley quite forgets Ida in his hurry to get out of the bandit's lair. Complications come thick and fast when Martini bravely risks his life to get them both smuggled out to safety. And through this all runs the hilarious comedy of Carrillo and his bad hombres, chiefly Harold Huber, as his assistant, and Mischa Auer, a bandit of the old school who looks with scorn on anything smacking of American gangster tactics. Martini sings several songs superbly. Rouben Mamoulian's direction has not missed a trick in bringing out every point which makes for sure-fire entertainment.

★★★ The Big Broadcast of 1937

(Paramount)

This year's production of "The Big Broadcast" is decidedly superior to that of last year. It is fun from start to finish with Jack Benny, Gracie Allen, Bob Burns and Martha Raye contributing outstanding comedy. The romantic interest, furnished by Shirley Ross and Ray Milland, takes second place but is competently handled. Shirley Ross is easy on both the eyes and the ears, while Ray Milland is a young man of engaging personality and obvious ability. The story is laid in a broadcasting station of which Jack Benny is station manager and Martha Raye is his secretary. Bob Burns plays a naïve country lad who is trying to get ahead in the big city, while Gracie Allen comes to the broadcasting station to help the golf cause along and manages to get everybody as mixed up as herself. The outstanding feature of this film is the music of Leopold Stokowski's orchestra whose presentation of a symphony will undoubtedly have the studio deluged with requests for more of this kind of entertainment in pictures of the future.

★★★ Ladies In Love

(20th Century-Fox)

The ladies in the case are Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon—a collection that is worth the price of admission any day. But in an effort to do full justice to such a line-up of important actresses the picture has been weakened, and that in spite of excellent performances from all four. The plot concerns their various heart interests which necessitates a series of jumps from one to another of the girls' engrossing affairs, detracting from the emotional appeal of each. The ruse of having the Misses Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett living together in one



(Above) Tom Brown and Eleanor Whitney in a scene from "Rose Bowl." You'll see some good football in this, too.

(Right) Two fine character players in action, Victor McLaglen and Jean Dixon in "The Magnificent Brute."

apartment helps to tie the episodes together and Simone Simon gets into the story by walking off with Paul Lukas, Constance Bennett's main interest in life. Loretta Young plays the wide-eyed young thing who still thinks that honesty is the best policy, especially in love. Constance Bennett takes the opposite stand and they both fade out with broken hearts. Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon are the girls who get their men, though Janet has her woes wondering whether Alan Mowbray, a successful magician, or Don Ameche, an unsuccessful physician, is the best bet. Alan Mowbray provides most of the comedy and a couple of his scenes surpass anything he has done on the screen. Paul Lukas and Tyrone Power, Jr., are competent in lesser roles.

★★★ The Charge of the Light Brigade (Warner Bros.)

"Charge of the Light Brigade" is definitely one of the season's better motion pictures. Its action travels at a terrific pace to an awe-inspiring climax in the historic charge; its photography is both beautiful and startling, while the expert direction of Michael Curtiz maintains an almost breath-taking speed throughout its unreeling. The story, which, as a subtitle explains, is not historically correct, has to do with England's difficulties with her colonies in northern India. When the forces of the Surat Kahn descend upon a practically defenseless military post and massacre the families of the 27th Lancers, the regiment dedicates itself to revenge. Later, transferred to Crimea, they learn that their enemy is also there, aiding the Russians. Under Major Geoffrey Vickers (Errol Flynn) the "brave 600" ride into the Valley of Death in one of the most



exciting and thrilling scenes the screen has ever presented. Of the cast, Errol Flynn is outstanding as the young Major. Also excellent are Olivia de Havilland as his fiancée, and Patric Knowles, who shows considerable promise in his American screen debut. In the supporting cast are Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, David Niven, C. Henry Gordon, Robert Barrat, Spring Byington, E. E. Clive and J. Carroll Naish.

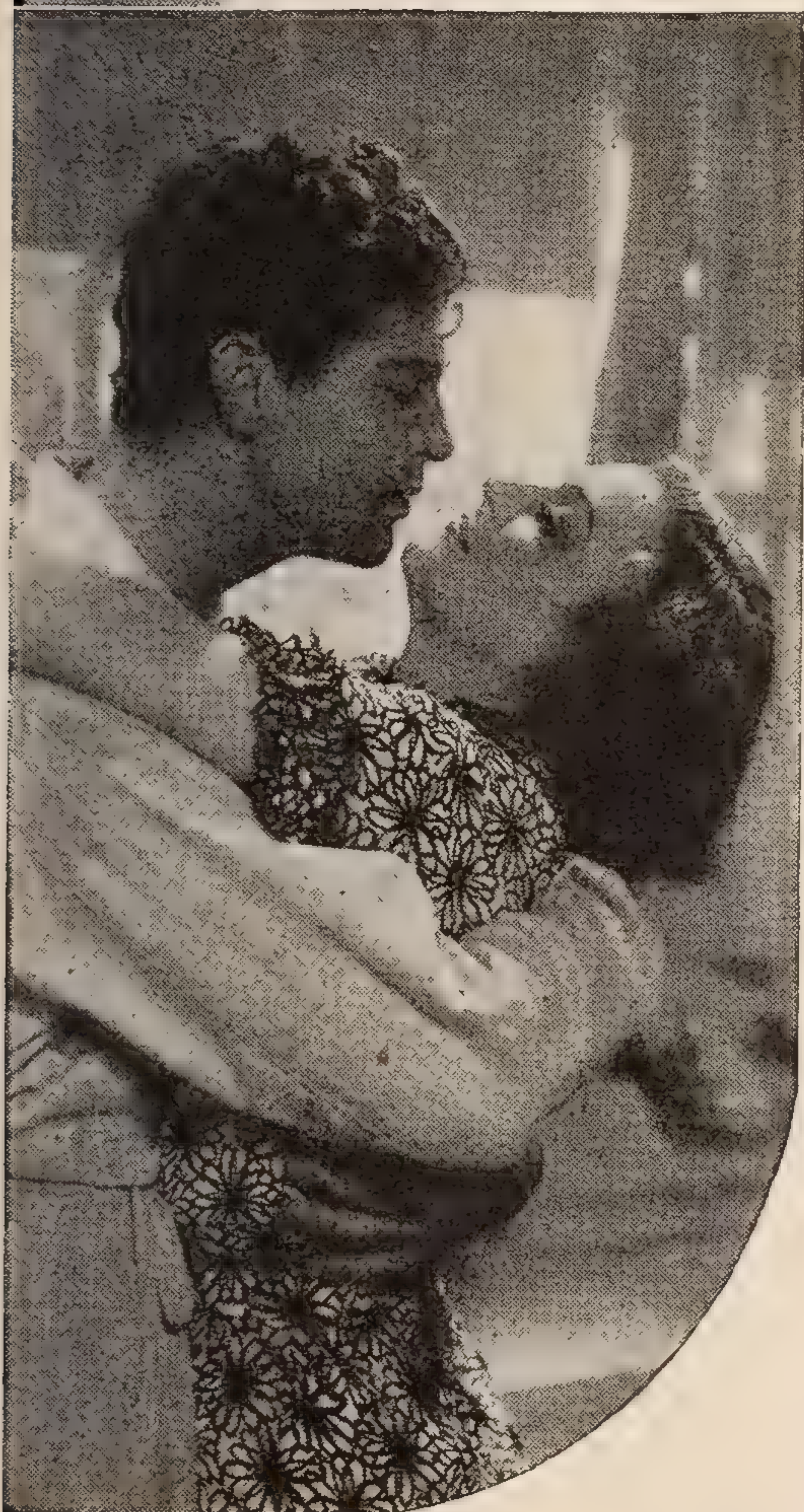
★★★ We Who Are About to Die (RKO-Radio)

A deeply engrossing picture has been made here, based on David Lamson's book by the same title. The plot is secondary in interest to the study of men's reactions in the death cells of a great penitentiary. Evidence of great care taken in casting this picture is shown, particularly in the

types selected to portray the men who are about to die on the gallows. As a psychological study, it has not been surpassed on the screen. The plot of the picture has been constructed to lead up nicely to those sequences, dealing with a "frame" by a gang of crooks on John Beal, who is suspected of stealing the pay-roll of an airplane firm, murdering the man in charge and killing a child while making his escape. The injustice of circumstantial evidence and greedy, unscrupulous politicians is forcefully brought out in the following course of events. John Beal is entirely convincing in his role of an innocent man caught in the web of ruthless crooks and indifferent police protection. Preston Foster, as the criminal detective, gives a sincere performance. Ann Dvorak, as the girl who had planned to marry the convicted man, furnishes the slight romantic interest satisfactorily enough.

(Left) Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur render good performances in "Adventure in Manhattan."

Below, Two newcomers whom you'll be seeing lots of in future pictures—Michael Whalen and Doris Nolan. Here they are in a love scene from "The Man I Marry."



★★ Love Letters of a Star

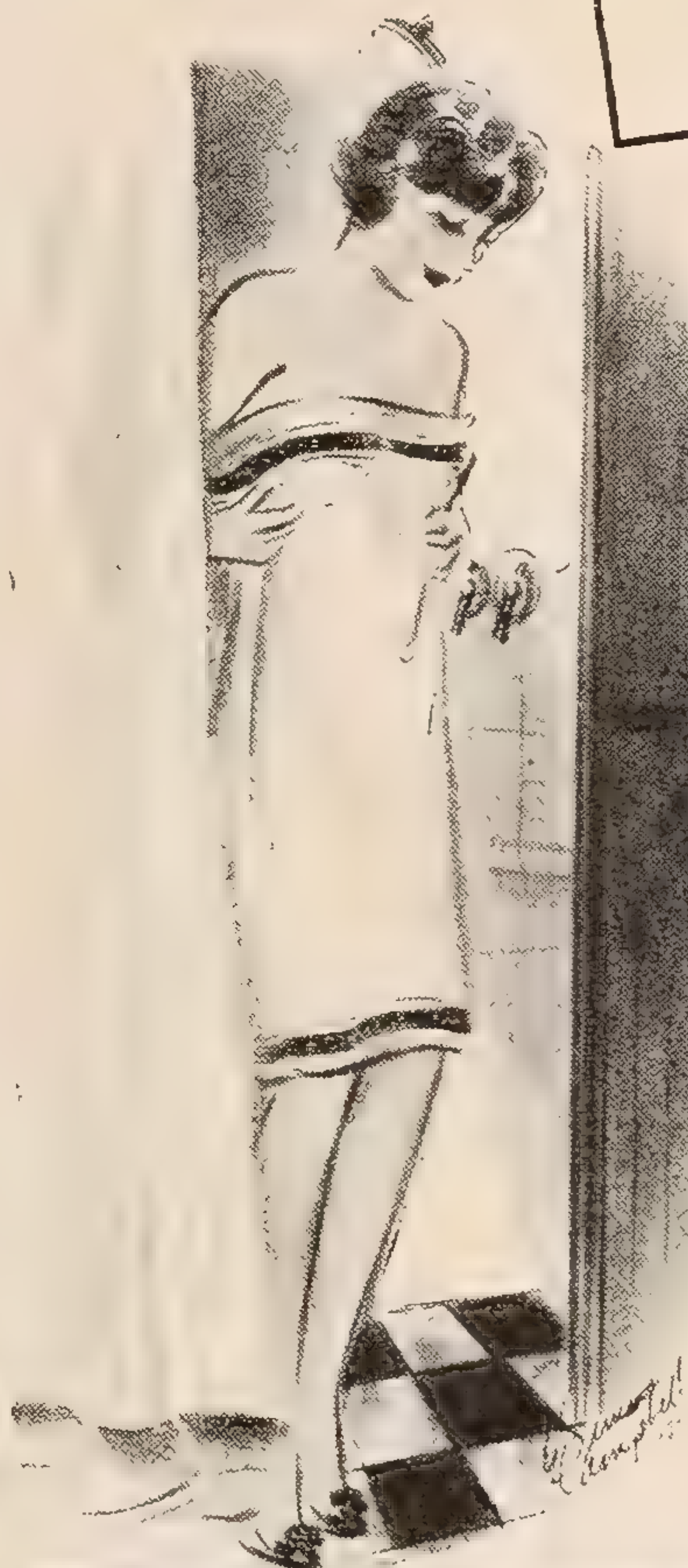
(Universal)
Here is a competent, though for the most part unfamiliar, cast and a good story that carries your interest through to the final reel. The final reel, as in the case of most mystery tales, is quite a letdown. The love letters belong to Ralph Forbes, an egotistical actor, and have been written by Mary Alice Rice, during a school-girl infatuation for him. Blackmail sets in, followed by Mary Alice's suicide. So her family—consisting of husband, Henry Hunter, sister, Lydia Todd, father and mother—gets together in order to outwit the blackmailer. A series of murders follow, with all the once happy family suspecting each other of dirty work. C. Henry Gordon, as Lieutenant Valcour of the police force, finally gets everything cleared up. Okay for mystery story addicts. (Continued on page 93)

"COLD WEATHER chaps my skin. Watery lotions don't smooth it, either!" Hinds isn't watery. Every *creamy* drop does chapped skin good. It's a vitamin lotion, too—contains Vitamin D!

SOFTEN RED, ROUGH
"Sandpaper Skin"

SOONER THIS WAY

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!



OUTDOOR WORK can ruin your looks! The cold bites into your skin, chaps it red, almost raw. But Hinds puts softness back again. Its *creamy* lubricants soak into the roughness. Chapped skin softens up faster.



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HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

QUICKER-ACTING...
NOT WATERY!

FREE The first One-Piece DISPENSER

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Hinds comes in \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone...inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E. S. T. over the WABC-Columbia Network.

THE HITS TO WATCH FOR FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS *in* REUNION

with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog

BARBARA STANWYCK and JOEL McCREA *in* BANJO ON MY KNEE

with Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell

WARNER BAXTER and JUNE LANG *in* WHITE HUNTER

with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings

CRACK UP

with PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo. Directed by Mal St. Clair

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE

with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer

SHIRLEY TEMPLE *in* STOWAWAY


with ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher,
J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.
Directed by William A. Seiter

ONE IN A MILLION

with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU,
JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON
AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge,
Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie
Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love.
Directed by Sidney Lanfield



Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production



Myrna Loy

Nora and Nick are back! In other words, Myrna and Bill Powell bring you a return engagement of that slick husband and wife team in "After the Thin Man." Incidentally, Myrna admits Nora is her favorite wife—and Myrna's ours!



Charles Boyer

With a future picture date with Garbo on his schedule, Monsieur Boyer is now embroiled with that sprightly American, Jean Arthur, in the provocatively titled "History is Made at Night."



Jean Harlow

You wouldn't think that the above radiant creature would be emoting in an opus called "The Foundry," but Jean's all for realistic drama these days. Spencer Tracy is the chap the plot calls for.



Don Ameche

It was no small feat to make such a hit as Don Ameche did in a character part, but "Ramona" put him on the "rave" list. You'll see Don very soon in "One in a Million."

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S 'The Plainsman'

ANOTHER GARY COOPER

JEAN ARTHUR TRIUMPH

Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .



"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians. Why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"



"Save your fire 'till they come close, then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."



"Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."



"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully."

By Charles
Darnon

"I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH ASTAIRE!"

...says Eleanor Powell

YOU'D NEVER guess it, but the light fantastic is heavy work. That is, you wouldn't know unless Eleanor Powell let you see her feet as God—and dancing—made them. Of all the interviews! Off came a sandal, then a sock, revealing a big toe in mourning. Then another strip act disclosing her other foot in something like a padded cell.

But the fast-moving Queen of Taps laughed it off with: "Funny thing!" She talked in exclamations, her tongue as fast as her feet. "On my trip to the Coast last fall, when the train stopped at Albuquerque, there was a crowd on the platform calling my name. I stuck my head out of the car window. But they yelled, 'We want to see your feet!'"

"So I just put my feet up and did a tap on the window-frame."

Knowing that her strenuous work last winter on the New York stage had put her flat on her back, I wondered how she was feeling.

"Fine! And I now weigh a hundred and twenty-five pounds, the most I've ever weighed. But when I was in 'At Home Abroad' I went from one hundred and twenty-two to one hundred and twelve in five months. Then I was out for three months. I used to lie there up in Westchester feeling my dancing days were over. I didn't know what the trouble was till the doctor told me I had a heart murmur. It sounded more like a shout on my last night at the Winter Garden. And all the time the audience appeared to be rising and falling like a huge wave. I got to the wings just in time to keel over. I'm not the fainting kind, but I did more than my share of it then. That's what stopped me. It was said I left the show because of a three-star row. That wasn't it. They carted me off. For once, dancing 'got' me."

Since Ginger Rogers is turning to dramatic roles, Eleanor Powell seems the logical dancing partner for Astaire. But this is out of the question. Here is Eleanor as she appears in "Born to Dance."



Does this mean a feud between the King and Queen of Taps?

HAPPILY, there was now no sign of it. She was, to be sure, slender as a reed, but possessed of a vitality as inexhaustible as her charm. The only change I noticed was in the color of her hair, from chestnut to blonde—done, she explained, for high-lighting. As for high-stepping, she evidently intended to take it easier.

"I'll do only two pictures a year for six years, then I'll be thirty and not feel a day older than I do now," she assured me. "I'd been going it too hard. After finishing 'Broadway Melody of 1936' I was all in, but I went right from the train in New York to an eighteen-hour rehearsal. That was the beginning of my sudden breakdown. I would never have been able to stand even the picture work if it hadn't been for my six years of ballet training. For days I had bleeding feet. Every time we rested, the Albertina Rasch girls would put their bare feet into tubs of cold water to take down the swelling. But I didn't dare take off my shoes for fear I would not be able to get them on again. When it was all over, I cried for two hours.

All her screen joyousness, then, must have been put on with her make-up.

"Oh, no!" protested Eleanor. "I enjoy dancing. But, like everything else, it must be done in moderation. This is what every girl who goes in for it professionally should remember. It isn't as easy as it looks. But I thought it was when I started."

"How did you start?"

WITH A knife and fork," was her astonishing answer. "Drumming on the table with them," and her nimble fingers did a tap. "I used to drive my mother almost crazy. I suppose it was the rhythm in me. But I never

thought of being a dancer till Gus Edwards offered me a job in Atlantic City for seven dollars a night—big stuff. Up to that time all we had was twelve dollars a week, which my mother earned as a waitress there. Then I took lessons in New York, but I had only ten in tap dancing."

Ten lessons, and today at the top! One day she might join that other top-notch, Fred Astaire.

"Lots of fans have written to ask if we were going to be teamed," said Eleanor, "and no doubt the same question has been put to Astaire. He is, of course, the greatest dancer of them all. But I don't think we would be a good team. Our style of dancing is totally different. Fred is very aerial and covers a lot of space, while I dance close to the ground. I don't doubt he could do both, if only because of his ballet training. And he might like me to do machine gun taps—if he liked me at all. But there is a wide difference between us.

"Then, too, a girl is more fortunate as a tap dancer in pictures for the reason that they take close-ups of her face. They don't do that with a man, so he has to do everything with his feet. Half my work is done with my face. I don't know whether Astaire would like that if we happened to be teamed. Anyway, he doesn't know me at all. Bert Lahr introduced us one night in New York four years ago when I was doing a tap in front of the curtain during the run of 'Hot-Cha,' but he probably doesn't remember me. I'm dying to meet him now, not in the Brown Derby, but in a rehearsal hall. I have a funny idea that if we did meet that way we'd get along swell, because we're both nuts about dancing.

"If he only said, 'I think (Continued on page 72)

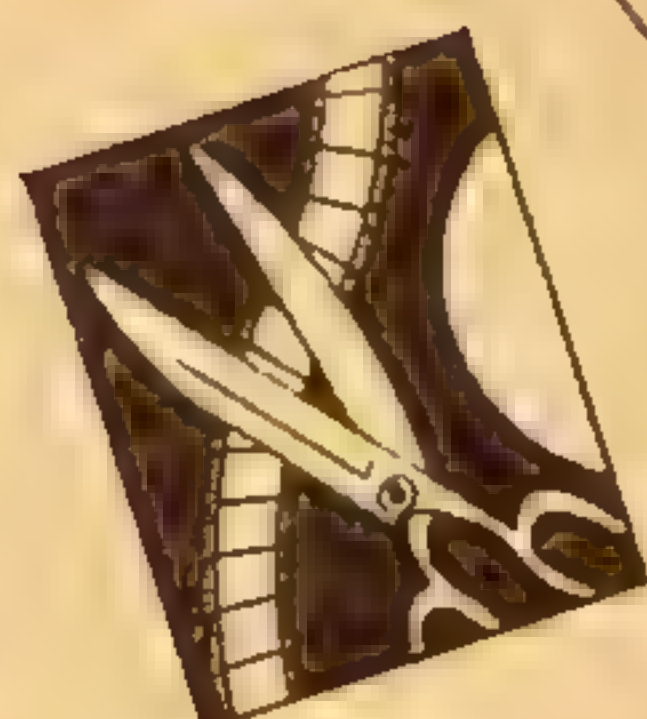


She hates night clubs, which is one reason why she has no steady boy friend, Miss Powell claims.



Since he won't be teamed with Eleanor, who will be Astaire's co-star after "Stepping Toes"?

Anyway, the lady has reasons for her startling statement



WHEN I'M forty and my work in motion pictures is finished, what will be left for me in life?" Clark Gable asked that question and his gray eyes were dark with an honest worry and bewilderment.

Only in Hollywood could a young, successful man in his middle thirties ask that question. Only there could he face the problem which Clark must solve when he reaches the forty milestone. In all other places and in all other businesses the average man of forty is just beginning to taste his real success. But, for Clark, that birthday means the end, or the beginning of that time. It frightens me," Clark said. "I don't like to think of that time. I'll have to find new interests, an entirely new scheme of living. I won't have my work. And I'm sure that I don't want to stop working when I'm still fairly young. But I'm afraid that I'll be too old to begin at the bottom in some new field.

PEOPLE SAY that 'life begins at forty.' They tell us that the years before that age are merely a preparation, that our forties are the golden years when we will have adjusted all our values of living and can honestly enjoy life. That's probably true in the life of the average business man. During his forties he eats the financial fruits of the work he has done during his twenties and thirties, while he goes on building toward more mature successes.

"But it won't be that way with me. My career will be ended. There will be no place to go in pictures, except down the ladder. And I don't want to do that. I hope that I'll have the sense to leave Hollywood and the screen while I'm at least fairly successful. And, if I do that, the life I know today

"Life"

By
Eleanor
Packer

Yes, Clark
Gable actually
believes this
and gives his
reasons for
saying so



Gable and his favorite gal, Carole Lombard, are snapped at a studio party.

will end most certainly at forty." I looked at Clark, and his words seemed almost fantastic. He looked so young and vital, slouching comfortably in the low red leather chair in his panelled dressing-room on the "Love on the Run" set. It seemed ridiculous for him to talk about his life's ending at forty, or at any other definite time.

Then, suddenly, I thought of the truly tragic figures of Hollywood, the one-time stars, men and women still young in years but veterans in experience, who are walking the streets, alone and forgotten, pathetically hunting for work, any kind of work, in the studios. In one of Clark's own pictures, "San Francisco," there were a half dozen one-time stars, still young in their forties, but old and finished in fame. Then I understood why Clark shuddered at the thought of staying in Hollywood when the heyday of his stardom is ended.

"The worst of it is that I'll probably never have enough money to enjoy long years of leisure when they're forced upon me," he went on slowly.

good old days, when the Chaplin and Fairbanks and Lloyd fortunes were founded, are gone forever. Today, after we pay our taxes to the government and our fees to agents and a dozen other expenses necessary to this particular business, there isn't much left to save for the rainy day of the workless years. I live very simply. I don't even own my own home and I do very little penny and invest as wisely and safely as I can, I don't see how I'm going to put away enough money during the next few years to take care of myself during that long, after-forty period.

"Understand, I'm not complaining. I thank Heaven every day that I was given my (Continued on page 73)

Ends at Forty!"

Long week-ends of hunting, fishing and camping appeal to Clark, and usually his sole companion on these trips is Snooper.



These Charming

They may be rich and famous and beautiful, but they've



Being toted onto the set in a doghouse because she was tardy seemed great fun to Jeanette MacDonald.



When their famous Kiddie Parties are in full swing, the famous ones don baby togs and have a grand time.



Did you put away your roller skates with your school books? Well, Ginger Rogers and her friends didn't.

**By Caroline
S. Hoyt**

AT LAST I've discovered the secret of Hollywood's carefree, debonair charm. The entire town is "pixilated," gloriously, madly and youthfully "pixilated." There are no grown-ups in the place. All the people are children, who live and laugh and love

and weep with an unashamed childish abandon. That enduring youthfulness explains their difference from average people in average worlds.

Hollywood's people work hard at the adult business of being actors and actresses. Then they forget that work and play with a child-like exuberance which keeps them fresh and constantly on their physical and mental toes. Boredom is taboo in the film colony. Even among the older in-

habitants there is no sign of the calm lassitude which comes elsewhere with years of living and experience. May Robson is as excited over a party as any youngster of ten. She plays with the canaries, hundreds of them, which live in her sunny patio, as gaily as any child romps with her dolls. May is a great-grandmother. She has known more than fifty years of the hard work of the theatrical world, but she has the vital enthusi-



Jeanette
MacDonald



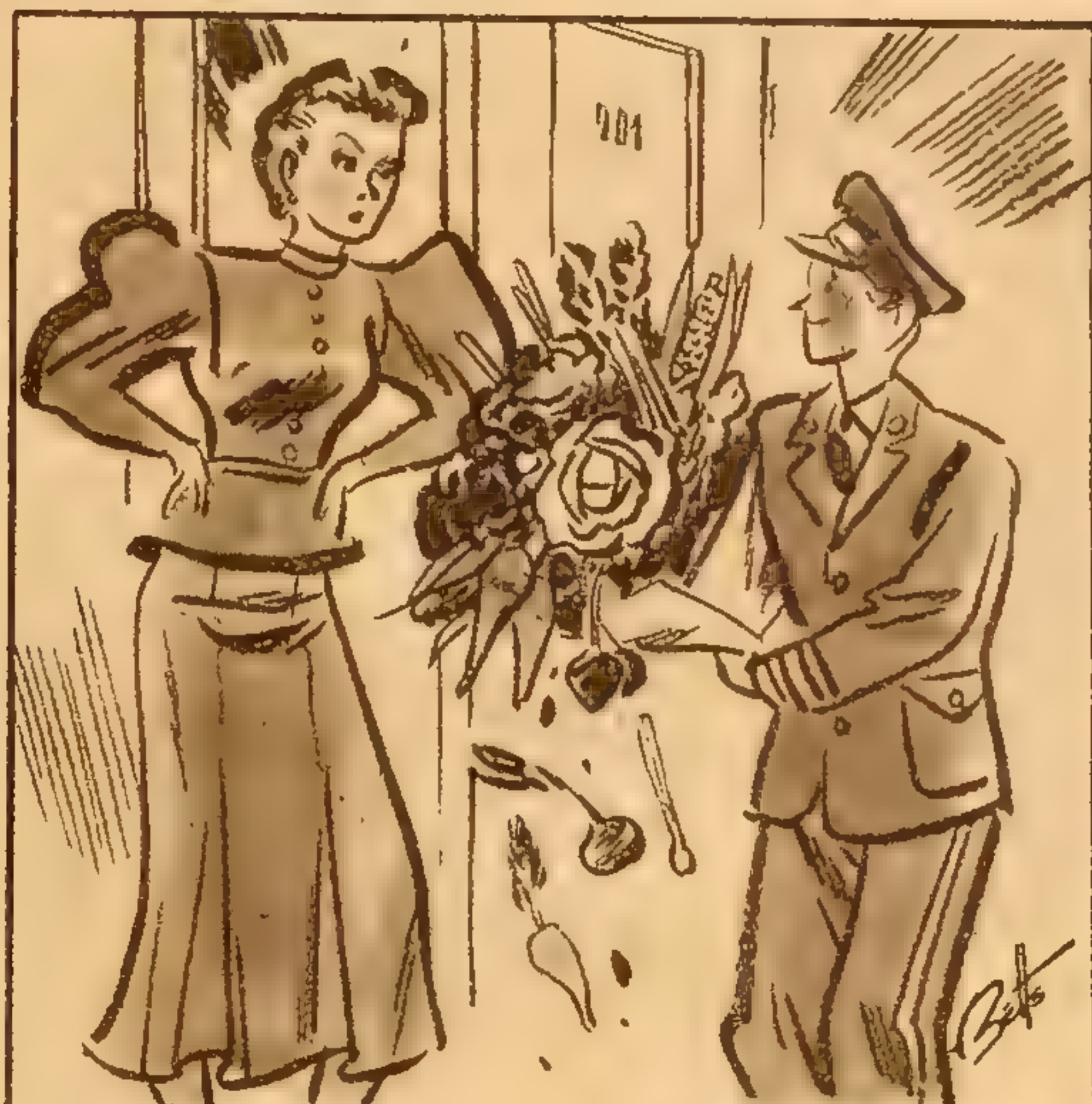
Ginger
Rogers

Children

never really grown up!



Playing kids' games at parties is one of the stars' favorite sports. Would your friends enjoy them?



Would a bouquet of vegetables amuse you? Well, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable thought it was a riot.

asm of a girl one-fifth her seventy years.

Age means nothing in Hollywood. Old and young, they share the same spirit of perpetual youth. Luise Rainer is one of the town's newer children. Luise is certainly not a child in actual experience. For several years she has been one of Europe's favorite actresses. She has known tragedies, as well as triumphs, but she possesses a naiveté, a healthily

vigorous eagerness, which the average high school girl outgrows in her worldly-wise sophomore year.

Luise glories in practical joking. She plays at living with the same emotional intensity which made unforgettable her telephone scene as Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Not long ago she attended a real children's birthday party, where the guests were all under ten years old. Luise played (*Continued on page 90*)



Carole Lombard



Luise Rainer



Isabel Jewell



(Above) It's a dreamy moment for talk of love which Brian Aherne and Merle Oberon steal under the stress of "Beloved Enemy." All the dreams for their futures are caught in this tender moment as they lean close to each other in the moonlight. Although Merle's off-screen heart, David Niven, is in the same picture, he has to watch Brian making love to her. And how would all you young romantics be able to take that—even if the plot did demand it?

Immortal lovers were Camille and Armand and their tragic story never has become stale by repetition. Now it springs to a new life with the exciting combination of Garbo and Robert Taylor to bring it to the screen in "Camille." Here in this breathtaking glimpse you see the adoration of these two who loved so deeply but were forced to watch their love slip away. Garbo is a thrilling Camille, for who can portray more poignantly a woman who loves and loses? Of course, you Taylor fans will proclaim Bob the perfect Armand.

Spooning in the Spotlight

**These romantic players give
you thrilling lessons in love**



There's nothing like a doctor's spotless surgical uniform to make a gal's heart go pit-a-pat violently. In "Once a Doctor," Jean Muir finds Donald Woods the perfect object of her affections. And here, she seems to place a restraining finger against his lips, lest he tell more of those sweet nothings which she couldn't bear his not saying! Jean looks more vibrant and alluring than she has in a long while and her darker, bobbed hair is very flattering. Donald is a reason why girls prefer doctors.



(Above) When Errol Flynn takes his lady in his arms for the final clinch, there's nothing bored and detached about it. Errol puts all the fiery zip of his Irish heart into the role he plays. And do we hear the gents say, "Who wouldn't, with Anita Louise as the one to be kissed?" This thrilling moment pictured, is what you may anticipate in "The Green Light." What's more, it will be your first chance to see Errol out of an old-fashioned costume.

Puppy love wasn't originated in this modern generation. Quite to the contrary, it made life exciting for the teen age of centuries ago. To prove it, here are Virginia Fields and Tyrone Power, Jr. putting their hearts into a glance at one another during a scene from "Lloyds of London." It's not hard to see what Tyrone finds fascinating beneath that frilly, old-fashioned cap Virginia is wearing. And it would be difficult to find a lad who looks more romantic in costume than Tyrone.

Bob and Mrs. Young on their return from England recently.



And Bob Young doesn't mean he's musical when he says—

LESS THAN two years ago the entire motion picture colony became very alphabet conscious. And about the same time, Robert Young, among others, began to feel very blue and discouraged.

Not that he couldn't learn the alphabet. I'm sure he could, for I know personally a half dozen actors who aren't as bright as Bob, who can rattle off the alphabet with scarcely any difficulty.

Neither was he concerned over letters like NRA or PWA. No, the letters that caused so much concern were just A and B.

The reason these two letters suddenly assumed such importance is that pictures began to be classified as "A" and "B" pictures. That started a mad scramble on the part of the actors to get themselves into "A" pictures, which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars and were made, generally, with more care, with better stories, casts and directors than the others and were supposed to be the best pictures.

"B" pictures, on the other hand, are made because exhibitors insist on running double bills. However, a "B" picture often turns out to be a much greater success financially, as well as providing more entertainment, than any "A" picture. Like, for instance, "The Thin Man," which was whipped up as a little "B" number because Myrna Loy and William Powell weren't working and idle actors are expensive. As you know, it turned out to be a sensation.

Up to this time Bob Young was

He Plays in B-Flats

By Martha

Kerr



Bob Young is now making "Stow-away" with Shirley Temple and Alice Faye.

always the "big brother" type—the fellow a girl could trust. And nothing will get a chap nowhere faster—on or off the screen—than to be a fellow a girl can trust. And so Bob was a consistent "B" picture player. It just seemed that a "B" picture couldn't be made down Metro way, where he is under contract, without Bob in it. And when other producers asked to borrow a handsome leading man, Bob was always brought out, dusted off and "sold down the river."

Bob never complained. No matter what role was handed him, he plugged along, turning out the best performance he could in every picture. Suddenly he found himself playing opposite Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Janet Gaynor and Ann Sothorn and it was noticed that he was developing into a grand light comedy actor. Remember him in "The Bride Walked Out" with Barbara Stanwyck and "The Bride Comes Home" with Claudette Colbert? He rollicked through these pictures and it is a toss up whether he or his audiences enjoyed his performance more, but he proved that he had a grand sense of humor. It seems that what the industry needed was an actor with a sense of humor and, being equipped with the other necessary tools, such as plenty of good looks and an ability to act, Bob has been in demand by every company since then—for "A" pictures.

And always, after being loaned
(Continued on page 78)

Hit Hollywood Early

By George
Benjamin

Marian knows whereof she speaks in advising you when to plan your screen career. She was playing in pictures at fourteen and she's only twenty-two now. She's in "Come Closer, Folks" with James Dunn.



**M a r i a n
Marsh's ideas
on how to get
ahead in the
movies are cer-
tainly original**

IF YOU want to be a movie actress, get to Hollywood as *young* as you can!

"Don't let anyone discourage you. I have heard all of those dire warnings. Yes, all the tales about how your life will be messed up and how you'll become disillusioned and hard-boiled—if you attempt to go into pictures. What I've actually found out, for myself, is: they're *not* so!

"Choose a screen career and you'll have a far more wonderful time than you likely will have otherwise. Begin in your early 'teens, in Hollywood, if it's possible. Don't bother with college—if you wish to act."

This bombshell comes straight from the lips of Marian Marsh. It requires a great deal of courage to speak what you feel is the truth when you're distinctly in the minority. Almost everyone has handed out the same "sane" advice. You will be better off if you banish any longings for Hollywood glory—the competition's too keen, the pace too severe. If you will persist in being ambitious, don't come to California until you are completely prepared. Stay where you are and finish your education, then go on to college and excel in dramatics there. You must have money; you have to be thoroughly trained before you dare venture towards the city of cameras.

That's the regular line. So you can see at a glance that this unusual counsel of Marian's is liable to cause a commotion among the august "authorities."

Admittedly, this is only a twenty-two-year-old talking.

Nevertheless, she has a very good right to add her honest opinions to an ever pertinent topic. She is a success in films. And more, Marian can back up her unorthodox statements by simply remembering her own yesterdays. Amazingly, she herself started absolutely from scratch and she's been a grown-up heroine for seven years!

At fourteen, mind you, she was working in the movies.

Two seasons later she was playing opposite the biggest male stars. She didn't debut Cinderella-fashion, as you may have thought, though. There was a lot of publicity once, giving the impression that hers was sudden luck.

"Ambition even pops up when you've not had any burning desire," Marian declared. She and I sat, quite formally, in the living room of her home in Beverly Hills, the house resulting from her spunk. It's a comfortable place, looking down over the busy streets, obviously lived-in by happy, earnest people. I'm fairly well acquainted with Marian and her family—she has a sister and two handsome brothers a couple of years her senior, and a most understanding and wise mother. Brother Tony and I ceased discussing the relative merits of various beaches when his sister arrived for this revealing conversation.

"I WASN'T old enough to be sure what I wanted to do when I first entered the studios," Marian continued. "I just had to have an income; ambition followed when I discovered the future I might attain."

The Marsh clan moved West, jubilantly. The children were delighted to be in a land where sports are never curtailed by New England blizzards. The father, a chocolate manufacturer, had been appointed vice-president of a chain of grocery stores. Then tragedy struck; he died. It was up to each child to do his and her share.

Marian was in the eighth grade at the LeConte Junior High School in Los Angeles. Her sister had secured some work in pictures and so she decided she would try, also. She always has had a quiet sincerity, and it served her well when she applied for jobs as an extra. Outwardly she was sufficiently poised to vow that she was seventeen or eighteen.

She progressed to Hollywood High, and kept on taking time off for \$7.50 pay checks (*Continued on page 77*)

Those sounds in the night up Benedict Canyon way aren't coyotes, as some of the Canyonites suspected; they're Clark Gable. It seems Mr. G. is fond of vocalizing, and his apartment at the Beverly-Wilshire can't hold the Gable voice. So he spends several evenings a week at the home of Director Walter Lang, along with Carole Lombard and Madeline Fields. The quartette's current favorite is "The Daring Young Man," and when the Gable baritone resounds against the hills strong men go into hiding and little children run to their mothers. A poll taken among the neighbors reveals these startling facts: That Gable is a nice guy—47. That Gable can sing—0.



Razzing the bitter end of double feature bills is the latest pastime of movie audiences in Hollywood. It all started with "Second Wife," when people suddenly started hissing the villain and cheering the hero. This sort of thing will either put a stop to double features or audiences will start yelling for more bad pictures so they can have some fun. Sample dialogue for 1937: "How'd you like 'Passion's Playing'?" "Swell! One of the worst pictures of the year."

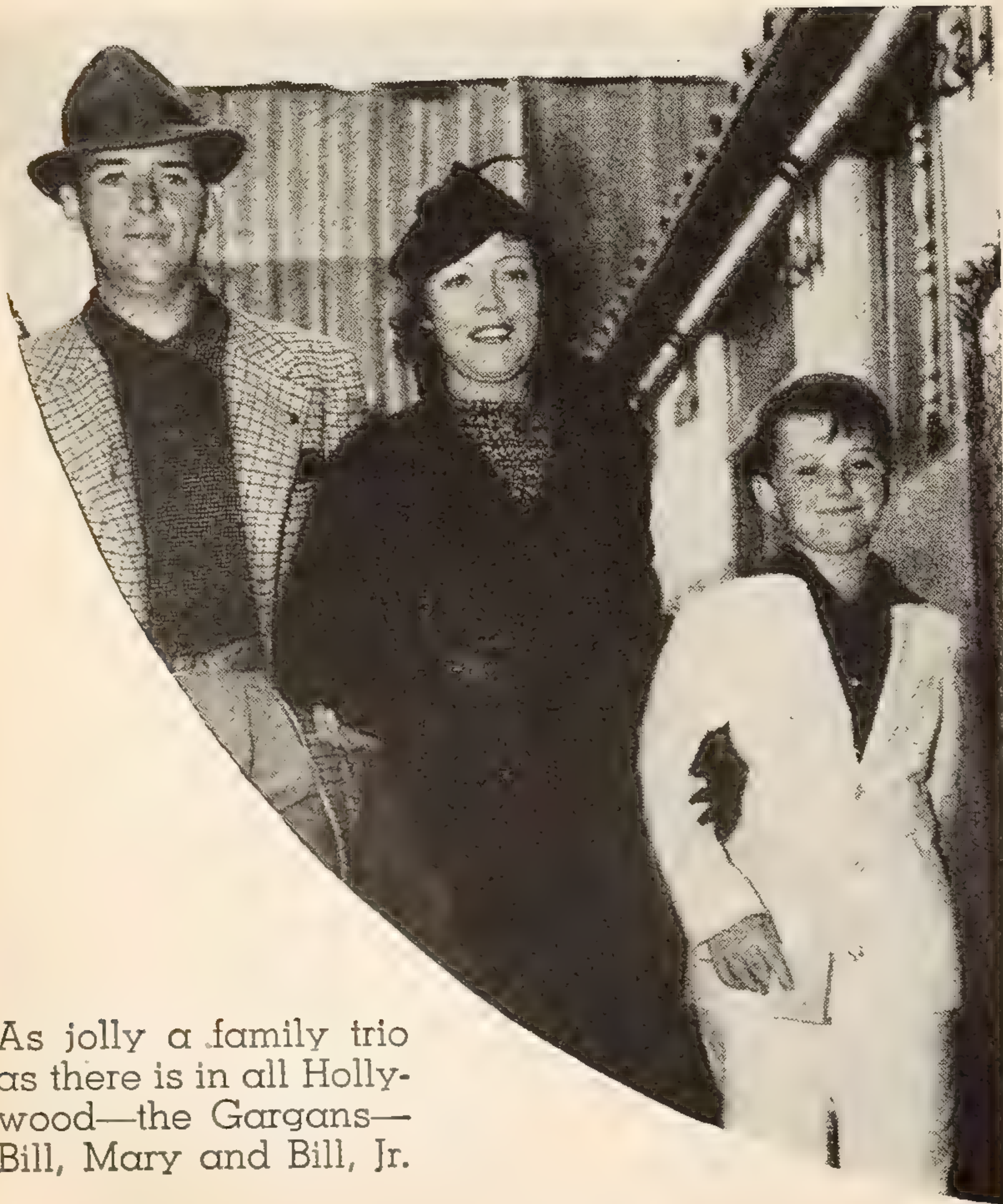


For a whole week Ginger Rogers steered clear of looking-glasses. She was afraid of scaring herself to death after her titian hair was brunetted for "Mother Carey's Chickens." One morning she appeared at the studio looking happy again. "I like it," she told the director. "In fact I think I'll just stay brunette now that I've looked at myself in a mirror." The director looked far from happy and finally came out with the reason. The studio had changed its mind about Ginger's next picture and Ginger would have to change her mind about her hair. They had decided to put her in another Fred Astaire celluloid, "Stepping Toes," and Fred prefers blondes.

Jean Parker looks bored and hubby George MacDonald acts self-conscious at a preview.



GOOD NEWS



As jolly a family trio as there is in all Hollywood—the Gargans—Bill, Mary and Bill, Jr.

Another blonde who has her troubles is Shirley Temple. She appeared at a preview of one of her pictures the other evening without a curl showing under her beret. There was a great buzzing among the fans gathered at the door. Had Temple gone platinum or red-head? But Shirley hadn't even gone brunette—she was just saving her curls from souvenir seekers.



Bob Taylor is a fancier of high-powered automobiles. When Metro gave him his first raise he rushed out and bought a low-slung speedster which startled the Hollywood natives and gave Mr. T. no end of pleasure. His latest purchase, however, has everyone in town fooled. It's a 15-year-old Model T coupe with more rattles than the quints. But underneath the ancient hood is a supercharged motor good for 115 miles an hour. So it's now the pleasure of the country's Number One Box-office smash to go out on the highways and byways making owners of high-priced cars wonder if they're seeing things.



Connie Bennett's interest in producer Joe Schenck may have been purely academic, or strictly business, but it took Miss B. considerable time to convince Gilbert Roland that such was the case. Mr. Roland should know, for he and the same Joe Schenck carried on a bit of rivalry back in the days of Norma Talmadge.



Eddie Cantor's invitation to the Flashlighters Frolic was short and

The Hollywood lowdown

A rare snap of Paul-ette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin who still won't say they're married.



Well, Miss Stanwyck! Holding on to Bob Taylor like that! But we don't blame you, he's that popular.

Harold Lloyd has just put in his application for a block of seats at the Olympic games in Tokyo in 1940. That's Harold for you, always waiting till the last minute. He'll probably invite some friends and get an answer something like this: "Awfully sorry, I'm all tied up for 1940. If you had only called last year!"



Saw Katherine DeMille the other day in Beverly Hills wearing a sweat shirt and padded football trousers and carrying a tennis racket. And it wasn't because she had bet on What's-his-name, either. It seems that playing tennis in football garb takes off pounds and pounds in the places a girl feels she doesn't need them.



Alison Skipworth couldn't keep that record of being Hollywood's most complacent actress forever. She broke it the other day on the "White Hunter" set after her first look at the stand-in selected for her. A blood-curdling scream escaped the usually composed Miss Skipworth. "I'm not that fat," she cried wildly. "I've never been that fat!" It took the combined efforts of Director Cummings, Warner Baxter, June Lang, the stand-in and a pair of scales to placate her. Alison weighed in forty pounds lighter.



Isabel Jewell kept the safety valve on her temperament for three days of exceptional stress. During that time, for scenes in "Career Woman," Isabel was drowned a few times, whipped brutally and generally thrown around in accord with the script. At the end of the third day the director acknowledged all the sequences were okay. "You're sure everything's okay?" inquired Isabel politely. At the director's nod of assent, Isabel let out a whoop that shook the stage, tore her water-soaked dress in shreds and jumped up and down on it. "It's all right," she gasped to the astonished cast and crew. "I've just been dying for three days to go temperamental. And it feels swell!"



In their new home, Ann Sothern Pryor was explaining the duties to the butler whom she had just hired. Having read widely on home management for the last couple of months, Ann made an effort to impress him from the beginning with what she required. "And, Parkins," she wound up earnestly, "above all we must have dignity." The butler seemed impressed. "You have very good ideas, Mrs. Pryor," he said, "but you don't want a butler. You want Arthur Treacher."



It happened on the "Camille" set. A girl, who had done a bit in "The Painted Veil" with Garbo, was assigned a small part in the Swedish siren's new opus. Recalling Garbo's kindness to her in the former assignment, the gal rushed up to thank her and express her pleasure at working in "Camille." But Garbo cut her short with, "I do not know you. Go away." Maybe she really does want to be alone.



Mae West is the world's only female "Roaring Lion." The Roaring Lions are a club made up of the football players of Loyola University, and the boys recently made Mae an honorary member. Being an advocate of the water wagon, Mae presented the team with a hand-carved one for next year's games.



Simone Simon (pronounced Simone Simon) phoned a friend the other day. "I just made my hair more lighter," she announced. "But," said the friend, "won't the studio be angry?" "Oh, no," replied Simone. "They think it's the same darkness."



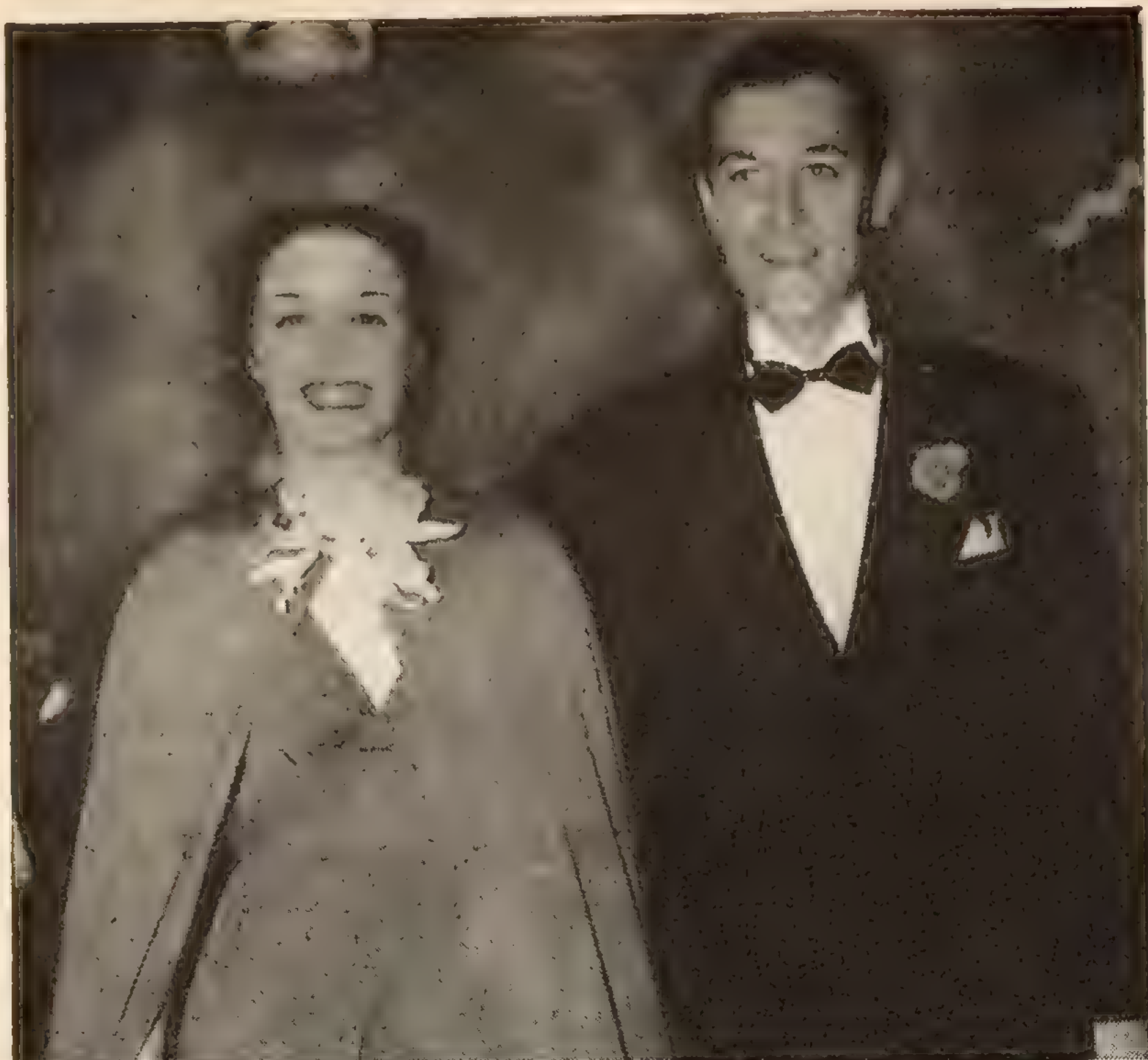
The little French lady's press agents have not worked in vain, for she is evidently here to stay. When her mother was en route from

to the point. "We Want Cantor," the wire said. And they got him and a crowd of other Hollywood celebrities who helped the hard-working bulb squeezers inaugurate their annual charity ball.



Here's how movie stars are born: When B. P. Schulberg made a transcontinental flight a few months ago, two women passengers called his attention to one of the pilots. He was so handsome in his uniform, said the gals. Mr. S. offered him a screen test and he took it and passed. So now pilot LaVerne Brown, picked out of the air by Mr. Schulberg, has a new contract and a new name. It's John Trent, and he's hoping he stays grounded for some time.

hot off the wires as scribbled . . . by Leo Townsend



Gail Patrick, squired by John King, flashes a dazzling smile camera-ward at a premiere.

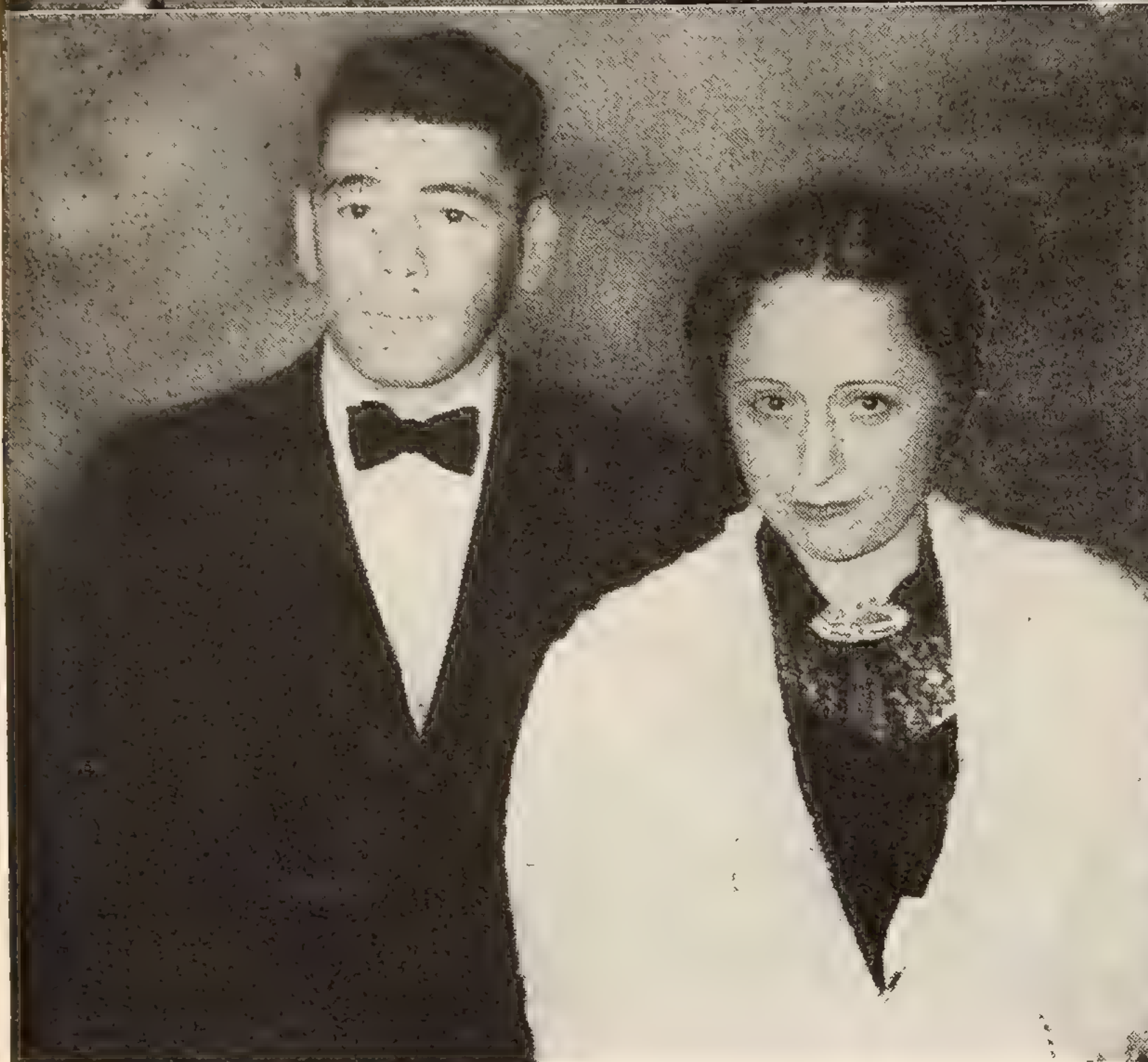
skates. Now he's looking for a girl who's idea of a good time is a movie and a loge seat.



If Mr. G. Brent has been reading his papers lately, he must have snapped his fingers several times, saying, "Aw, shucks!" There was, for instance, that item about the mysterious loads of orchids sent to Miss Garbo—mysterious in that the M-G-M publicity department (the old smarties) immediately suspected Robert (Armand) Taylor and Bob, it is rumored, suspected the publicity department. Mr. Brent, as you recall, was supposed to have done a pretty good courting job of the Swedish "Camille" about a year ago. But did he send orchids by the van load? No! It must make him kinda mad, now, thinking back over the extra publicity lineage a nice gesture like that would have brought him. Of course, he doesn't care much this year, but a chap has got to watch his billing, even in romantic matters, especially with Bob getting so much news space all the time.



As for Miss Garbo, about whose beautiful head always swirls a press-made dither, she has gone right ahead with her plans to



It's rare that the Paul Munis attend a first night, but "Romeo and Juliet" got them out.



Vive la France! The Charles Boyers with Simone Simon at "Ladies in Love" opening.

France, Simone spent her spare moments searching for a home. The choice finally fell on the Arline Judge-Wesley Ruggles abode. Giving up their home makes the Ruggles-Judge parting look permanent. It may even last for weeks, they say.



Sonja Henie had been proving for several weeks that the Norwegians can take it. Working on her first picture were Adolphe Menjou, the Ritz Brothers, Ned Sparks and other famous gagsters who devoted themselves to initiating Sonja into some Hollywood practical jokes. One day the skating star excitedly called the cast and director to a corner of the rink. "Look!" she cried in alarm, pointing to long, white worms in the ice, "Ice worms! They'll ruin the rink and cost the studio thousands!" What could they do, asked the assembled crowd. Sonja explained that ice worms work only in the dark, so for the entire day the director had a couple of electricians training lights on the infected ice areas. When two more were hired to keep the lights going all night, Sonja admitted putting strips of excelsior in the water before it was frozen to give the cast the worm scare.



Tyrone Power, Jr. was so infatuated with Sonja that he took to

take a nice recuperative two months cruise before her next picture, "Beloved." The fact that Charles Boyer is her next leading man and that he is happily married, has sent the press departments into a long silence while they think up something to hurdle that one (romantically speaking). How about dusting off Reuben Mamoulian again, huh?



The Eddy-MacDonald "Maytime" opus certainly had script pains before it actually got under way. The early sequences were completely scrapped and the period of the picture revised. Not only that, but house cleaning seemed to be in order all around with the original director and many of the supporting cast being replaced. As far as you fans are concerned though, the major part of "Maytime" was kept intact; that is, the unbeatable duo of Jeanette and Nelson. Probably what you will see after all this re-arranging, will be something as swell or sweller than "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie."



A phrase has been coined by the English courts for all little actresses who fight over the back fence with their studios. They're "naughty girls." Bette Davis, the gal termed naughty, found the jolly old British barristers were a pretty cold muttun proposition when she aired her Warner contract woes over there. Oddly, they seemed to think that Bette wasn't being persecuted by having

to work at three g's a week at home. What's more they thought her studio had every right to prevent her from augmenting her pittance abroad, while still sparring with the higher-ups at home. It all ended with Bette coming back—and as we go to press—meekly considering Don Byrne's story "The Changeling" as her homecoming plum.



The boss opera boys are going to have to look to their stuff. Clark Gable of the top drawer fillums has gone completely "wahoo" and even wants to rope steers. Mr. G. has always been an outdoor fellow, but has confined his activities to fishing and hunting. However, of late he haunts the rodeos and has wangled himself an invitation for, if not a life on the range, at least a week of it at Harry Carey's ranch. Harry's girl cattle are planning a stampede for Clark's autograph to replace their ranch brandings!



Fernand Gravet, the new French star under contract to Warners, must have been a little bewildered by his press reception

The newly wedded John Farrows (Maureen O'Sullivan) watch a recent football game.

Incidentally, the step-children acquired by the fall crop of cinema second marriages is quite interesting. Dick Powell became a step-papa to Joan Blondell's young son. Allan Jones has legally adopted Irene Hervey's little girl. Henry Fonda now has a four-year-old daughter by his marriage to Frances Brokaw. A little child seems to lead them right to the altar these days.



It can't be said that the suspense on the "Gone with the Wind" cast isn't swell publicity. Ever since it was announced that the year's most popular book would be made into a picture, all Hollywood and the public at large have been naming their own casts. One thing is certain, that no matter who is selected to play Scarlett and Rhett Butler, there will be heavy fan controversies. Already, the rumors that Tallulah Bankhead and Ronald Colman might be the leads caused such a to-do that Selznick announced that no decision would be made for some time. So, pick your own leads and fume at the final outcome!

Some fun! Elizabeth Allen and Robert Benchley laugh heartily. One of Bob's own quips?



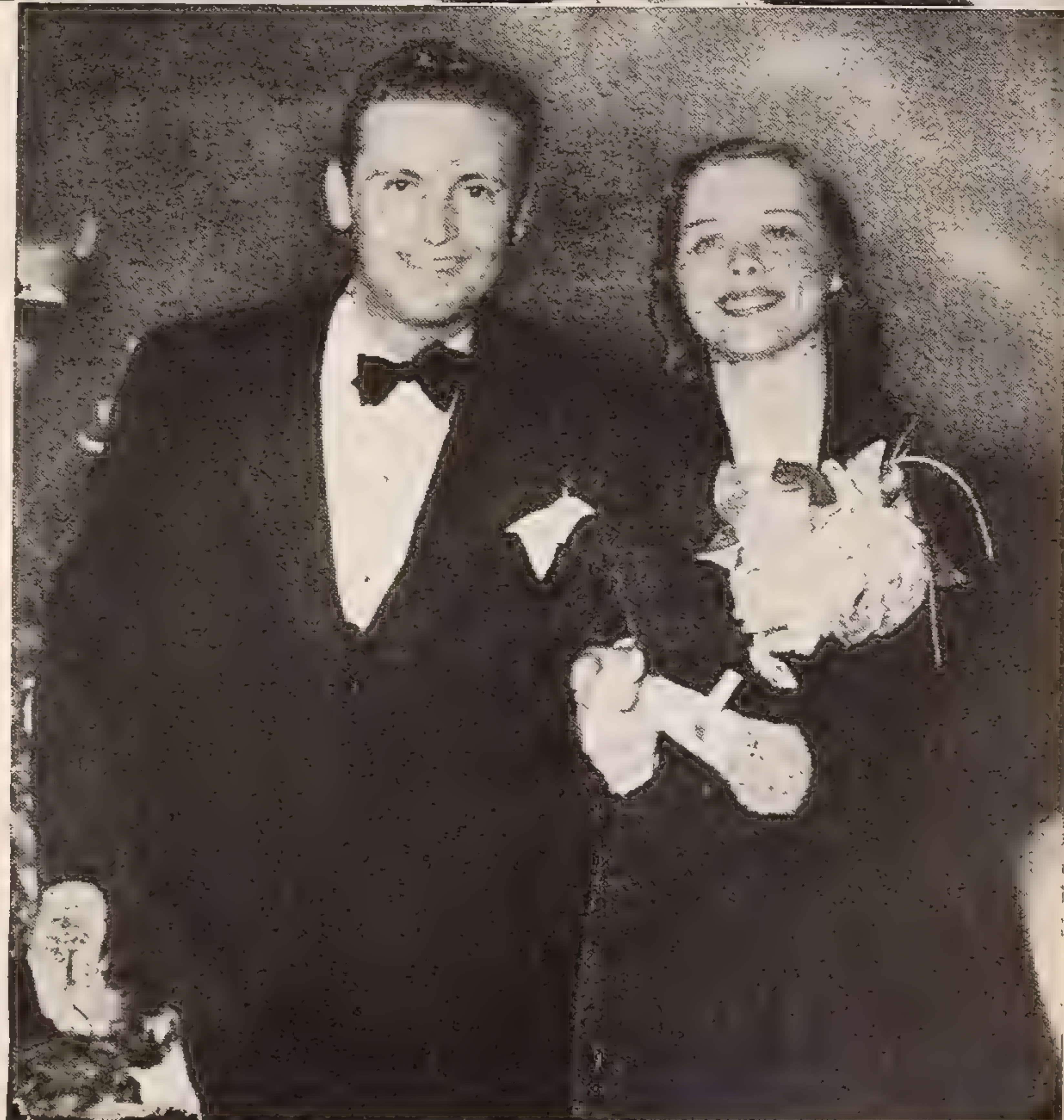
in New York, en route to Hollywood. The little soiree took place in the setting of the "White Horse Inn," one of the current stage hits. The whole stage is on a gigantic scale and represents a Tyrolian village. The reception took on quite an international feeling what with M. Gravet, a Frenchman, speaking excellent English while yodelers and the press peasants disported themselves in typical native fashion. Incidentally, Fernand Gravet is a great Parisian idol and is reputed to be the richest movie actor in the world. On both counts he stands more than an average chance of being quite a social and cinematic wow over here.



The honeymoon, in Hollywood, is over when the bride and groom have to put back on the grease paint. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell returned from their rather studio-guided honeymoon in New York and took a brief rest in the privacy of their own home, before starting back to work. And Irene Hervey, who hasn't made a picture since she married Allan Jones, finally couldn't resist a chance for a meaty part in "Grand Old Woman." As for Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor, they spent their honeymoon working at personal appearances in Chicago—Roger with his orchestra and Ann on the local stages.



And right, Irene Hervey with husband, Allan Jones, join the "Romeo and Juliet" attenders.



(Right) It's a rare sight for the camera-snoopers to find Jean Arthur stepping out publicly, and even rarer to photograph her with husband, Frank J. Ross. They are one of the town's devoted couples who shun publicity. Here they are leaving church after a recent wedding.



Only a few seats away from the gal he's been beaming (Arlene Judge) sits Tony Martin with Alice Faye. All this at a recent football game.

(Right) That old saw "They look like sisters" certainly applies to Jean Harlow and her mother.



After a preview the other night, Claudette Colbert was stopped by a small boy and his autograph book. Claudette signed "Claudette Colbert Pressman" and gave the book back. The eleven-year-old looked at the signature, then said, "You married? Aw, shucks!"

While we're speaking of ranches, here's a note about the Paul Kellys. In case you didn't know, Mr. K. always goes down to his corral with a hip pocket full of carrots for his prize colt, "Muchacho." One day, unfortunately, Mrs. Kelly entered the corral, and the colt, thinking Kellys were the same the world over, took a tentative nip at what he thought was her hip pocket. It wasn't.

flourishing. They were seen recently in San Francisco, attending church together. You don't suppose they could have been rehearsing, do you?

Bob Taylor must be pretty confident about the outcome of his "friendly squabble" with Metro over a little matter of finances. At least he was shopping at the swankiest Hollywood jewelry firm just the other day. And now Barbara Stanwyck is modestly sporting a 10-karat sparkler—on her right hand. It probably takes a few more karats to land it on the lady's left, Bob.

When Clark Gable walked into his dressing-room at the Music Box Theatre, the other day, to play George Washington in a radio version of Maxwell Anderson's "Valley Forge" on a cigarette hour, he found himself wading through miniature cherry trees and tiny hatchets. And on his mirror was a sign proclaiming him to be "The Father of His Country." It all bore the unmistakable touch of Carole Lombard, who is said to be going steady with Mr. Gable. As someone may have said, the original G. Washington may have been the father of his country, but never on a national hook-up.

Dick Arlen, who spent a goodly portion of 1936 abroad and in Canada in the interest of his art, discovered on his return to Hollywood that an extra 26 days residence outside the United States would entitle him to a generous reduction in income tax. P. S.—The Arlens spent a 26-day vacation in Ensenada. And Ensenada, as all good Mexicans know, is not in the United States.

Checking through our files, we note that several months back we received a basket of apricots from the ranch of Francis Lederer, along with a printed note saying, "Next time it will be Nuts To You!" Well, we've waited and we've waited, but nothing has happened. One-word memorandum to Francis Lederer: "Nuts!"

Our spies report the romance of Loretta Young and Director Eddie Sutherland is still

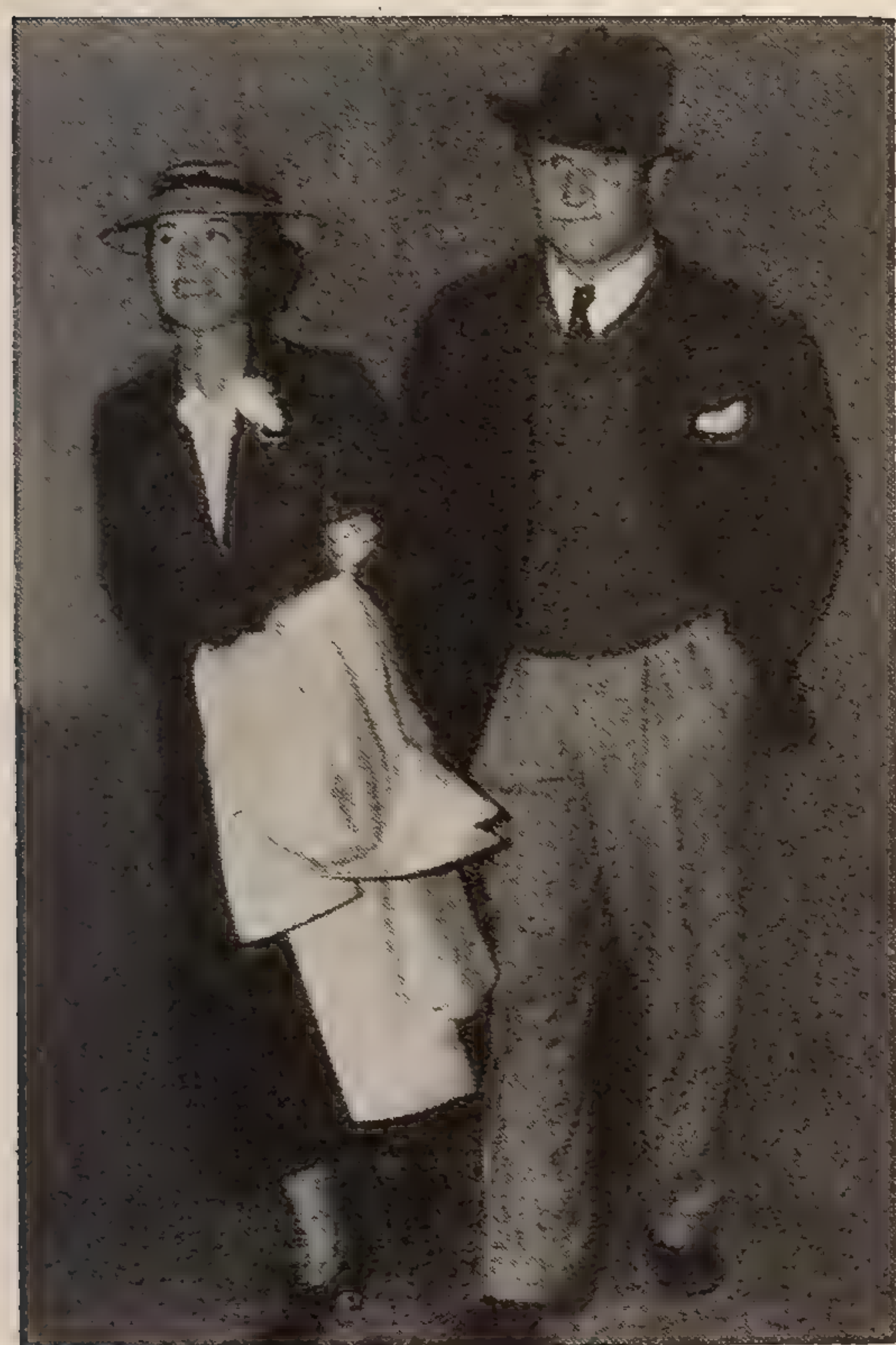
There's royal blood on the Metro contract list, now that they've signed the Earl of Warwick to a long-term contract. Warwick, whose blood is as blue as a Frances Lang-



(Left) Little Marie Wilson steps out to the Clover Club opening all done up in the star brand of mink and with her blonde curls piled high on her head. That genial-looking fellow she's clinging to is Nick Grinde. 'Tis said they are to be married soon.



More football rooters! Tyrone Power, Jr., gives Sonja Henie some pointers on America's favorite game.



(Left) Another couple who rarely do the public appearance act. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy at the "Libeled Lady" preview.

Questions without Answers: Which of our several first ladies of the screen recently returned a number of gowns to a fashionable department store and asked that her account be credited? The department store refused, due to the rather distressing fact that all of the gowns had been worn.

time you read this. After all, who but America's Boy Friend should claim the hand of America's Sweetheart?

ford ballad, was tested in England very recently, and signed in a hurry by M-G-M. The publicity department breathlessly tells you he is now in Hollywood, with twelve servants, determined to make good. His name, for picture purposes, is to be Michael Brooke. The new Mr. Brooke is 25, handsome, and hopes the job is permanent.

And the purveyors of the RKO-Radio press dispatches are anxious to have you know about their new discovery, John Gordon. He just made a test for a lead in a picture with Margo and the test called for him to kiss the young lady. His studio insists that Mr. Gordon kissed, blushed and exclaimed, "Gee, thanks!" The news in this item is that he didn't say "Toots."

One of the Ritz Brothers tossed himself a birthday party at the Colony Club the other night, for no other reason than because it was his birthday. And all went well until cameramen asked for a picture of the three zanies with Arline Judge. There was no picture, because the wife of the married Ritz (we don't know witz is witz) said no husband of hers would pose with any gal other than his lawfully wedded wife.

For the first time in almost six years Buddy Rogers is living in the Beverly Hills home he bought back in the days when he was America's Boy Friend. Buddy, who looks more like Charles now, is making a picture for Columbia and expects to become a Hollywood citizen once more. As for the Pickford-Rogers rumors, they may be married by the

At Columbia Studios there's a standing bonus of fifty dollars to any employee who suggests a picture title which is used. Recently there was a little number called "Safari In Paradise," and the studio wanted a new title. The fifty bucks was carted off by Lionel Stander, who's in the cast. His title is "Help Wanted—Female" and don't ask us why.

Scene on the Boulevard: Mickey Rooney looking at pipes (What? No cigars?) in a tobacco shop. He finally selected one, and was dismayed to learn that it cost \$1.50, which was more money than he had. So the tobacco shop kept the pipe, and young Mr. R. marched on.

The Paramount Studio Club's comedy, "Ladies' Money," turned into a mystery for Cesar Romero during the first-act in- (Continued on page 97)

Brian Aherne looks upon a Hollywood contract as a life sentence, but then—there's that small item of money

By Dorothy

Herzog

Mr. A. is a shy fellow who, like many Britishers, treasures freedom above all else. He hates to talk about himself so this is one of the two interviews a year he grants.



Not TOO Mercenary



Brian Aherne likes the stage, so he prefers to go to Hollywood only for good roles such as is his in "Beloved Enemy" opposite the glamorous Merle Oberon.

BRIAN AHERNE, British born, American by inclination, but still British in heart, finds himself face to face with a problem far more difficult than the usual problem of a movie and stage hero. Brian is faced with the problem of: Money or freedom.


"Money," admitted Mr. Aherne candidly, "is a good thing to have. Freedom, too, is good." Whereupon, he took short puffs upon the pipe clamped between his teeth and gazed steadily into the open-fire grate of his New York apartment.

This apartment is Brian's pleasure of freedom, for though tucked just around the corner from one of New York's busiest centers—that of the Grand Central Station—it is neatly isolated from the bedlam of the metropolis. It is a narrow little house that rises three stories and enjoys several rooms on each floor. Brian's drawing-room occupies the second floor. At least, it is his drawing-room so long as he remains. He subleases the place, furniture included. But there are sundry books that belong to him lining the shelves—travel books, novels, plays and a few biographies.

The back of the room—though, paradoxically enough, the front, really—overlooks a rectangular stretch of blooming openness which is shared by a number of other houses of the same height as his. Each house has its own little garden, a few trees, and, of all quaint things in New York, birds that enjoy themselves without danger of gasoline fumes. This bit of cultivated Nature is called by those who share it Turtle's Row. Really, a most charming retreat. And across the way, Mr. Aherne will indicate to you, lives Katharine Hepburn when she is in the city.

"Yes," he repeated, "money is a good thing to have and freedom, too, is good."

WHEREIN IS the crux of this popular player's present quite pleasant predicament. Freedom, to him, is making a picture or two in Hollywood and then returning to New York to do a stage play. (Continued on page 80)




"Get along with
men and you'll
get by with the
world" - West

By Katharine
Hartley

fireside to be on your own in the big city. So the new rule is 'Don't give strangers the eye, unless they eye you first.'

"Pick-ups are still looked upon with a raised eyebrow, as they've always been, but picking someone up along the boulevard or in a store is not what I'm talking about. But



And Mae West's
the gal who can
talk about men!

suppose there's a man working in a far part of your office you sort of have a yen for, but it seems that you don't have any mutual friend to do the honors. You see him every day in the elevator and as he seems to know you're around, I always say, give him a friendly 'Hello' instead of an aloof stare and, who knows what that hello might lead to? Who knows! Or suppose you're waiting in your doctor's or your lawyer's or anyone else's office and, if a man, also waiting, says something original about the weather, is there any reason why you shouldn't join him in the engaging conversation that's sure to follow?

"Of course, you don't have to get chummy and you should think before dashing off to lunch with him. Still that can be done on the up and up if you pick the restaurant. An out-of-the-way hole-in-the-wall or a place with private dining-rooms is certainly not the place. An ordinary restaurant, preferably a busy one in the center of the town, is. And then, unless it's love at first bite, you can each go your separate ways afterward, and there's no need for his seeing you home in a taxi.

"It's so silly for a girl always to be suspicious of men. Entirely too many girls are brought up that way, mistaking even kindly ones for villains twirling their mustaches. I made a mistake like that once. It wasn't long after I had left my cradle that I went to see a famous producer for a job. I had to wait in the outer office and there was an equally famous director, though I didn't know who he was at the time, waiting, too. He asked me a dozen questions that I answered with either 'Yes' or 'No.' I was being just as snooty as I could, because I was sure he was out for no good. He finally gave up.

"I found out afterwards that he had been looking for a blonde for his own repertoire (*Continued on page 88*)



Janet Gaynor



Simone Simon

Janet Gaynor, an old-timer on the lot, had to think fast to outwit Simone Simon, the newcomer. But all was serene with the "Ladies in Love"—outwardly.

By Walter Hosting

Polite's the Word!

for the armed neutrality which was rife when these four top stars played together

IT WASN'T until Connie Bennett saw the dressing-room they'd thrown together for her for "Ladies in Love," and then discovered Janet Gaynor's decidedly more scrumptious one nearby, that the fun really began! Up to that moment, the spectators really hadn't gotten their money's worth.

Excuse me, please, if now and then in this story, I lapse into the phraseology of prize-fight reporting. I can't help it. You see, the whole set-up on that "Ladies in Love" set the first day on the production was like the atmosphere in Hollywood's famous Legion Stadium on the Friday night of a big championship fight. The crew and the extras and the

others, who managed to crowd onto the set, were as keyed up as the ringside mob at the big fight—only this, they knew, was going to be even better. In a prize fight, you see, there are only two battlers trying to outpunch each other. Here they were going to see four of the screen's craftiest stars try to out-star each other—blonde, battling Constance Bennett, red-haired bantam-weight Janet Gaynor, sultry brown-haired Loretta Young, and Simone Simon, the fiery dark-horse from Patee.

And over on the sidelines, the one person for whom everybody felt a bit sorry—referee—er, beg pardon, I mean Director E. H. Griffith. So, as I pleaded before,





Loretta Young



Constance Bennett

Connie Bennett was a free lance player, but she was used to big star stuff and would have it.

Gentle-appearing Loretta Young had too recently been very ill to worry about her best spot in the starry bout.

forgive me if this gets to be a blow-by-blow report, instead of a story of the doings of four ladies-in-love-with-stardom! BUT—don't look for me to award any decision. I'm no fool; as far as *I'm* concerned, this was a no-decision bout!

I never saw so many workers on one set in my life—somehow, the word had gotten around that this production, with four stars, was going to be dynamite. A record crowd managed to find more or less legitimate reason to be on the stage that first day.

All four combat—er, all four ladies showed up in the pink of condition. Loretta *did* look a bit drawn; insiders reported she'd been ill. Connie looked calm, but determined. Janet was maxbaerish, with smiles for everybody on the sidelines. Simone ignored the spectators, kept her eyes on the other ladies.

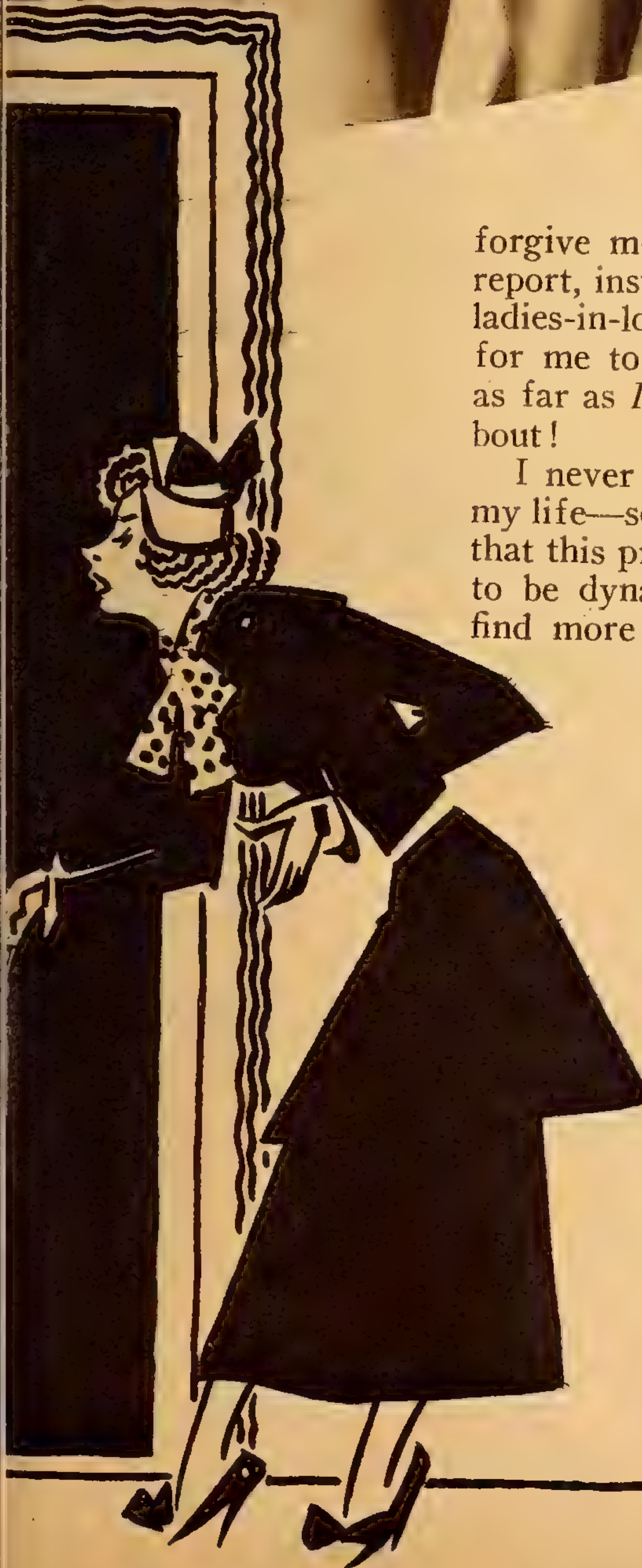
They went under the lights looking for a surprise opening feint. Simone uncovered the first action—taking the other three by complete surprise with a brand-new blondined hair-do! They'd been ready for her normal, neither blonde nor brunette color, but overnight, she'd gone brilliant blonde. It was a direct blow at Connie, the only

other blonde in the ring. But Connie recovered quickly with a glance into the mirror on the sidelines, that showed her own blonde crown to be still brilliant.

Ringsiders whispered that Simone's revolutionary blondeness was a smart trick by the studio, who's aiming Simone for the Hollywood championship. Simone insisted it was her own idea. But whatever it was, it turned out to be a flop! It revealed that Simone, as a blonde, had lost all the puckish personality which had set the fans to raving in "Girls' Dormitory."

Studio bosses went into a huddle. The first day's rushes were rushed to the incinerator and destroyed. Executive orders went out. When Simone showed up for the next round, her hair was back to its natural color—and they had to re-shoot the entire blonde action. Some spectators insist Connie grinned slyly. She had dodged Simone's feint, and scored the point for herself instead.

Spectators were growing restive. This wasn't real action. They'd come prepared for dynamite and rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catch-can battling. Instead, the first few moments of the affair showed all four ladies actually smiling at each other. Some of the crowd began to leave the stage. Wiser ones stayed; (Continued on page 67)



He Just Can't Help It!

Despite Frank Morgan's vague manner, he always manages to blunder somehow into lucky breaks

FROM 1876 until 1916, Frank Morgan had a cauliflower ear. You can see it for yourself, standing out like a wilted sunflower, in his latest picture, "Maytime."

Of course, Frank Morgan wasn't even born in 1876, but the character he is portraying in "Maytime" was. However, the idea of giving this character a cauliflower ear wasn't the brain baby of the scenario writer. It was entirely original with a mosquito that lit on his ear and sat down, hard, the night before Frank was to make a close-up for his first scene in the picture.

The scenes up to that point had been made and the mechanics of the scene prevented his turning around with his good ear to the camera. So what happened? So this happened. Every morning, after the damage done by the mosquito had disappeared, Mr. Morgan had to sit while the make-up man manufactured a mosquito-bitten ear to match the one he wore in his first scene in the picture.

Mr. Morgan didn't like the idea, for in addition to the ear make-up, he had to age forty years in the picture and the intricacies involved in making him look any age from twenty-five to sixty-five took two hours each morning. Two hours, when he could have been sleeping! If there is one thing Frank Morgan likes a lot, it is to sleep late in the morning, and after five years in Hollywood, his principal objection to motion pictures is that studio routine makes him get up early.

When he is not on call for work, it is practically impossible to find him. And I, who waited weeks for the studio to do just that, should know.

"Well, you see," he explained in his drawling voice, "when I'm not working I play all night and sleep all day. It makes it rather—ah—difficult—" The sentence fades away to end itself in your imagination.

Between pictures he likes to go to Palm Springs with his good friend, Charlie Butterworth.

"We'll go down and relax and play a lot of tennis and take sun baths," he plans. "We'll get a real rest."

Down they go to Palm Springs. They plan to go to bed at a reasonable hour, get up at sunrise for a couple of sets of tennis before breakfast and after breakfast to take a sun bath and a swim. But after dinner Mr. Morgan

meets a friend in the lobby. He always meets a friend. Wherever he goes, there is a friend lurking about. And so, in a comfortable chair with his fingers curled amiably around a tall glass, he sits and talks and laughs and has the best time anyone ever had. And before he knows it, it is morning.

"Well," he laughs, "we didn't make it today, did we, Charlie? But let's get a little sleep and I'll play you right after lunch."

When you have an appointment with him, take a good book along, for if he makes his appearance at all, he is sure to be late. His intimates have yet to decide whether he is really absent-minded or if it is an act, but they always wait for him, which undoubtedly encourages the habit.

They fume, they fuss, and they pace the floor.

But always, just as they reach the boiling point and are ready and determined to tear him to bits, he makes his appearance. His timing is uncanny and his approach, well that is something!

He enters the room cautiously, a look of bland innocence but watchful preparedness on his face and, turning on all the charm of which he is capable (which is plenty) he says, "Am I late? I'm so sorry."

He consults his watch. He even holds it to his ear to make sure it is running, all the time looking so embarrassed that his friends by this time are on the verge of apologizing to him. But they (Continued on page 71)

By Franc
Dillon



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan (below) are one of the most popular couples in Hollywood. In fact, no party is complete without these two.

Because his dancing sequence with Shirley Temple in "Dimples" was such a riot, Frank Morgan trips the light fantastic again in his next picture.



Handsome



By Mary
Marshall

Garbo uses the slickest
eye make-up of any star.

Eleanor Powell achieves a
look of downright prettiness,
though she hasn't a beautiful
feature to her name. What's
her big secret?

Do you know
how to make
your make-up
make you at-
tractive? Movie
stars do



is as Make-up does



Katharine Hepburn depends upon make-up to attain an individual, though artificial, appearance.



Irene Dunne retains the original shape of her eyebrows but accents them with a pencil line.

THERE ARE four very distinct types of good looks on these two pages. Maybe you don't belong to any one of these types for, heaven knows, there are dozens more. And then, there are thousands of exceptions to every type rule, too. I haven't the faintest hope of covering in this short article a tenth part of what could be said about make-up. I hope however, to give you some good, plain general advice, a few individual tips, and to tell you about a few stunts which may be new to you. So gather 'round, gals, and let's discuss the topic which, next to clothes and lo-o-o-ve, is dearest to every feminine heart.

First, do you resemble—a lot or a little—Miss Eleanor Powell? Even if you don't, just scan the following paragraphs. You may get a hint.

Eleanor is young, she's fresh-looking, she's wholesome and sweet-looking. And she hasn't one outstandingly beautiful feature to her famous name. Her hair is just plain brown—and naturally straight. Her eyes are okay, but nothing remarkable as to shape, size or adornment of lash and brow. Her nose verges on the snub. Yet the general impression is of youthful prettiness, isn't it? She has a nice skin (hev yuh wrote fer my Skin Routine Number One?) and she has a nice firm chin.

A young girl of this general type should give the illusion of naturalness. She may use every cosmetic on the counter—but a little of everything. This girl can be found by the thousands on our college campuses—and that doesn't mean that she need be lacking in individuality, either. But we know her by that clean, scrubbed look of her skin, by the fact that she appears to be

wearing no make-up except lipstick, by a naturalness which has nothing whatsoever to do with dowdiness and which doesn't forget that sex appeal is necessary in this world. And that brings me to a few specific make-up tips for this girl.

1. FOR SCHOOL, for the office, for every day living, use only that make-up which you absolutely require. Lipstick—yes. Bright lipstick, because it's fashionable, even though it ain't natural. Lipstick is the one beauty aid wherein almost every girl out of the sub-deb class may be as gay and mad as she likes. For brownettes generally, a clear, true red is the thing. Names of shades vary with the different brands. Good, bright shades are called, for example, flame, poppy, flamingo, scarlet—or just plain "light." All are good. If your hair is light brown, your eyes brown rather than blue, your skin either pale or olive, choose a lipstick, with a slightly orange cast. If you have naturally rosy cheeks, go easy on the lipstick. Use a medium shade—more rose or pink than red. If your hair has a reddish cast, try to find a lipstick with a rust tone—a brown-red.

Put lipstick on with quick dabs—don't bear down hard and draw a hard line on your mouth. Dab around the outline, then fill in with dabs. Your lips should be dry when you apply lipstick. A touch of cold cream or vaseline, rubbed well into the lips first, is a swell idea now that winter is upon us. See to it that there isn't an ugly dividing line showing when you open your lips. Blend the lipstick a bit toward the inside (*Continued on page 81*)

Romancing was fun, so Joel didn't want to quit; then—

BEING IN love with love was so swell that Joel McCrea didn't think he'd ever want to stop.

Yet he did abandon his precious freedom, which is one reason why you see his picture with the Missus, the lovely Frances Dee, on this page. When you learn *why* he quit, you'll not only discover what Joel is like personally, but you will realize what has given his career its new impetus.

Love can do things to men in Hollywood, as well as to the girls who are caught up in the fairy-tale whirl of the movies. Frequently it tangles up men's lives, too.

I know Joel now. I "knew him when"—when he was Hollywood Catch No. 1, the most sought-after male in the entire picture colony. The most discerning hostesses used to start their exclusive guest lists with his name. You saw him beaming Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson, and other top-notchers. They gazed adoringly up into his laughing blue eyes and were wholly intrigued by his clean-cut youth.

But while he was blithely speeding ahead, taking romance where he found it and getting by professionally on sheer charm, he remembered his parents and his background. When the inquisitive press cornered him for statements on love, he declared that he was positive he wouldn't ask an actress to be his wife.

Joel's father was a prominent executive for a Los Angeles corporation and the McCreas had a delightful house in fashionable Brentwood. His mother presided over their home with the utmost graciousness. There was no sham, nothing of the tawdry in that atmosphere.

He was strongly drawn to glamor, but it was a tinsel bubble to be chased light-heartedly, gayly. The wholesale feminine flattery didn't fool him. Nor did his suddenly big salary. He was already familiar with the niceties of the world, so he wasn't extravagant. He inherited a keen business head as well as a desire for a sane, respectable success. So, although he was the best man at the swankiest Hollywood parties, he was simultaneously salting away a generous share of his earnings, and sidestepping amorous snares.

Now, after three years of matrimony, Joel is the same and yet he's different. He still is tall and broad-shouldered and he continues to sport the finest tan in town. But the love of beautiful Frances Dee has changed him into a genuine actor, and into a mature person. The deluxe beach boy has grown up.

"I was silly when I presumed love would be a liability to me," he admits unreservedly. "It isn't! If I seem to have made any progress, chalk up all the credit to love."

"I fancied myself an adventurer. Instead of hopping off to darkest Africa I was pitting myself against the modern wiles of Hollywood. I had no hope of ever being more than a 'personality,' though."

WHEN I first took Frances out I had no idea at all what she was to mean to me. I was perfectly satisfied to stay single. But love sneaked up on both of us. I married because I was lucky, and because I felt more than merely romantic about Frances. It had seemed dumb to be tied down in Hollywood. I'd never encountered a woman who was more important to me than myself. However, don't marry until you bump into someone who'll pass that infallible test.

"Certainly, I'm glad I finally stopped playing at romance. Pseudo-love is a lark, but the real thing's better!"

You've often heard it proclaimed that marriage is liable to be a tyrant that will jealously stifle individuality. For Joel, the step

was considerably more momentous than it is for the average fellow. Most of the invitations that had swamped him abruptly ceased. And, immediately following the news of his turning benedict, his fan mail dropped from three thousand letters a month to three hundred.

"You bet that alarmed me!" Joel, his hair rumpled as though he had just emerged from a game of handball and a shower, went on being honest. "Fan mail is one indication of how well you're doing. But I had no pangs of regret. It was a new problem to be solved. Eventually, the average jumped up again. (Continued on page 74)



Love Sneaked In

By Ben Maddox



New York, London, Paris and, finally, Hollywood have been stepping stones in Beverly Roberts' very young, but exciting career.



Bette Davis was to have played in "God's Country and the Woman," with George Brent, but her role was finally handed to Beverly.

Along Came Fate

By Virginia T. Lane

THAT MAY not be just a shove-around that Fate is giving you. It may be her way of introducing you to success! Consider, for example, the case of Beverly Roberts.

Many a strange adventure led up to that telephone call which meant stardom for her, after exactly nine months in Hollywood. There was nothing to mark it as a special call. The 'phone went burr-ruptt-BURR the way it always did and Beverly pushed her Washington Cream Pie into the oven and made a dive for it.

"Miss Roberts?" said a pleasant, impersonal voice. "Warner Brothers Studio calling. Be ready to leave at eight tomorrow morning for location up in Washington. We're giving you Bette Davis' part in 'God's Country and the Woman'—"

Bette Davis' part! The part Bette had considered so good she nearly called a halt to her feud with Warner Brothers in order to play it. "It's the only part since 'Of Human Bondage' that I'd give my eye teeth to do," she had said. But she didn't end the feud. And she didn't get the part. Beverly Roberts did—newcomer, half-pint from the Bronx.

She sat there by the 'phone in a glow. Sat there until an acrid awful smoke brought her up sharply. The Washington Cream Pie had become a Washington burnt crisp.

Things just happen to Beverly. It's been that way since

Beverly Roberts' pre-movie adventures are worthy of an Errol Flynn

she was sixteen. Before that she lived a normal New York school-girl's life with her parents and a brother and a few dreams. Most of the dreams concerned Life and the great things she hoped to do in medical research. (Her family had been active in it for generations. Sir Edward Jenner, discoverer of the vaccine for small-pox, was an ancestor on her mother's side.)

Then along came a friend with news which upset all preconceived plans. Eva Le Gallienne was opening a Civic Repertory Theatre. She would take a limited number

of young hopefuls and train them for the stage. "You'd be simply wonderful on the stage, Bev!" said her friend.

A day or so later a plump and rosy girl with honey-colored hair and honey eyes confronted Miss Le Gallienne. "So you can act!" said the lady.

"I don't know. But I'm going to do everything possible to learn how."

Eva liked that. She said, "Come back tomorrow."

That "tomorrow" lengthened into a year of fencing, dancing, vocal exercises, play readings, scene sketching. Then the company closed and, armed with letters of introduction to important producers, Beverly sped over to Broadway. But the depression had beat her there. By sheer perseverance she wrangled a job in "The Passionate Pilgrim." It lasted four days.

"Girls in Uniform" did a little (Continued on page 70)



On shipboard, Joan danced in this glamorous black net gown trimmed with appliqued discs of deep red velvet on the skirt.

For restaurant dining and cocktail parties, Joan chose this black crepe tunic dress besprinkled with sequins.



by
Adelia Bird

EVEN THE scenario writers, whose business it is to think up new plots, could not have conceived a more romantic finale to one of Hollywood's most popular friendships than the engagement and subsequent marriage of Joan Blondell to Dick Powell. For over a year Joan had been beamed by Dick, one of Hollywood's most eligible and cagier bachelors, and all the cinema town,

not to mention the countless fans of both, hoped that they would marry.

To anyone with an eye to fashion news, it was interesting to watch the transformation of Joan. When she first separated from her former husband, Joan was too plump and much too careless in her dress. She didn't seem to care a hang whether she looked smart, and cer-

The Trousseau Joan Chose -and it's full of ideas for You!



Black again in a princess gown of black crepe with a brief bolero made of gold sewed on in loops. Beads around the neckline, too.



tainly she spent no greater thought upon her wardrobe. But—shortly after Mr. P. started ringing her doorbell, Joan took a new interest in herself. It wasn't many weeks before everyone sniffed a new romance, for Joan had lost pounds and had acquired a sudden enthusiasm for clothes. It is no surprise then that, when her engagement was formally announced, Joan went on a per-

fect trousseau-buying binge. From one who cared practically nothing about clothes, she has become one of Hollywood's most fashion-conscious stars.

Although it was hard to corner Joan for more than a few moments at a time prior to her wedding, I was fortunate enough to get her to pose in a number of the attractive costumes which compose her beautiful trousseau.



Bright but deep blue velvet forms this charming evening wrap. She carries a chinchilla muff with it.

Soft gray chiffon over Nile green for this bridal negligee. Pink roses cascade from waist to hem.



seau. As you will notice, there is a preponderance of formal and semi-formal costumes, the reason for this being that Dick and Joan planned a honeymoon that required an abundance of evening and dinner clothes. As you know, by now, they were married aboard the S. S. *Santa Paula* and sailed through the Panama Canal to New York. Joan needed smart evening clothes for the boat, as well as plenty of formal things for the entertaining which was done for them upon their arrival in New York. And it's more than possible, too, that Joan knows she wears evening clothes to perfection!

WITH BOTH Dick and Joan rushed up to the moment of their wedding with pictures to be finished, Joan had to shop hectically and plan her wedding with a minimum of fuss. However, with all the hurry and last-minute excitement, there wasn't a detail of either her trousseau or her wedding costume that was neglected. I had the feeling that Joan was determined that her second marriage was going to have some of the charm and romance that her first one lacked. I don't know whether you recall her first marriage ceremony or not, but it was one of those off-to-Yuma or Phoenix affairs in which Joan tried

to avoid publicity by dressing up in a farcical disguise of red wig and ugly dark glasses. Not a very alluring get-up for a bride—and, no doubt, when she thought back upon it, she felt a little cheated of some of the glamor which is a bride's prerogative.

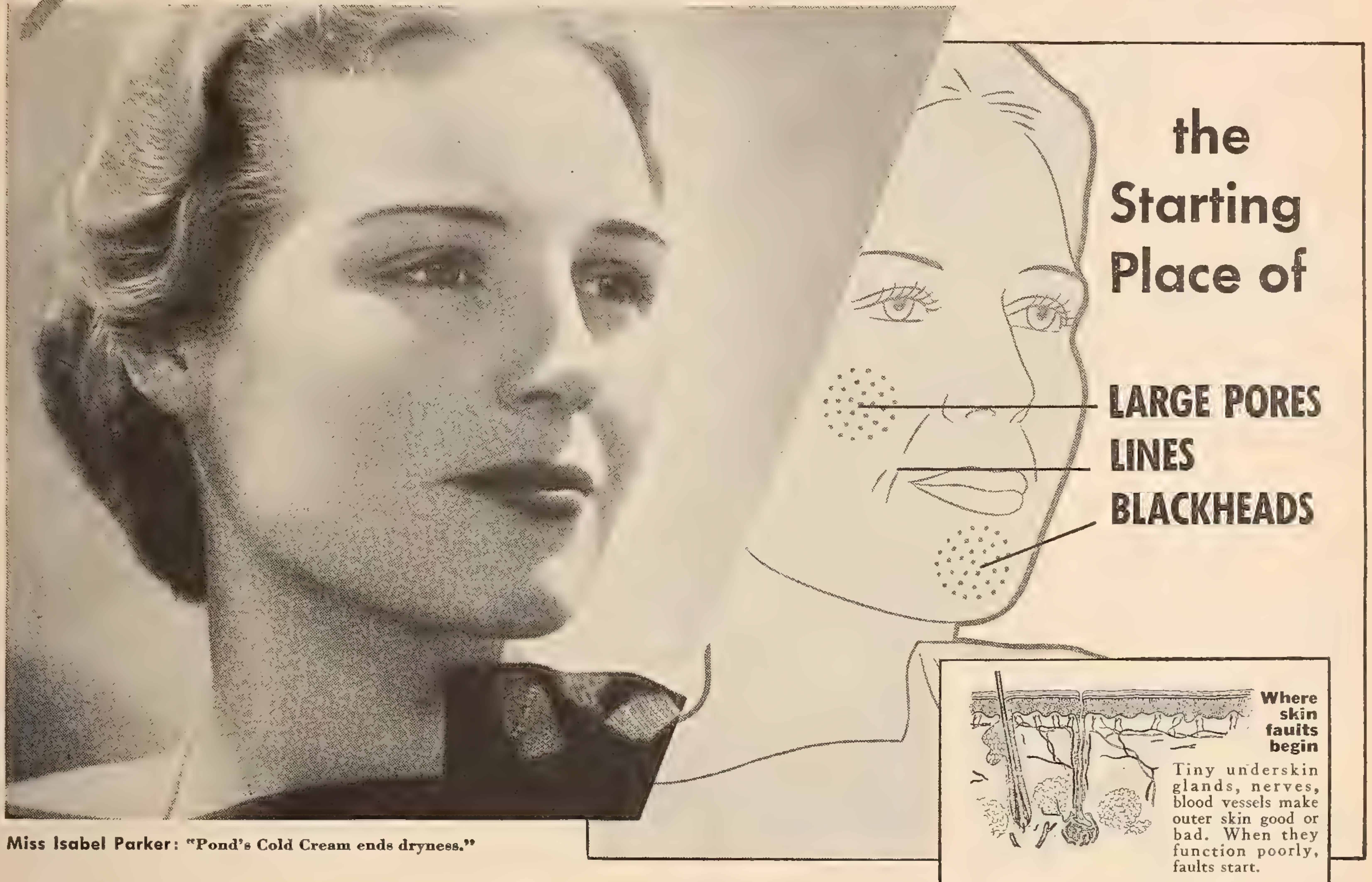
There's no doubt that she caught up on the glamor for her second wedding—she looked perfectly lovely in a dusty rose chiffon gown and a wide-brimmed blue hat faced about the edge of the brim with the same shade of chiffon as her dress. The gown itself was typical of the soft, clinging type of costume Joan likes. The skirt was cut with an uneven hemline in a petal effect, the longer points touching the floor. The bodice had a deep decolletage, softly shirred, and her shoulders were just covered with the chiffon. Her bridal bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley was tied with blue taffeta to match the color of her hat—all in all, a charming costume for either a second wedding or for anyone who does not want to wear white and a veil. (Continued on page 75)

Right, a dinner ensemble of flowered lacquered satin jacket over a simple black crepe gown.

And below, one of her pet gowns—a soft old blue crepe with flared peplum of fur.



Get at that Faulty Under Skin



Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *under-skin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way



Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing

lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 9MS CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



RIDING HOBBIES

Here's a foursome of stars who pursue definite hobbies in their off-screen leisure moments. At the top of the page, left to right, Bette Davis poses jauntily at the net of her tennis court. Incidentally, it is right in front of the house so that she can get in a good fast set whenever she likes and there's someone to bat a ball against her.

Dick Powell takes a busman's holiday by snapping moving pictures off-the-set. Maybe he likes to turn the tables for a change and let someone else face the camera! Below, left to right, Margaret Lindsay shoots a mean arrow in her odd moments, and Dick Arlen tinkers with a new aerial for his short-wave radio contest with Bing Crosby. The stake is a thousand dollars!



JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS

"WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.



Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard pro-

prietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

*functional disorders

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Modern Screen

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Abdul the Damned (Columbia).....	2½ ★
Absolute Quiet (M-G-M).....	2 ★
*The Accusing Finger (Paramount).....	1 ★
Adventure in Manhattan (Columbia).....	2½ ★
*Along Came Love (Paramount).....	2 ★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists).....	2½ ★
And So They Were Married (Columbia).....	2 ★
And Sudden Death (Paramount).....	1½ ★
Annie Oakley (RKO).....	4 ★
Anthony Adverse (Warners).....	4½ ★
Anything Goes (Paramount).....	3 ★
The Arizona Raiders (Paramount).....	1 ★
August Week-End (Chesterfield).....	2 ★
Below the Deadline (Chesterfield).....	1 ★
The Bengal Tiger (Warners).....	2 ★
The Big Broadcast of 1937 (Paramount).....	3½ ★
Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger).....	2½ ★
The Big Game (RKO).....	3 ★
The Big Noise (Warners).....	2 ★
Blackmailer (Columbia).....	1 ★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M).....	2½ ★
Border Flight (Paramount).....	2 ★
The Border Patrol (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
Boulder Dam (Warners).....	1 ★
Brides Are Like That (First National).....	2½ ★
The Bride Walks Out (RKO).....	2½ ★
Bullets or Ballots (First National).....	3 ★
Bunker Bean (RKO).....	2 ★
Cain and Mabel (Warners).....	2 ★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
*The Captain's Kid (Warners).....	1 ★
The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger) ..	3 ★
*The Case of the Black Cat (Warners).....	2 ★
The Case of the Velvet Claws (Warners).....	2 ★
Ceiling Zero (Warners).....	4 ★
Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox).....	1½ ★
Charge of the Light Brigade (Warners).....	3 ★
Charlie Chan at the Race Track (20th Century-Fox)	2 ★
China Clipper (First National).....	2½ ★
*Come and Get It (Sam Goldwyn).....	3 ★
Coronado (Paramount).....	1 ★
Counterfeit (Columbia).....	2 ★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
Craig's Wife (Columbia).....	3 ★
Crash Donovan (Universal).....	1½ ★
The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Dancing Feet (Republic).....	2 ★
Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO).....	3 ★
Dangerous Waters (Universal).....	2 ★
Daniel Boone (RKO).....	2 ★
The Devil Doll (M-G-M).....	3 ★
The Devil is a Sissy (M-G-M).....	3½ ★
Devil's Squadron (Columbia).....	2½ ★
Dimples (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Dizzy Dames (Liberty).....	2 ★
Dodsworth (United Artists).....	5 ★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia).....	1½ ★
Don't Turn 'Em Loose (RKO).....	2½ ★
Drift Fence (Paramount).....	2 ★
Early to Bed (Paramount).....	2½ ★
Earthworm Tractors (First National).....	3 ★
Easy Money (Invincible).....	2 ★
Educating Father (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M).....	2½ ★
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO).....	3½ ★
Fang and Claw (RKO).....	2 ★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO).....	1½ ★
Fatal Lady (Paramount).....	2 ★
15 Maiden Lane (20th Century-Fox).....	1 ★
The Final Hour (Columbia).....	2 ★
First a Girl (GB).....	2½ ★
The First Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	1 ★
Florida Special (Paramount).....	2½ ★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
F-Man (Paramount).....	1½ ★
Follow the Fleet (RKO).....	4 ★
Follow Your Heart (Republic).....	2½ ★
Forgotten Faces (Paramount).....	2½ ★
Freshman Love (Warners).....	2 ★
Fury (M-G-M).....	3 ★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M).....	2½ ★
The Gay Desperado (United Artists).....	4 ★
The General Died at Dawn (Paramount).....	4 ★
Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox).....	2½ ★
*The Girl on the Front Page (Universal).....	1 ★
Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Give Me Your Heart (Warners).....	3 ★
Give Us This Night (Paramount).....	1½ ★
The Golden Arrow (First National).....	2½ ★
The Gorgeous Hussy (M-G-M).....	4 ★
Grand Jury (RKO).....	1 ★
The Great Impersonation (Universal).....	2 ★
The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M).....	4 ★
The Green Pastures (Warners).....	5 ★
Half Angel (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
The Harvester (Republic).....	2 ★
Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan).....	3 ★
Hearts in Bondage (Republic).....	2½ ★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia).....	2 ★
High Tension (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
His Brother's Wife (M-G-M).....	2½ ★
Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount).....	2 ★
Hot Money (Warners).....	2 ★
Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
I'd Give My Life (Paramount).....	2½ ★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia).....	4 ★
I Live My Life (M-G-M).....	2 ★
I Married a Doctor (Warners).....	3 ★
In His Steps (Grand National).....	2 ★
The Invisible Ray (Universal).....	1½ ★
I Stand Condemned (London Films).....	2 ★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
It's Love Again (GB).....	3 ★
Jailbreak (Warners).....	2 ★
Kelly the Second (Roach-M-G-M).....	2 ★
Killer at Large (Columbia).....	1 ★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox).....	3½ ★
King of the Damned (GB).....	1½ ★
King of the Royal Mounted (20th Century-Fox).....	2½ ★
The King Steps Out (Columbia).....	3 ★
Ladies in Love (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Lady Be Careful (Paramount).....	2½ ★
The Lady Consents (RKO).....	2 ★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia).....	1 ★
The Last Journey (Twickenham).....	2 ★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M).....	2 ★
The Last of the Mohicans (United Artists).....	3½ ★
The Last Outlaw (RKO).....	2½ ★
Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic).....	1½ ★
The Law in Her Hands (First National).....	1½ ★
The Lawless Nineties (Republic).....	2 ★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic).....	3 ★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic).....	2 ★
Let's Sing Again (RKO).....	2 ★
Libeled Lady (M-G-M).....	3 ★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists).....	4 ★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia).....	2 ★
The Longest Night (M-G-M).....	1 ★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal).....	2½ ★
Love Begins at 20 (First National).....	2 ★
*Love Letters of a Star (Universal).....	2 ★
*Luckiest Girl in the World (Universal).....	1 ★
The Magnificent Brute (Universal).....	2 ★
Man Hunt (Warners).....	2 ★
*The Man I Marry (Universal).....	1 ★
The Man Who Lived Twice (Columbia).....	2 ★
Mary of Scotland (RKO).....	3 ★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia).....	2½ ★
Millions in the Air (Paramount).....	1 ★
The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia).....	2 ★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners).....	1½ ★
Missing Girls (Chesterfield).....	1½ ★
*Mister Cinderella (Hal Roach).....	2 ★
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia).....	4 ★
Mister Hobo (GB).....	2 ★
M'Liss (RKO).....	3 ★
Modern Times (United Artists).....	4 ★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M).....	2½ ★
The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger).....	3 ★
The Morals of Marcus (GB).....	1 ★
Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners).....	1 ★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National).....	2 ★
Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO).....	2 ★
*Murder with Pictures (Paramount).....	1 ★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO).....	2 ★
My American Wife (Paramount).....	3 ★
My Man Godfrey (Universal).....	4 ★
Next Time We Love (Universal).....	3 ★
Nine Days a Queen (GB).....	4 ★
Nobody's Fool (Universal).....	2 ★
Old Hutch (M-G-M).....	1 ★
O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox).....	2½ ★
\$1000 a Minute (Republic).....	2 ★
One Rainy Afternoon (United Artists).....	2 ★
One Way Ticket (Columbia).....	2½ ★
*Our Relations (Hal Roach).....	1 ★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox).....	1½ ★
Palm Springs (Paramount).....	1 ★
Panic on the Air (Columbia).....	2 ★
Parole (Universal).....	2 ★
The Passing of the Third Flood Back (GB).....	3 ★
Pepper (20th Century-Fox).....	2½ ★
The Petrified Forest (Warners).....	4 ★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M).....	3 ★
Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M).....	3½ ★
*Pigskin Parade (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
*Polo Joe (Warners).....	2 ★
The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Poppy (Paramount).....	4 ★
Postal Inspector (Universal).....	2 ★
The President's Mystery (Republic).....	2½ ★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount).....	3 ★
Pride of the Marines (Columbia).....	1 ★
The Princess Comes Across (Paramount).....	3 ★
Prisoners of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox).....	3½ ★
Private Number (20th Century-Fox).....	2½ ★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Public Enemy's Wife (Warners).....	2 ★
Ramona (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Red Wagon (Alliance).....	1½ ★
Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin).....	1 ★
Rhythm on the Range (Paramount).....	3 ★
Road Gang (First National).....	2½ ★
The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Roaming Lady (Columbia).....	2 ★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M).....	2½ ★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M).....	5 ★
*Rose Bowl (Paramount).....	2 ★
San Francisco (M-G-M).....	4 ★
Satan Met a Lady (Warners).....	1 ★
Second Wife (RKO).....	1½ ★
Secret Agent (GB).....	3 ★
Seven Sinners (GB).....	3 ★
Shakedown (Columbia).....	2 ★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Silly Billies (RKO).....	2 ★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox).....	3½ ★
*Sing Me a Love Song (First National).....	1 ★
The Singing Kid (Warners).....	3 ★
Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox).....	2½ ★
Sitting on the Moon (Republic).....	1½ ★

Movie Scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating	Picture and Producer	General Rating	Picture and Producer	General Rating
Sky Parade (Paramount).....	2★	These Three (Samuel Goldwyn).....	4★	Two in Revolt (RKO).....	2½★
Small Town Girl (M-G-M).....	3★	They Met in a Taxi (Columbia).....	2★	Two in the Dark (RKO).....	2½★
*The Smartest Girl in Town (RKO).....	2★	Things to Come (United Artists).....	3★	Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Snowed Under (First National).....	2★	13 Hours by Air (Paramount).....	3★	The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M).....	3★
Soak the Rich (Paramount).....	2½★	36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Valiant is the Word for Carrie (Paramount).....	2½★
A Son Comes Home (Paramount).....	2½★	Three Cheers for Love (Paramount).....	2★	The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M).....	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox).....	1★	The Three Godfathers (M-G-M).....	2★	The Walking Dead (Warners).....	2★
*Song of China (Douglas MacLean).....	3★	Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M).....	2★	Walking on Air (RKO).....	2★
Song of the Saddle (First National).....	2★	Three Married Men (Paramount).....	1★	Wanted Men (British & Dominion).....	½★
Sons O'Guns (Warners).....	3★	*Three Men on a Horse (Warners).....	2★	*Wedding Present (Paramount).....	2★
Special Investigator (RKO).....	2★	Three on the Trail (Paramount).....	2½★	We're Only Human (RKO).....	2★
Speed (M-G-M).....	1½★	Three Wise Guys (M-G-M).....	2½★	We Went to College (M-G-M).....	2★
Spendthrift (Paramount).....	2★	Ticket to Paradise (Republic).....	1★	*We Who Are About to Die (RKO).....	3★
Stage Struck (First National).....	2½★	Till We Meet Again (Paramount).....	3★	Whipsaw (M-G-M).....	2½★
Star for a Night (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★	Times Square Playboy (Warners).....	1★	The White Angel (First National).....	4★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners).....	4★	To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	White Fang (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Sutter's Gold (Universal).....	2½★	Tough Guy (M-G-M).....	2½★	The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners).....	2★
Suzy (M-G-M).....	2★	Trailin' West (First National).....	1★	Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M).....	3★
Swing Time (RKO).....	4½★	The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount).....	2½★	*Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO).....	1★
Sworn Enemy (M-G-M).....	2★	Trapped by Television (Columbia).....	2★	The Witness Chair (RKO).....	2★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO).....	2½★	Trouble Ahead (Pathe).....	1½★	*Wives Never Know (Paramount).....	2★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M).....	5★	Trouble for Two (M-G-M).....	2★	A Woman Rebels (RKO).....	2★
*Tarzan Escapes (M-G-M).....	2★	Two Against the World (First National).....	2★	Woman Trap (Paramount).....	1½★
Thank You, Jeeves (20th Century-Fox).....	1★	Two Fisted Gentleman (Columbia).....	2★	Yours for the Asking (Paramount).....	2★
The Texas Rangers (Paramount).....	3★	Two in a Crowd (Universal).....	1★	Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox).....	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

and I thought college would be fun!





NOBODY IN THIS WHOLE COLLEGE LIKES ME... SO I'M GOING HOME!

YOU'LL HAVE TO LET THE DEAN KNOW, RUTH



RUTH, BEFORE YOU LEAVE COLLEGE, PLEASE SEE A DENTIST. I'VE NOTICED THAT OFTEN BAD BREATH...



MOST BAD BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS!

THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S...



...AND TODAY JIM ASKED ME TO THE PROM!

NO WONDER YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT LEAVING COLLEGE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



Now-NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating foam*, removes the *cause*—the decay-

ing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!



COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much,
35¢

As Nelson Eddy Sees Himself

(Continued from page 45)

He was saying, his voice amused, "I drive about in a modest black coupe. I sport no flashing yellow car with two men dressed in tan on the box and a couple of Great Danes to act as town criers. Car salesmen of all kinds besiege me. They urge me, saying, 'You should drive about in a flashy car. You owe it to yourself. It's swell publicity.' But that's just what I don't want—that 'swell publicity.'"

"I strive to be inconspicuous. For the most part I succeed, I think. More than one well-wisher, who has only seen me on the screen, meets me for the first time, takes a good look at me, horn-rimmed glasses and all and says, with engaging frankness, 'Oh, I didn't recognize you, Mister Eddy. Well, you certainly are better looking on the screen. Wonderful what they can do, isn't it?'" (But he isn't better looking on the screen.)

"I can't see myself as any exalted figure," Nelson went on, lighting with cherishing care one of his allotted seven cigarettes a day, "because I have so little of intrinsic value to feel exalted about. My real friends think no more of me now than they did when I was working on a newspaper in Philadelphia. My mother doesn't think any more of me than she did when I sang in the church choir back home. No, when I take a good look at myself, I see myself as—a distinct disappointment to myself."

"I feel less important now than I did four years ago. Because, a few years ago, I stood for something in Art. I fancied myself, then, as a fine, upstanding

young man who had a mission in life. I believed in my mission. And it was to sing the best music in the world to my public and I meant never to compromise with the best there was in me—and in music.

"I had a career in opera and in concert. Now I have, also, careers in pictures and on the air. I have compromised. I haven't sung and I am not singing now only the best music in the world. I enjoy making pictures, I enjoy broadcasting, but I have no conceit because I feel, within myself, that I am less than I was—not more.

I AM increasing my capacity, that's all. I can only hope to do what I am doing better than I did it last year. I do no more concerts than I ever did. I sing to larger audiences because my various careers have what is known as cumulative value. I can only do one picture a year and so I hope to make that a good picture. My main idea this year is to do as good a job as possible in 'Maytime.' (Incidentally, Metro is just as serious as he is about this business of making "Maytime" the best Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald picture to date. Several weeks' shooting was scrapped. A new director engaged, the original musical scores completely revised; in fact, neither trouble nor money has been spared to keep up the high standard set by this team's previous films.)

"I see myself," said Nelson, and now he didn't laugh, instead he sat forward on his chair, his hands clasped between

his knees, his blue eyes on some remote horizon above and beyond my attentive head, "as an old fiddle. I hope quite a good old fiddle, really, a Stradivarius, perhaps. Not one of the kind you can pick up in a second-hand shop for ten dollars.

"I'm not a creative artist. I create nothing, really. I sing the songs the poets have written, dressed in musical clothes by gifted composers. I sing them to the best of my ability, but I, as every other singer, am a teller of tales. I try to be a good story teller. I hope that those who hear me will be touched as I am touched. It's not just a matter of 'Hear how pretty my voice is!'

"Mostly, I hope that they will get the story. I don't want people to come to hear an accomplished vocalist in a dress suit. I don't want them to think that I am thinking: 'Get that trill, isn't it a pip?' I don't want them to say, 'He has taken lessons for fifteen years, his technique should be perfect.' I want them to forget me, forget technique, hear only what I tell.

"When I sing a song, on screen or air, about, 'Oh, do not go, come home to me' I tear my heart out to make that guy come home. It doesn't much matter what voice I'm in so long as my heart is in it—and your heart, too.

"When I sing a song about a young soldier being led away to die for some minor infraction of discipline, led away by a firing squad comprised of his own buddies whose feet lag on the dreadful way . . .



SAY MARGE- WHAT'S

— A
PIMPLY
SKIN
ALMOST
PUT A
STOP TO
MARGE'S
"DATES"

I ALMOST FELL OVER
WHEN DICK TURNED UP
AT THE DANCE WITH LOUISE
INSTEAD OF YOU.
MARGE, HAVE
YOU TWO
HAD A
BUST-UP?

OF COURSE NOT,
SILLY! DICK
DOESN'T HAVE
TO ASK ME TO
EVERYTHING,
DOES HE?



REMEMBER NOW—YOU'VE
GOT TO EAT THESE
YEAST CAKES EVERY
DAY. THEY'RE GRAND
PIMPLE CHASERS—
I KNOW—I'VE TRIED
THEM

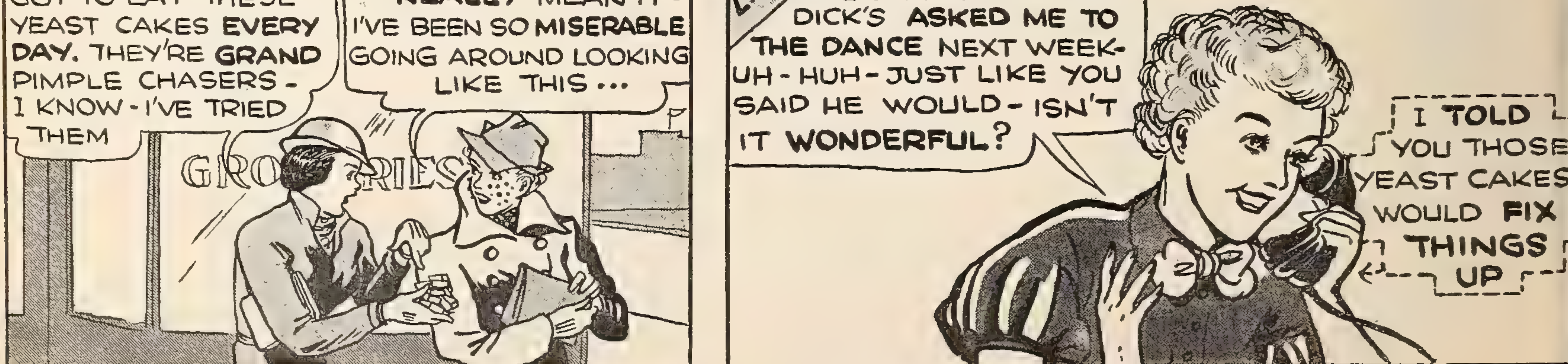
OH TRUDY—DO YOU
REALLY MEAN IT—
I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE
GOING AROUND LOOKING
LIKE THIS ...



LATER

TRUDY—IT'S MARGE
LISTEN DARLING—
DICK'S ASKED ME TO
THE DANCE NEXT WEEK—
UH—HUH—JUST LIKE YOU
SAID HE WOULD—ISN'T
IT WONDERFUL?

I TOLD
YOU THOSE
YEAST CAKES
WOULD FIX
THINGS
UP



when I sing, 'Come on, keep step!' in the words of the doomed boy urging his faltering comrades on, gallant at the mouth of the grave—well, if you don't choke up and forget to consider whether my voice is trained or not, then I have failed completely.

"I'd rather tell the story of the Prodigal Son come home and make people care that that boy had come home, than I would to sing a Donizetti aria with all of the music-conscious people checking my technique, their pulses regular, their blood unstirred.

MANY singers have sung the Lord's Prayer far better, far more perfectly than I have ever sung it. But I forget that I am giving a performance on the air or in concert when I sing it. I am conscious only of the mighty, magnificent words. I am humbly and thrillingly conscious that this prayer has been said, not on platforms, but by millions of people on their knees, since the dawn of Christianity.

"I am an instrument. Honestly, from my heart, this is as I see myself. And seeing myself so, how can I be anything but humble in my own esteem?"

And suddenly, as Nelson talked, I knew why he is great despite his modest self-appraisal. It is because of his honest humility. It is not, really, because of his voice, nor because he is a movie idol. It is not because he is young and somehow Olympian. It is because he is all these things—and doesn't care. Or rather because he still cares so much more for the shadow than for the substance, for the spirit than for the letter.

He is great *and* beloved because his sense of values is sound and because he knows that greatness and glamor have nothing to do, the one with the other. The

limelight, he says, is not a halo. Audiences do not always applaud the hero. Glamor is a synthetic greatness, a man-made article.

"No," said Nelson, "glamor is not greatness, nor the reverse. I have always found true greatness in very humble and unheralded people and things.

"Greatness is a relative matter, after all. It doesn't depend on an audience. The Queen who raises her sovereign hand to bestow largess on 20,000 persons is no greater than some dear little old lady who hands out a piece of pie to a tramp. It is all in ratio to our capacities and not to the number of people who applaud



There's a strong family resemblance here, what? Nelson Eddy at the Troc with his genial mother.

our capacities—and pay for the privilege.

"I recently spent two hours flat on my stomach wriggling about after a little ant who was carrying an egg to its home. That little speck carried that egg, once again as big as itself, over stubble and concrete, around tree trunks and through brambles, up hillocks that were, comparatively, what the unscalable Alp would be to a man. It went on such a journey as I have never made in my life and never could make. I wouldn't have the courage nor the stamina. It hits you between the eyes, this sort of thing. Makes you feel pretty stupid, pretty humble and unimportant. It deflates the gassy balloon of the ego. It 'places' a fellow in the scheme of things.

"I would rather have some little kid riding along on his bike yell 'hullo' at me because he liked my face, than to have the adulation of fans the world over as much as I value and appreciate fan favor. And I do. I'd rather have the kind of a face that kids say hullo to than the kind of a face girls frame for their boudoirs. Because you have to approach a kid with sincerity and the kids know whether the sincerity is a specious thing or whether it is really there. I really feel inflated and swell out my chest when I yell hullo at some youngster and his face brightens and he yells back at me. I feel kind of great, then.

"And so," said Nelson, lighting his second cigarette of the allotted daily seven, relaxing and laughing again, "I see myself as a humble enough fellow, not to be compared, heroically, with the adventurous ant—but with the kind of a face kids take to, *and*," he said, emphatically, as I rose to go, "as a very good old fiddle, mind you—if not a Stradivarius, at least an Amati."

HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY

LOOK—THERE'S DICK NOW! MAYBE HE'S COMING IN! NOPE—DIDN'T EVEN LOOK THIS WAY—MARGE YOU OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS—

BUT, TRUDY—HOW CAN I? YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY LOUISE IS—AND JUST LOOK AT ME WITH ALL THESE AWFUL PIMPLES

MARGE—I BET THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE. IF YOU GET RID OF THOSE PIMPLES EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT—LISTEN, FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED—C'MON, LET'S GET SOME NOW!

GOSH MARGE—YOU SURE DO LOOK PRETTY—SAY, HOW ABOUT MAKING A DATE RIGHT NOW FOR THE MOVIES TOMORROW?

I'D ADORE TO, DICK

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets

oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes *daily*—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Stars' Studio Addresses

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
 ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
 AHERNE, BRIAN: United Artists.
 ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
 ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
 ALEXANDER, KATHARINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
 ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
 ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
 ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
 ALLEN, JIMMIE: Paramount.
 ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
 ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
 ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
 AMECHET, DON: 20th Century-Fox.
 AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
 ANDRE, LONA: M-G-M.
 ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
 ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
 ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
 ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
 ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: RKO-Radio.
 ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
 ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
 ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
 ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
 ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
 AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
 AYRES, LEW: Paramount.
 BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
 BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
 BALLEW, SMITH: RKO-Radio.
 BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
 BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
 BARKER, PHILLIP: United Artists.
 BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
 BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
 BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
 BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
 BARRIE, WENDY: 20th Century-Fox.
 BARRYMORE, DOLORES COSTELLO: Paramount.
 BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
 BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
 BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
 BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
 BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Republic.
 BAXTER, ALAN: United Artists.
 BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
 BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
 BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
 BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
 BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
 BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
 BELLAMY, MADGE: 20th Century-Fox.
 BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
 BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
 BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
 BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
 BENNETT, JOAN: United Artists.
 BENNY, JACK: Paramount.
 BERGNER, ELISABETH: 20th Century-Fox.
 BEST, WILLIE: RKO-Radio.
 BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
 BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
 BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
 BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
 BOGART, HUMPHREY: Warner Bros.
 BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
 BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
 BOLES, JOHN: Universal.
 BOND, WARD: Columbia.
 BOYD, WILLIAM: Paramount.
 BOYER, CHARLES: United Artists.
 BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
 BRADNA, OLYMPE: Paramount.
 BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
 BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 BREEN, BOBBY: RKO-Radio.
 BRENDEN, EL: 20th Century-Fox.
 BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
 BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
 BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
 BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
 BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
 BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
 BROWN, JOE E.: RKO-Radio.
 BROWN, JOHN MACK: Republic.
 BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
 BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
 BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
 BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
 BUCKLER, JOHN: M-G-M.
 BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
 BURKE, BILLIE: M-G-M.
 BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
 BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
 BURRUD, BILLY: Universal.
 BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
 BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
 BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
 CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
 CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
 CAGNEY, JAMES: Grand National. 1270 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.
 CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
 CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
 CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
 CANTOR, EDDIE: 20th Century-Fox.
 CAREY, HARRY: RKO-Radio.
 CARLISLE, KITTY: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
 CARLISLE, MARY: Paramount.
 CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
 CARRADINE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
 CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
 CARROLL, MADELEINE: United Artists.
 CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
 CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
 CHASE, CHARLES: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
 CHATTERTON, RUTH: United Artists.

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Gaumont-British, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W. 12, England.

Grand National Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
 CHURCHILL, MAE: Grand National.
 CLARKE, MAE: Grand National.
 CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
 COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
 COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
 COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
 COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
 COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
 COLMAN, RONALD: United Artists.
 CONKLIN, PEGGY: United Artists.
 CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
 COOK, DONALD: 20th Century-Fox.
 COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
 COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
 CORTEZ, RICARDO: Universal.
 COURTNEY, INEZ: 6615 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
 CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
 CROMWELL, RICHARD: Paramount.
 CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
 CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
 CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
 DANTE, JEAN: Universal.
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 DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
 DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
 DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
 DAVIS, OWEN, JR.: RKO-Radio.
 DEANE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
 DEE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
 DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
 DEL RIO, DOLORES: Columbia.
 DE MILLE, KATHERINE: 20th Century-Fox.
 DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
 DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
 DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
 DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
 DIXON, JEAN: Universal.
 DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
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 DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
 DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
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 DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
 DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
 DRAKE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
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 DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
 DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
 DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
 DUNN, JAMES: Columbia.
 DUNNE, IRENE: Universal.
 DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
 DURANTE, JIMMY: Gaumont-British.
 DVORAK, ANN: RKO-Radio.
 ERNEST, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
 EBBEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
 EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
 EILERS, SALLY: RKO-Radio.
 ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
 ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
 ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
 ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
 ERIKSON, LIEF: Paramount.
 ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
 ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
 EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
 EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
 FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists.
 FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists.
 FARMER, FRANCES: Paramount.
 FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
 FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
 FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
 FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
 FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
 FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
 FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
 FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
 FONDA, HENRY: United Artists.
 FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
 FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
 FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount.
 FOSTER, PRESTON: 9101 Hazen Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
 FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
 FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
 FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
 FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.

GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
 GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
 GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
 GALLIAN, KETTI: Paramount.
 GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
 GARGAN, WILLIAM: Columbia.
 GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
 GEORGE, GLADYS: Paramount.
 GIBSON, HOOT: RKO-Radio.
 GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
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 GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
 GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
 GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
 GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
 CORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
 GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
 GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
 GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
 GRANVILLE, BONITA: United Artists.
 GRAY, NAN: Universal.
 GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
 HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
 HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
 HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
 HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
 HALL, WILLIAM: Universal.
 HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
 HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
 HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
 HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
 HARDWICKE, SIR CEDRIC: Gaumont-British.
 HARDY, OLIVER: Hal Roach.
 HARGRAVE, ROY: United Artists.
 HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
 HAYDON, JULIE: M-G-M.
 HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
 HAYWARD, LOUIS: Universal.
 HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
 HENIE, SONJA: 20th Century-Fox.
 HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
 HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
 HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
 HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
 HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
 HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
 HILLIARD, HARRIET: RKO-Radio.
 HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
 HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
 HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
 HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
 HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
 HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
 HOLT, JACK: Universal.
 HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
 HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Paramount.
 HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
 HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
 HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
 HUGHES, CAROL: Warner Bros.
 HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
 HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
 HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
 HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
 HUNTLEY, G.P., JR.: Universal.
 HUSTON, PHILIP: RKO-Radio.
 HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
 HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
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 JANNEY, WILLIAM: Republic.
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 JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
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 JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
 JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
 JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
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 JONES, BUCK: Universal.
 JONES, GORDON: RKO-Radio.
 JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
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 KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
 KARN, ROSCOE: Paramount.
 KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
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 KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
 KEITH, ROSALIND: Columbia.
 KELLY, PATSY: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
 KELLY, PAUL: Paramount.
 KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
 KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
 KENNEDY, EDGAR: Universal.
 KENT, ROBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
 KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
 KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
 KING, JOHN: Universal.
 KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
 KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
 KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
 LAHR, BERT: Universal.
 LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
 LANDI, ELISSA: M-G-M.
 LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
 LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
 LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
 LANGFORD, FRANCES: United Artists.
 LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
 LATIMER, LOUISE: RKO-Radio.
 LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
 LAUREL, STAN: Hal Roach.
 LAWRENCE, ROSINA: Hal Roach.
 LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
 LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
 LEDERER, FRANCIS: Columbia.
 LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
 LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
 LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
 LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
 LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
 LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
 LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
 LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
 LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
 LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
 LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.

(Continued on page 92)

Polite's the Word

(Continued from page 49)

they sat back and said: "Just wait till somebody gets really hurt; then you'll see action!"

And then, Connie, as I started to tell you at the outset, discovered the dressing-room set-up! She discovered that Janet, old-timer on the lot, had a lovely dressing-room with most of the finer fittings, while for Connie herself, there was just one of those four-canvas-walls affairs around a dressing table and a couple of rickety chairs.

From that moment, there was action! It became a free-for-all. They continued to smile at each other, but Lucrezia Borgia must have smiled just like that when she flavored her rival's tea with aconite.

FIRST development was that picture production became secondary, for the moment, to the production of fancy dressing-rooms. Connie pointed out that as a star herself, she'd always been used to and certainly had the right to, at least, as nifty a dressing-room as anybody else on the picture, no matter *who*. Even Janet Gaynor. What's more, Connie decided she wanted her dressing-room equipped with an electric plate, so she could brew tea when, and if, she felt like it.

They hunted all over the lot for a dressing-room with kitchenette. Nearest they could find was Warner Baxter's, with a refrigerator. You can't make tea on a refrigerator. Anyway, Warner wanted his own dressing-room.

Finally, they borrowed a dressing-room for Connie from M-G-M, where she knew they had a fine one. It had an electric plate. They trundled it all the way from Culver City to Westwood Hills, and installed it for Connie. She scored that point.

Janet came back strong, though. One of her seconds found a tape measure, and reported back that Connie's borrowed dressing-room, with range, measured two feet longer and one foot, ten inches wider, than Janet's. Janet went into action. "Who," she demanded, in effect, if not in those exact words, "has top billing on this production, under contract?"

They looked it up and found that the billing was to be: Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, and Loretta Young, with Simone Simon, in "Ladies in Love."

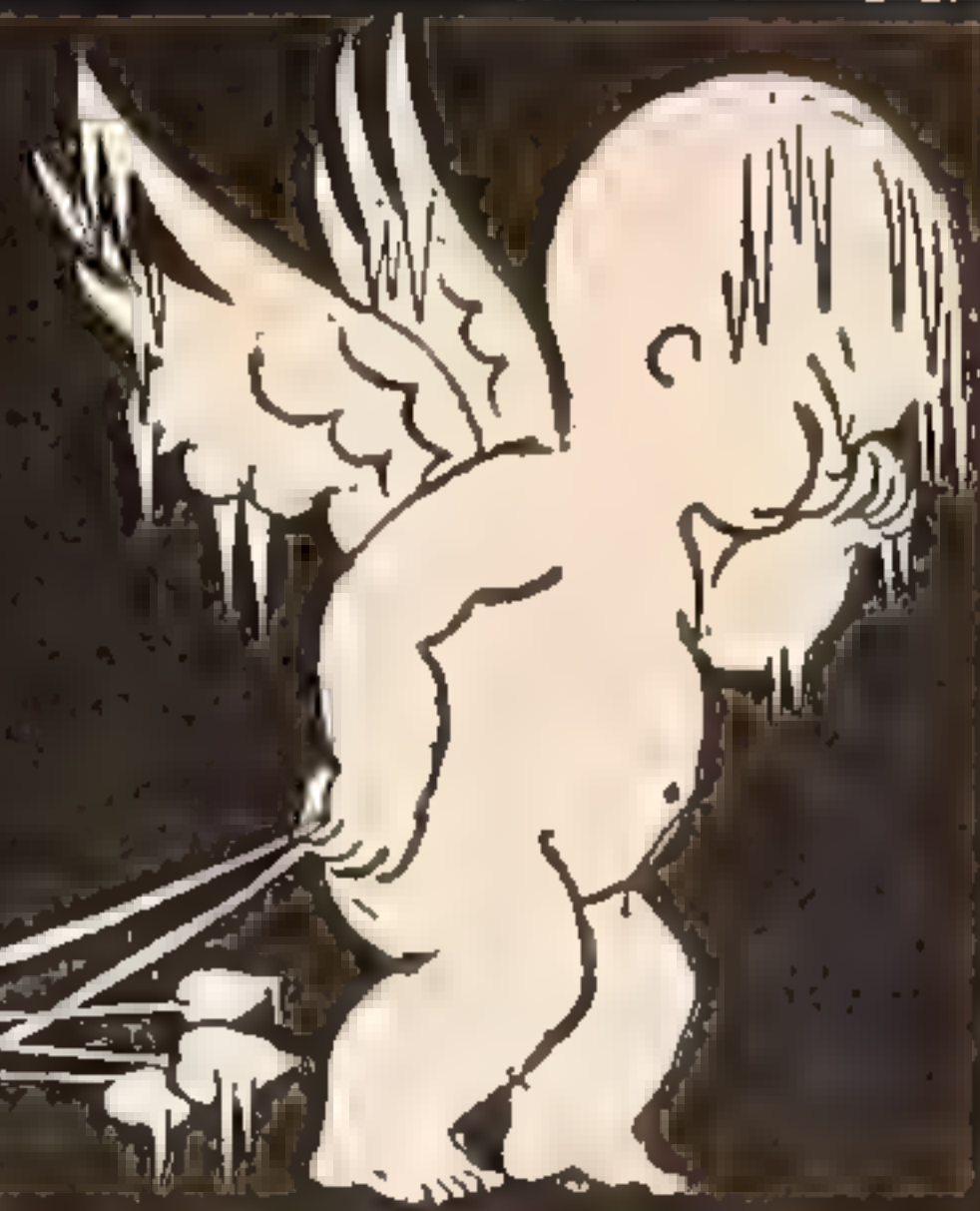
"All right, then," continued the Janet barrage, "top billing rates at least as big a dressing-room as second billing!"

When Janet goes into action, she's a whirlwind. She's been in battles; she knows her stuff. Connie retreated under the barrage. Hammers banged, saws snarled—and before you could say "Ladies in Love" there was a new dressing-room for Janet, near Connie's but with a safe distance between. Its measurements tallied exactly with those of the borrowed affair. Janet had evened the round.

Meantime, Loretta and Simone had been in action, too. Not only Janet got a new big dressing-room, but hastily, similarly luxurious ones were provided for these other two. Over at one side of the set, it began to look like an auto-trailer display lot with Loretta's, Janet's, Simone's and Connie's portable, but big, dressing-rooms all lined up.

From that time on, the picture began to be called "The Parade of the Dressing-Rooms." The sixty-odd sets, called for in the action, had to be built on different stages. When the company moved from one stage to another, all traffic on the studio lot had to be re-routed while the

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'twas the sight of
her Rough Chapped Hands



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ponderous dressing-rooms, mounted or hauled behind ten-ton trucks, rolled to the new location.

Also in the parade were the stars' cars. Connie took the lead there—because she had *two* cars for herself. Studios, you know, are required to furnish, at stars' demands, what are called "stand-by" autos—a limousine, with chauffeur, to stand by the set throughout the working day, to be ready at instant's notice to transport the star from stage to restaurant, or main dressing-room building, or wherever she may want to go.

ON the very first day, Connie exercised her prerogative, and had a studio stand-by car at the corner of the stage at all times. It didn't matter at all that Connie's own car—that expensive foreign town car with the wickerwork-side effect, and her own chauffeur at the wheel, also stood by throughout the working day, at the corner of the stage. The chauffeurs—Connie's and the studio's—spent hours staring at each other. Now and then, they varied that by wondering what they were there for—because almost invariably, Connie ignored both cars when she left the stage for the main dressing-room building. After all, it wasn't more than 35 yards from the stage exit to the other!!!

Incidentally, most of the action of the picture was shot on what is called the Will Rogers Memorial Stage—the new one on the lot, dedicated to the memory of the great comedian. If, as many insist, Will's ghost still hangs around the stage, he must have had a swell Rogers time watching Janet, Connie, Loretta and Simone. . . .! It would have been Will's meat!

Now, in the midst of the dressing-room free-for-all, and all the other things that happened, there was always the most punctiliously-maintained outward air of wholehearted friendship you could ever wish for. Let no one imagine, for a moment, that Connie ever glared at Janet, that Loretta ever scowled at Simone, that Simone ever stuck her tongue out at Connie, that Janet ever made a moué at Loretta. Ah, me, no! A thousand times, no!

"Those girls," said one big-shot worker on the set to me, afterward, "were so perfectly sweet to each other all day long that I used to have to drink a tumblerful of vinegar, neat, for an antidote every night!"

Honestly (don't laugh, I tell you!) the gals were the acme of courtesy to each other. They were so courteous that it produced the biggest laugh of the production during an early stage of the shooting.

It seemed that on this day, all four of them were smitten with the same idea at more or less the same time. Each decided that she'd show the world that there weren't any jealousies or hard feelings or anything like that—why, just to prove that she liked and loved the other girls, she'd have them to tea that very afternoon!

So, during the day, orders arrived at the Cafe de Paris, the studio restaurant. Came an order from Connie: "Serve tea, for four, on the set at four this afternoon."

Soon came a similar order from Janet. In quick succession, identical orders came from Loretta, from Simone.

Nick, the crafty gentleman who runs the studio restaurant, never cracked a smile. Nick has a sense of humor all his own. He must have known that all four of them intended to ask the other three to tea, in her dressing-room, at four. So what did Nick do? Why, Nick obeyed all orders implicitly, as any first-rate functionary in his position would! And at four in the afternoon, a parade of waitresses and bus-boys wound its way from the glittering Cafe de Paris to the "Ladies in Love" set—and four steaming services

of tea-for-four, with cakes, cookies and all the other trimmings, were set up.

Of course, it was a howl. Even Connie, Loretta, Janet and Simone saw the joke. They pooled resources—and had a tea-party on the set with a lot of others being invited in to use up the excess tea-age.

But from that day on, they worked out a system of their own. Never again did they all try to serve tea to the others. Instead, Janet would order coffee in mid-morning, one day; Simone would send out for ice-cream cones later on; maybe it'd be Loretta's turn to preside at four o'clock tea. They took turns.

And it's a gross untruth that any one of them ever bribed a scene-shifter to taste the coffee or tea first.

TOUGHTEST job on the whole production was not Director Griffith's, as you might suspect. It was Cameraman Hal Mohr's. Hal Mohr, veteran of the studios, knows his stars. When he got the "Ladies in Love" assignment, he groaned—but vowed to do his best. He knew, you see, that he had perhaps the four most difficult camera stars in Hollywood. They all take, for best screening, different lighting and different camera-angles.

Because of the shape of her face, a camera has to "shoot up" at Connie to get the best picture of her. It's the same with Simone, so when Simone and Connie were in scenes together, it was easy camera work. But—you have to shoot down on Loretta, and with Gaynor, you shoot on a level with her face.

"My camera did more nip-ups on that picture than in all the rest of my experience in Hollywood put together," said Hal, afterward. But at the same time, he insists, he probably did the best work of his career on the film.

"I had to," he grins. "I was up on my toes every moment. I'm a big man (he stands well over six feet, and is built in proportion), but I was in a spot. If I'd given one of those four girls a better camera break than the others, the other three would have been off me for life. And I'm their friend—all of 'em!"

He insists he never shot Bennett better. He swears you'll see a more photographically lovely Gaynor than ever before. Loretta, whether or not she's been ill, never appeared more beautiful. And Simone—a camera problem if ever there was one, with that funny little face of hers—comes out of the screen even more challenging than in "Girls' Dormitory."

"Which is best?" I was fool enough to ask Mohr. He threw an ashtray at me.

The lighting, too, was Mohr's job. What made it tough was the fact that each of the girls—with the possible exception of Simone—is herself an expert on camera angles and set lighting. Each girl knows how she appears best, and since the requirements for all four were different, both as to lights and camera angles, each of them was on the lookout, with fire in her eyes, for any break that might give a photographic advantage to any of the others.

"When those four girls began to move into position for a 'take,'" I was told afterward, "it looked like a football squad in training. They'd shift and move positions around each other until Griffith and Mohr got dizzy trying to locate them. Each was after her best spot—for the lights and the cameras."

Mohr and the electricians huddled long, long hours. In scenes where there was no "cross-over"—that is, where Bennett stayed on one side of the set, for example, while Gaynor stayed on the other, it was easy enough. They simply lighted Bennett's side in the Bennett way, and Gay-

nor's side in hers. But there were many scenes where they did have to cross and re-cross. Then they had to rig up two completely different lighting sets on each side of the stage and had to hook them up with a series of trick gadgets, so that an expert electrician played the lights like an organist at his keyboard, as Bennett and Gaynor and the others crossed and moved.

And the question of "good side" and "bad side" . . . !!! You fans all know that there isn't an actress whose face doesn't photograph better from one side than from the other. And you know, too, that even in a picture wherein she stars alone, no actress who's wise is going to let the camera catch her bad side if she can help it. Then imagine the situation on "Ladies in Love!" I don't mean to reveal any stage secrets, *but* the tricks that were done with mirrors!

INEVITABLY, there were scenes where no tricks could be used—two of the stars had to face each other for close-ups. It happened that in several of these spots, it was inescapable that one of the two had to present her good side to the camera, while the other had to turn her bad side.

"What," I asked my informant, "did you do?"

"We did our damndest, and trusted to God," he said.

Hal Mohr's job wasn't any tougher, though, than Anthony Ugrin's. He's the still photographer on the picture. He's the one who takes the pictures that you see in theatre lobbies. He's used to working with Shirley Temple. But it was no child's play when they suddenly dumped Connie, Janet, Loretta and Simone on him and expected him to take stills that would satisfy all of them in the same shot!

You see, stars' contracts give them the right to reject any stills that don't please them.

When the stills were brought around to the set during production, Connie usually seemed to get first crack at them. Well, naturally, Connie or anyone else for that matter would okay the stills that presented her in the best light, regardless of the others. And equally naturally, if you were in her place, you'd tear the corner off (that's the customary way to reject a still) any shot that made you look like a frump in comparison with one of the other girls, eh?

So, when Janet got done with what Connie'd not torn the corners off, and Loretta got done with what Janet had left, and Simone got done with what Loretta had left, poor Anthony Ugrin hardly ever had any stills left to turn in to the publicity department. I don't know, to this day, what the publicity head of the studio's press department did for "Ladies in Love" stills. He is a genius. He had to be, this time! Maybe Ugrin was just a blind; maybe the publicity department had another still man shooting from concealment somewhere.

One factor about the picture has astounded Hollywood. Before production began, everybody predicted that if the picture was ever finished, it would be months behind schedule. They couldn't imagine four stars of that calibre going through a picture without the schedule being completely wrecked by temperament. But they were wrong—the delay that did happen to bring the picture in a few days late was due, not to explosions between the four, but to illness—with one exception.

THE one blow-up came when Connie learned that a certain scene was being rewritten to give the breaks to Simone.

You see, the studio is building Simone toward top stardom. Connie is not on contract there. It's good business to build

up one's own star at the expense of a free-lance player—if one can get away with it. They tried it on Connie.

They rewrote a scene where Simone pops up from behind a divan, right in the midst of a love scene between Connie and Paul Lukas. It was, originally, pretty much Connie's scene. The new script made it completely Simone's.

Connie hit the ceiling.
"It isn't because of *me*," she announced, "but it's because of the story!" This new script, she insisted, stopped the story just to give Simone a chance to parade her stuff. It was like slipping a vaudeville act into the middle of "Romeo and Juliet." Connie stood pat.

Director Griffith and others sided with her. And at last, they decided to resort to the original script.

Well, the picture's over, now. Loretta, as I said, went to Honolulu to recover. Connie is going back to England to make more movies there, starring alone. Simone is being plastered across billboards as the "Greatest Coming Star of the Screen." Janet has a new dressing-room, two feet longer and one foot, ten inches, wider than her old one. M-G-M has its dressing room back. Director E. H. Griffith is resting. Cinematographer Hal Mohr is sipping refreshing drinks in his hilltop home and telling his own movie-star wife, Evelyn Venable, "Don't ever, honey, play in any four-star pictures except the kind that gets four stars from the critics."

And, despite the federal statutes prohibiting interstate shipments of prize-fight films, "Ladies in Love" will be on your own neighborhood screens by the time you read this. Then you can go to see for yourself and award the decision to Connie, or Loretta, or Simone, or Janet—if any—because the camera never lies. Or does it?



Simone Simon and William Wyler have been seeing a lot of each other lately. Here they are at the tennis matches.

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Along Came Fate

(Continued from page 55)

better. It lasted a week. Long enough for Frank Gregory, the director, to become interested in Beverly's work. He was, it seemed, going to do a production in London. If she went over he'd give her a role.

But how to get to London? You must, perforce, take a boat. And boats cost money.

"We can't let a small thing like that stop you!" protested Wanda Lydwell. Wanda was like that, a grand pal. Beverly grinned because they were pretty much two of a kind. Only Wanda had the price of a boat ticket and ten dollars a week spending money from her family. And Bev didn't. Suddenly the honey eyes flickered. "I have it! We'll give a benefit performance!"

Two girls, barely eighteen, launched on a mad lark. They went to the management of the Hotel Sutton and explained that they wanted a room in which to give a charity performance (but they neglected to say for *what* charity). They hired a two-piece orchestra, made five gallons of very terrible punch and invited everybody in New York, including the English consul. At five A. M. they sent the crowd home. Beverly was richer by \$130, most of which was spent for a third-class passage. Then, with Wanda, she sailed with thirty dollars in her pocket.

Like two slim little ghosts they ploughed through London to find Frank Gregory. He was most cordial, most encouraging about the part but, of course, the play was not going to be produced until fall! In the meantime they had five months to live through somehow.

"I might make a good milk maid," said Beverly hopefully.

"Have pity on the cows!" chuckled Wanda. So they settled in a mews, one of those converted stables that can be had for a song, off Marble Arch. And soon famous people began to gather at that mews. Epstein, the sculptor. Emma Goldman, the anarchist. Dynamic, brilliant Paul Robeson, whose glorious voice rang out on many an evening so that the tenants tip-toed through the halls to listen ecstatically.

IT was a gay inspired life, but they were still jobless. Even the small rent became too much for the girls. "If we could only stretch this ten dollars a week that I get!" Wanda mourned. It was Emma Goldman who offered a solution. They could come to live in her apartment in Paris until fall. An excellent idea with one drawback—their two months' lease on the mews. English leases are hard to break, but not when a couple of ingenious American girls put their heads together. They gave a party. They gave a party that practically raised the roof off the old place because the girls had asked their friends to be as noisy as possible and the friends were most obliging. Needless to say, the landlord came the next day.

"We're so glad you're here!" they assured him to his complete bewilderment. Within five minutes he was so overcome he forgot he intended to put them out. He asked them to tea. For once charm had proved a boomerang. They explained the situation and he graciously tore up the lease, and they left for France.

There are times when Paris can be a wanton witch. This was one of them. Emma Goldman not only failed to meet

their boat train but she wasn't even in town. She had, it appeared, gone to the south of France to help Paul Robeson write his book, quite forgetting her offer.

It was an inky black night, they had fifty francs between them and no place to go. Beverly began to whistle. She always whistles when she is frightened. She was to do a great deal of it in Paris.

"Where next?" shivered Wanda.

"A hotel that costs next to nothing," said Beverly firmly. They found it in the Montmartre district. There were cabbage roses on the wall and the man in the room below beat his wife at six every morning. Lovely atmosphere. And yet, this was the spot where Necessity (some call it Fate) opened a new door to Beverly. She had never done much singing, never knew she had a voice. But somewhere she had picked up a few cute French songs. One evening, driven by hunger, she sang them for the "patron" of the Noctambules Cafe nearby. She put on an act. It was a good act. Thereafter she sang at the Noctambules for five francs a night and two meals. The same people came time after time. French shopkeepers and artisans. Often they sang along with her.

After Beverly had finished work one night, the two of them walked across to the Seine. It had been hatefully stuffy in the cafe. The cool night air felt soft and bracing. Paris at night—there was something fascinating about it even when seen from the seamy side.

Under the shadow of the great Notre Dame Cathedral, they saw a man bending low over the river. Both girls raced for the bank. But apparently he had no thought of committing suicide; he was washing his shirt. A tramp. But a tremendously intelligent "tramp" who had been an engineer in Marseilles before the depression caught up with him. Other "tramps" came from under the bridge. An ace flyer, an artist, a chap who spoke seven languages and knew New York like a book. They were all sitting there talking rapidly when the great bell tolled midnight and two gendarmes wandered down to investigate. There was a sharp word, a command. One of the pompous little French officers was brutal, ugly. He knocked down the engineer. Afterwards they never could tell who actually did it, but one of the girls struck the officer.

"Insulting the law and disturbing the peace" were the charges brought against them when the girls were hustled into night court. The whole thing was preposterous but, when you know only about a hundred and fifty words of a foreign language, it's not easy to explain. Beverly and Wanda found themselves looking through the bars of the Place Vendome jail!

INSIDE the bars they saw dope fiends, thieves, murderers. One old hag tried to teach them her trade of picking pockets. Gendarmes came by, pretending to offer them drinks of cold water, spilling it before they could take it. Their trial was postponed and they were transferred to the women's prison of La Roquette. You could, thought Beverly, rot in a French jail before anyone found out. She lost six pounds and grew six years in experience during those nine days in jail. And then Wanda got word to a business associate of her father's and her family went into action. Mr. Lydwell was a representative of the Shepherd Hotels in Egypt. He had

considerable influence. It ended with the French government apologizing to the girls, and they returned to England.

No more mews. No more cabbage roses on the walls. This time the Lydwells had arrived and taken things in hand. Beverly was ensconced in a suite at the Hotel Savoy!

"Now," she told Wanda expressively, "I know how Cinderella felt! From prunes to princes—that's us!" And it was. Quite literally.

Instead of going into the Frank Gregory production she maneuvered a part in "Service" with Percy Marmont. Shortly after it closed the Lydwells decided to fly to Paris. Beverly went to see them off and at the last minute flew with them. She is probably the only woman in existence who ever stayed four days at the fashionable St. Meurice without so much as an overnight bag. And it was during those four days that she met the Prince. The gentleman now known as King Edward VIII.

It was at the Crillon Bar. Wanda's people had known him for years because he kept his favorite dog at their kennels at Biarritz. Beverly saw a rather tired young man sitting there and then Mr. Lydwell was introducing her to him. They talked. They went for a ride with the Prince himself driving. And as they passed the Place Vendome jail she thought, "Life is certainly queerish!"

BUT the queerest twist of all was yet to come. Back in New York again she attended a cocktail party at which Maurice Chalone, noted decorator of night clubs, was also a guest. He was just opening a new one, Boeuf Sur le Toit. During the evening Beverly sang the French songs she'd sung at the Noctambules. Sang them with the flair she'd learned to put in them there. She did it only for a laugh, but at the end Chalone was saying, "I'll give you a contract. I'll give you \$150 a week to sing those songs that way at 'Le Toit.'"

She sang there for six months. Then moved on to the Town Casino. That was where Mildred Webber, talent scout for Warner Brothers, saw her. Within a week Beverly Roberts was on her way to Hollywood.

She never has been married. Never been in love, except once. That was with a famous neurologist who had a daughter four years older than herself. "That couldn't work out," said Beverly to Beverly. "I shan't see him again." And she hasn't.

"You know the character of Conway in 'Lost Horizon'?" she asks. "That's my man!" So far she has found him only in a book.

Once in Hollywood she went directly into "The Singing Kid" with Al Jolson. In nine months she has made five pictures, her most recent one was "China Clipper." The part in "God's Country and the Woman" came almost as an anticlimax. She'd been so sure she wouldn't get it.

Beverly has her parents, brother and even the little family cat with her now. "It's grand to be together again. But I wouldn't give up my experiences during the last four years—and some of them have been pretty terrible—for anything in the world. Everything that's happened to me has been part of a definite pattern leading here."

He Just Can't Help It

(Continued from page 51)

laugh instead because they can't help it and Frank, looking as relieved as a small boy who has just escaped a spanking, laughs harder than anyone.

The majority of ineffectual people never accomplish anything, but Frank Morgan, by virtue of being ineffectual, has accomplished just about everything he set out to do in his whole life, and with a minimum of apparent effort.

He didn't reach the top of his profession until he used this natural characteristic professionally, and then he became a sensation. Of course, he was a Broadway star, but out in Hollywood success is figured by the bank balance. It was when Mr. Morgan went almost totally ineffectual in "The Affairs of Cellini," that his cinema business began to pick up and his salary, multiplied by ten, has been rising steadily ever since.

He could give lessons on how to relax and make it pay but he wouldn't. His particular brand of taking it easy is art in a big way. If you asked him about it, he would probably say, "Ah, er — why —," give you that big smile and you would have forgotten by that time what it was you had asked.

If you stop and think, I believe you will agree that you laugh at him on the screen because he never ceases to struggle and never quite accomplishes what he starts out to do. That is, that's what *you* think, but you are wrong, because his intention was to amuse you and he succeeds by his stumbling, stuttering methods.

Certainly, he doesn't look funny. On the contrary, he is quite handsome, as you can see for yourself, and when he drives about town in his smart open roadster, wearing a beret and the latest word in sports clothes, he is quite the beau of the village. But the minute he pokes his head in the door, you laugh. He never makes wise-cracks, as do some of his contemporaries. In fact, his general conversation is usually quite serious in tone. He doesn't juggle (can you imagine him trying to juggle?) and he never, apparently, tries to be funny. But the result is a riot and he is one of the leading comedians on the screen.

It was quite by accident that he became a comedian on the stage. Always he had been the handsome, romantic hero until one night he forgot his lines. He stuttered and stammered until he could catch his cue and the audience shrieked with glee. The manager said it was inspirational and he has stuttered through his roles ever since.

Remember in "Dimples" that you laughed so hard when he danced because he didn't succeed in dancing very well? He's dancing again in "Maytime."

"But if they'd seen me in the other picture, they wouldn't have had me dance in 'Maytime,'" he declares.

"Before that picture I had never done any dancing, except for my own amusement, but I learned to tap—after a fashion—and it was something to write home about. It looked simple when Bill Robinson did it, but when I tried to take the steps I found myself trying to do the whole thing with my hands and face."

I went out to the set to watch him rehearse his dance for "Maytime," but long before I reached the stage I heard screams of laughter. Jessie Ralph was on the sidelines, laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

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"To think I talked all the way from Poughkeepsie to New York, advising him not to go on the stage!" she exclaimed. "And look at him now! I'll never give advice again."

That was when he was a very young man, and had gone to Poughkeepsie to see his brother, Ralph, open in "Broadway Jones." Jessie Ralph was in the show and on the way home he had confided to her his ambition to become an actor.

However, advice from any source never seemed to stop or even discourage him when he had a particular objective in mind.

Faced with the opposition of her parents, he won the girl of his choice, married her and for twenty years they have been happy.

Over the objections of his father and the advice of friends, he became an actor and rose to stardom on the New York stage. Before that he had been told by his father that he was no business man; that he was just a playboy.

Following this slight argument with his father, Frank decided to go out in the world and prove his ability along business lines. He tried out several jobs. It isn't impossible that one day when you answered your doorbell and found "that brush man there again," that it was Frank Morgan himself, for he did ring doorbells for a time in the interests of a new toothbrush he was selling from door to door.

Eventually he got a job in the advertising department of the *Boston Traveler* and, in spite of a salary that was decidedly insufficient, he stuck it out for a few months. When the Christmas holidays came around he resigned just because he thought Boston was too far away from his girl. To his amazement his boss asked him to stay and offered to raise his salary to the munificent sum of \$35 a week.

"I can't stay," Frank told him, "but

please put that offer in writing so I can show it to my father."

Reinforced with this evidence of his business ability, Frank returned to work for his father, but his mind was on the theatre. His brother, Ralph, had become well known on the New York stage and had discarded the family name of Wupperman for Morgan, which Frank also took later for his stage name.

He knew Edgar Allan Wolfe, the author and producer of a vaudeville sketch, slightly—well enough to ask him for the job but not so well that Mr. Wolfe knew he was inexperienced. He got the job, after reciting a list of his successes with various stock companies, "All of them so far West that he couldn't check up," Mr. Morgan explained.

After the opening night his salary was raised to \$75 a week. When he confessed that it was his first time on the stage, Mr. Wolfe said, "You were all right, just the same," and kept him on.

He had met his sweetheart on a "blind date" and that's one time he wasn't late. Their romance was interrupted by every obstacle her parents could devise. When they learned that Frank aspired to be an actor, they rushed their daughter off to Europe. And even when he began to meet with considerable success, they didn't relent, so the young couple eloped.

They are one of the most popular married couples in Hollywood. No party is complete without them and, as one of his friends told me, "If you really want to laugh, you should see Frank at a party."

When Frank and his brothers were growing up and getting married, his father offered \$5,000 to the son who had the first baby boy. Frank, the baby of the family, yelled his objections to this offer for his brothers were getting married, one by one, and he was only eighteen years old. The offer stood, however, and for the next several years Frank's most worried moments were when one of his

brothers' families was "blessed eventing." Always he suffered more than the expectant father, but each time, to his great relief, the stork left a girl. It was probably his most triumphant moment when, years later, his wife presented him with a son—the first grandson—and he won the \$5,000.

Another incident, which gave him the greatest personal satisfaction, was his election to a vice-presidency in the business left by his father.

Having made a name for himself as a comedian on Broadway, he confesses he came to Hollywood hoping to repeat some of his stage successes in pictures. But Hollywood, in characteristic fashion, decided he should represent the serious side of life; uphold the dignity of the community and, in other words, be a pillar of society.

"And there's nothing more depressing than to be a pillar," Frank groaned. "I always was cast as a banker, who went around muttering about money, or a father who worried over his wayward children."

His contract held him in Hollywood for two years or more before his great opportunity came in "The Affairs of Cellini," which he romped through with all the zest he had been forced to keep under cover. Since then he hasn't been in a bank—in a picture—and at the moment he is in such constant demand that he can't get a holiday. He would like to do an occasional play but having reached that four-figure salary stage, declares he can't afford to.

"It's not only the difference in salary that I would lose," he explained, "but the time off the screen."

The two Morgans are constantly confused, even in the minds of their friends, "but the only time I object," Frank says, "is when I read in the paper that I've gone to Europe, where I want to go, and it's really Ralph who has gone."

"I'll Never Dance with Astaire!" Says Eleanor Powell

(Continued from page 27)

you're good, but not so hot,' I'd love it. I want even that much admiration from him. It would mean more coming from him than from anyone else, for I know he is doing the thing he loves, and that it's the biggest thing in his life. But I'm just as sure we'll never share it. You can say for me to all the people who've wanted to know about it that we'll never dance together."

YOU can be pretty safe in calling that modesty. Nothing else could have prompted a decision affecting the two greatest dancers in the world.

"In a rehearsal hall we could talk our stuff, but that's all," she surmised. "Fred wouldn't dance with me. He'd know we could never be a team because we're utterly different. You see," leaping up, "this is Astaire." Suddenly the air was full of legs that seemed to hit the ceiling. "And this is me." Her feet tapped the floor like drumsticks.

What I did see, aside from a free show, was that Eleanor Powell could be both herself and Fred Astaire.

"But," she chirped, lighting like a bird, "we have one thing in common, and that's our ballet training. You can see it in Fred's poses. But tap is just as difficult as ballet, and the competition is far

keener. There are only four well-known tap dancers, Astaire, Bill Robinson, Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers"—she was leaving out herself—"while there are twenty or thirty premier ballet dancers."

GETTING in the tap class is like being among champion fighters. And it calls for the same strict training. A girl's tap dancing all depends on the life she leads. She must do no drinking, no smoking, and be early to bed. That gives her a tight figure and keeps her eternally young. All the fun I have is going across the street to see a picture. I like dramatic pictures. It's the same with plays. All the time I was in New York I didn't go to a single musical show. As for night clubs, I hate them. I don't drink or smoke, so why should I sit around and put on the Ritz? That's what makes it so hard for me to find a boy friend. With them it's nothing but let's go, let's go! They're all so modern that they don't think of anything else. I should have lived in the time when lordly gentlemen put down their cloaks for dainty ladies to cross a mud puddle."

She hopped up and demonstrated romance in the spacious days of back-bending gallantry.

"But I never even get any mash notes,"

she confessed. "That's all right with me, because I couldn't do anything about them. I have no time for love. People ask me why I don't go out on Saturday nights. The answer is, I go to bed and stay there through Sunday. The rest of the time I'm working. But it's worth it, for today tap dancing is put on the level of art. That's why I'm now proud to say I am Eleanor Powell, tap dancer. I'm prouder still of being able to do twenty-two pirouettes, more than Nijinsky ever did. That is the one thing that makes me different from anyone else in the world."

BUT both Astaire and I have the same peculiarity," she was happy to say. "Fred dreams his dances, Irving Berlin told me, and so do I. At other times I dream I can't dance a step, and wake up in cold terror. But the funny part of it is that when I am dancing, I don't know what I'm doing. My feet think ahead of my mind. All my dancing is a matter of feeling. Of course, I have to think out things before I get going, and I always try to think out something new. In 'Born to Dance' I do a high-kick waltz among a lot of trees."

"Would you trade one of the trees for Astaire?"

"One?" she cried. "I'd trade 'em all!"

"Life Ends at Forty!"

(Continued from page 29)

break in pictures. I'm grateful to Hollywood for all that it has given me. I'd do it all over again, if I had the chance. What would I have been, if I hadn't found a place on the stage or screen? A truck driver, maybe. Or an oil driller. I worked at that once, you know. I have no illusions about my abilities and capabilities. I know I'm just a lucky fool. Life dealt me all the aces. But, I'll confess, the future worries me.

"I know I'm good for only so many years. Then I'm through. And what happens next? For the last year or two I've been doing all the things which I should be looking forward to doing in the next ten or fifteen years. I've had freedom from financial worries, a comfortable home, enough leisure to hunt and fish when the spirit moved me and to do some travelling. If my life were like that of the normal, average man, all that would be before me, instead of behind me, when they put the forty candles on my birthday cake.

I'M not a business man and I have no profession or training except for the stage and screen. So I don't know what kind of work I can do when I'm washed up in the only line I know. In this age of specialization it's the experienced men, not the rank amateurs, who are in demand. And it's hard to begin something new after forty.

"I'll tell you a little secret. Each year the old, simple country life, the very kind of living from which I once ran away to escape, becomes more and more attractive to me. I guess I'm still a farm boy at heart. As I grow older, it seems to be taking hold of me. When I look around at all the hectic worry and work of Hollywood, I long for the time when I can get away from it all and go back to peace and quiet, where no one knows or cares about movie stars and pictures and contracts and options.

"However, I'm wondering whether, when that time finally comes, I'll still be so crazy about it. The grass on the other side of the fence is always greener, you know. Maybe if I go back to the farm, it will turn out to be as monotonous as it was before and I'll want to break away again."

His years of Hollywood success have done a great deal for Clark and he is honestly and sincerely grateful. He tries to prove his gratitude by doing his best possible work in every picture and by registering no complaints when he is assigned roles which he does not like. Other actors, not so wise as Clark, have protested violently against pictures and parts which they did not wish to play. Many of them have fallen by the wayside, while Clark has plodded steadily and surely onward and upward.

"I'm paid to work in pictures, not to run the studio," Clark told me once, speaking with the sane, sturdy wisdom of his Pennsylvania and Ohio ancestors.

Clark is one of the fortunate few who has kept his head and managed to be in Hollywood without becoming a part of it. He has taken only the best from the town and has wisely discarded the empty glitter. Hollywood has given him success and money, a smoothly polished exterior, an easy inward poise, which he never could have gained elsewhere. But it has not turned his head or made him forget that

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Capture romance



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1. Microphoto show hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of the hair.



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2. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.



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SCREEN ROMANCES
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his day of glory is tragically short.

He has many acquaintances but very few intimate friends in the picture colony. He has never had any desire for social success. He has always enjoyed the simpler things like small groups of congenial spirits around a blazing fire, hunting and fishing trips, long week-ends in the mountains or on the desert. He has established a well-balanced plan of living, work and play, occasional gay parties, frequent quiet week-ends, away from Hollywood where he doesn't have to shave or wear a collar from Friday night to Monday morning.

Before his separation from Ria Gable, they entertained frequently in their lovely, dignified Brentwood home and they were entertained by people whom they liked and enjoyed. Since the separation Clark has been living quietly in a Beverly Hills hotel, but his way of living has not been greatly changed. He still goes places now and then, usually escorting the blonde and gay

Carole Lombard, and he still slips away alone for his long week-ends of hunting, fishing or camping.

ONE rainy Saturday night a short time ago one of the men from Clark's studio was driving to his mountain cabin. He stopped in a forlorn little restaurant in an even more forlorn little village along the way. There, to his surprise, he found Clark Gable, sitting with the shirt-sleeved proprietor, talking and drinking coffee. No one in Hollywood knew where Clark was. He said that he intended to drive on through the rain until he was tired and then find a place to sleep.

Down in Hollywood, on the other side of that curtain of rain, there were a dozen gay and sparkling parties, where Clark would have been more than welcome. But Clark was sitting at an oilcloth-covered table, drinking hot, strong coffee from a thick cup and swapping yarns with a mid-

dle-aged man, who didn't know or care that the tall, dark man in the rough gray sweater and the cap was one of the world's greatest screen idols.

But, when Clark doesn't have to come back to Hollywood on Sunday night or Monday morning, when he has unlimited time to hunt and fish and explore strange places, will he enjoy them as much as he does now, when he is stealing them from the busy excitement of his working life?

That's what Clark is wondering, too. His present contract will be ended when he is thirty-eight. He never wants to sign another like it. He hopes to make one or two pictures a year, good pictures, for two or three years. Then he believes that his day will be done. And before him will stretch the long, golden, empty years.

"All I hope is that I shall be able to find some enjoyable and profitable way to fill them," Clark said. "I don't want, and I can't afford, to be just an idler."

Love Sneaked In

(Continued from page 54)

"I don't miss the round of entertainment because after awhile you tire of partying. Frances and I go out as much as we wish, but spare hours on our ranch are more appealing than you might suspect. Responsibilities are more exhilarating than the lack of them, another truth I have stumbled on!

"When you're playing at romance you pretend to be concerned with the current girl-friend's problems, but you aren't seriously interested. You can't be, unless her fate's intertwined with your own. If it is, you can heed her opinions and suggestions and trust her judgment completely."

Joel and his Frances have preserved their individuality by going on, publicly, as two separate stars. They don't mention each other except when it's necessary. They don't grant interviews on their colossal passion. They don't believe in that old Hollywood custom of romancing publicly.

LOVE has inspired me to buckle down in earnest," Joel maintains. "I'm not much of an actor yet, but I think I've shown some evidence of becoming one at last. The thanks belong to Frances. She is a sincere artist and always has attempted to do everything in her power with each role assigned to her. I figured I couldn't acquire any technique, that I could register sufficiently by 'being myself.' When I didn't relish a role, I would not strain myself. Love's made me far more conscientious. Now I try to be the character I'm portraying.

"Moderation is a splendid principle, even in love. Frances and I were offered a lot of money to do a picture together. We declined. It would have been capitalizing on our affection. If the roles had been marvelous, and we'd been qualified for them by our talent, that would have made a difference. But we visualized the publicity that would have been sent out. We'd be sold to the theatres to lure curiosity-seekers. If we hit as a team, they would have requested more and more films of us together. Then the more sensible fans would have commenced groaning, 'Oh, there are those two again! Can't they keep their love to themselves?' No, not for us.

"As time goes on, I'm more convinced it wouldn't be so smart for us to work together. Frances hasn't made a picture in some time—her last one was 'The Gav

Deception.' But when both of us are working, we're anxious to get home, to recount what's happened on our respective jobs, and to relax in each other's company.

"Frances hasn't been in the Goldwyn Studios in the two years I've been under contract to Goldwyn, not even to visit. I've called for her on her set only occasionally. Then I've waited in her dressing-room. It's not professional to be hanging around, and if she were making a romantic scene it'd probably embarrass both her leading man and me. No wife would run down to her husband's oil station and sit there all day, watching him pump gas. No wife wants her husband underfoot when she's attending to her business."

Although Joel did select a successful actress when he picked his bride, Frances Dee isn't the superficial type. She manages to provide Joel with as pleasant a home as that to which his mother accustomed him. And there's no furious pace about their menage, either.

The producers have an altered attitude towards him since he has married, Joel disclosed. "They size me up as more stable, which I am. Rather than branding me a boy, with a degree of personality, they're regarding me as an actor of sorts, with signs of ability!" (In fact, Mr. Goldwyn has loaned Joel out twice in recent months—to Columbia for "Adventure in Manhattan", opposite Jean Arthur, and to 20th Century-Fox for "Banjo on My Knee," with Barbara Stanwyck.)

Joel's new wish to excel in his chosen line is decidedly obvious. He raves over such a performer as Paul Muni, for instance, and describes himself, in comparison, as "nothing." He doesn't assume that his future is to be stupendous, but he's bound to make it as noteworthy as he can.

"My bringing-up was advantageous in endowing me with business insight. But I was handicapped for the actual acting. I'd been doused in manners, taught to suppress my reactions. It's no cinch to let yourself go before the cameras and a flock of people!"

While he's wondering how he can tear open his soul, as he swears Muni does, Joel's no longer coddling himself with the notion that he can be a cowboy if his boots are in Hollywood. That was in the back of his head until love brought him the perspective of an adult.

"I could never be a cowboy now," he chuckles. "The McCoy cowboys would never forget that McCrea was in pictures. Anyway, I don't want to switch trades. I'm more intrigued with the movies than ever, and it's taken me seven years to reach the point where acting begins!"

Love, you funny thing! Take a bow for one more very successful transformation.



Harold and Mildred Lloyd step out for an evening's fun. Mildred looks pretty enough to make a screen come-back, doesn't she?

The Trousseau Joan Chose

(Continued from page 58)

Joan indulged all her pet fashion fancies in the things she chose for her trousseau. She loves soft, feminine clothes that achieve their effect from color and line rather than from surplus material, draperies, fripperies and such. For evening she prefers long sweeping lines, with frocks that cling through the bodice and waistline, outlining her figure. Just such a gown is the black crepe princess model with the deep square décolletage outlined in the same gold looped beading as that which composes the brief bolero jacket. The beaded border, to both the jacket and the dress, is set with turquoise stones.

Another form-fitting and very feminine model is the long-sleeved black crepe restaurant dress which has a scattered patterning of sequins on the slender skirt and hip-length tunic. Although the neckline is high at front, the back is cut out in a deep square. The sleeves have slight fullness above the elbow in a semi-leg o' mutton effect but are tightly fitted to the wrist below. With this, Joan wears a velvet turban with a dashing bow at front. Her fur cape is cross fox.

Joan's favorite color is blue, all shades of it. She chose the charming crepe dinner gown with short sleeves, square neckline and flaring fur peplum because it combined a soft dusty blue with her pet fur, mink. Again you will notice the snug fitting to the bodice and waist with the skirt slightly flared toward the hemline.

SPEAKING of the colors she likes, Joan said, "Brunettes can be as vivid as they like, but when blondes go in for red or vivid green, or other bright, sharp colors, they only succeed in looking hard and cheap. For them, colors must be softened and toned down in order not to give them that glittering look that is most unattractive." Besides blue, she likes the aforementioned dusty rose, golden browns, black or white for evening and occasionally green in the softer tones.

While she wears tailored suits often during the day, she always introduces a frilly blouse or vivid scarf to obtain a feminine effect.

"Though I try to keep tailored things in my daytime wardrobe," she told me, "I revel in the most feminine things at home. My negligees are all of velvet, satin or chiffon."

One of her trousseau negligees, pictured, is of gray chiffon over Nile green. The whole gown is made on graceful, sweeping lines, with full, cape-like sleeves and a train to the skirt. Pink roses cascade from the bodice to the hem in front. Certainly the most bride-like of negligees, isn't it? Another one, not pictured, is a two-piece affair. A white satin robe with a pleated, full-length cape of chiffon.

A favorite daytime ensemble consists of a black wool coat over a mustard yellow silk crepe dress. The coat is cut with classic simplicity, collarless with a flare to the hem which is bordered in cross fox. The silk dress is very simple, too, with a high draped neckline and fitted long sleeves. A high-crowned, brimless black felt hat with a quill placed at a sharp angle makes a perfect topper for this costume. Joan wears a corsage of orchids right at the waist-high closing of her coat. This is not pictured.

Like so many of the Hollywood stars this season, Joan likes the tunic silhouette

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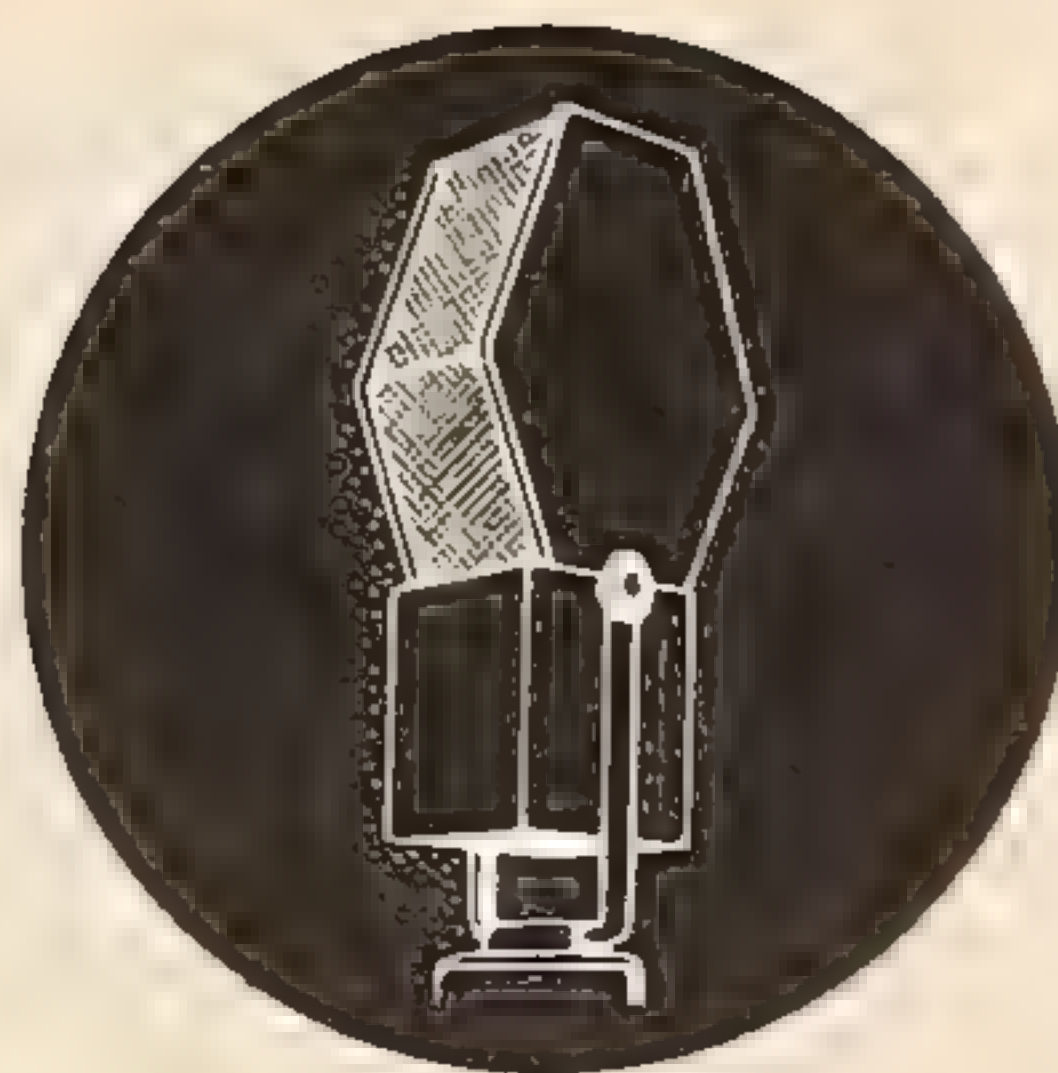
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and has repeated it throughout her trousseau, both in evening and daytime costumes.

"This year, the tunic and peplum lines that are so important happen to be most becoming to me, so I've been able to have them in evening frocks, afternoon clothes and even in tailored suits," she explained.

While she and Dick sailed in a leisurely manner by the canal route, she loved to dance on warm evenings in the romantic black net gown which she had selected for just such purpose. The tremendous fullness of the skirt is achieved by the ingenious use of twelve set in gores, each of which is topped by an appliqued disc of red velvet. The same red velvet is used in crossed bands to define the waistline and the crossed detail is repeated again in the bodice where the net gives the effect. Her shoulders are covered by short, looped sleeves.

A chinchilla muff is the only decoration used to accent Joan's long and quite Victorian looking evening wrap. This wrap is in a beautiful shade of Coronation blue and is doubly stunning when worn over a black crepe dinner gown with shoulder capelets and deep flounce of the same shade of velvet. The flounce is outlined in tiny, hand-embroidered flowers, the same motif repeated on the cape sleeves, where they join the bodice of the dress.

A flower patterning is used again in Joan's trousseau; this time for a gay, puffed sleeved lacquered satin jacket which tops a dull black crepe gown. The pattern is a small flower motif printed in an all-over effect.

THIS is only a sample of the lavish trousseau, but it gives you a small idea of what a completely feminine person Joan is. Also it proves that even a busy, popular actress can be as romantic and sentimental about her trousseau as any girl, the country over.

One thing that Joan said, as we parted, that I think is especially worth passing on:

"One of the most important things in being well-dressed, to my way of thinking, is to watch your hose. No matter how expensive the rest of your costume, if your hosiery is not sheer and clear and in the right shade, the entire effect can be ruined. Therefore, I am careful about the shade of hose I wear with each frock, and always, always have hose that are sheer and utterly ringless.

"Also one of the costume rules that I always follow," she continued, "is to have my shoes and bag of the same material and shade, whenever possible and to have my gloves match either my hat or some trimming on the hat, in the latter case the hat itself will match my frock. I do not like gloves and bag to match as I consider the contrast of the glove against the bag most effective."

The same month that Joan and Dick were married, three other prominent Hollywood couples joined the altarward procession—and in each instance the brides wore costumes that were well worth keeping in mind for future reference in case any of you step off between now and June.

Henry Fonda's bride, Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw, wore a bouffant taffeta gown with inset circular stripings of tulle. And her hat was an off-the-face model of the same taffeta with a bow as its only trimming. She, like Joan, chose a most appropriate and correct costume for a second marriage.

However, both Maureen O'Sullivan and Ann Sothorn had all the fun of a first wedding with veil and the trimmings. Maureen, for her church wedding at high noon to John Farrow, wore the traditional white satin with voluminous tulle veil. Her gown was made with a fitted bodice and flared skirt—she carried gardenias and white orchids.

It took Ann to strike the most unique note of all the brides. Her wedding was most unique, in fact, as the ceremony took place at one minute past midnight. Ann had not planned it that way but both she and Roger Pryor forgot about California's three-day license law and had to postpone the original day and hour until the license could be made legal. Ann's costume was charming—she wore a blue metal cloth gown with fitted bodice, square neckline and short sleeves, the skirt of which was full and floor length. From a tiny Juliet cap of the metal cloth, floated a brief but full tulle veil. You can't imagine a more effective foil for Ann's blonde beauty. She carried huge branched orchids, the stems of which were tightly wrapped in satin ribbon. A stunning costume for you who like to be different and arresting.

With all this bridal chat, I must not forget to urge you to fill in the coupon below which will bring you my January Shopping Bulletin. It's chock full of fashion hints and is yours for the asking.

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3rd prize—Helen Cora Purdy, 61 Diamond St., San Francisco, California.

4th prize—Halpin Abbott, 311 Oak Cliff Blvd., Dallas, Texas.

5th prize—Doris G. Frazer, Wainwright Hall, Kew Gardens, L. I.

6th prize—Loretta McGann, 182 Academy Ave., Providence, Rhode Island.

7th prize—Eleanor Dean, 2623 Barron St., Memphis, Tenn.

8th prize—Ruth Thomas, 2019 Binney St., Omaha, Nebraska.

9th prize—Thelma Kem, 1206 Mill St., Eugene, Oregon.

Hit Hollywood Early

(Continued from page 35)

whenever she was fortunate enough to rate a call from a casting office. It was director Edmund Goulding who noticed her in a crowd. He was struck by her budding sweetness and foresaw the spark of personality which was to lift her from the rank-and-file. Furthermore, he took the trouble to send her out to the Pathe studio, where they were building up a stock company. Marian's test was satisfactory and she was put under contract.

"By this time I was crazy to act," she recalled. She was smart, besides, for she realized that talkies demanded more than mere prettiness. With rare acumen she went to Nance O'Neil, famous stage star, and arranged to be coached. Miss O'Neil was persuaded to tutor her in how to stand, how to walk and in voice placement. They enacted Shakespearian and modern dramas. Marian was inspired to think of what she could make of herself if she exerted her energy.

By no means has Hollywood been a snap for this astonishingly optimistic girl, however. She's had to fight, not only for recognition, but against bad breaks that would have floored a less spirited person. For instance, Pathe let her go. (They dismissed Carole Lombard and Lew Ayres simultaneously. Only then it was no joke to any one of them!)

Undaunted, Marian scurried about and landed a six-months' contract with Samuel Goldwyn. Of course, she was ready to exercise the technical knowledge which she'd been acquiring by sacrificing luxuries. But she was only asked to deliver a few lines in Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee." Meanwhile, she was still enrolled in public school. Marian blithely studied under the teachers provided on the sets, when she was unable to attend classes. A hectic, dual adolescence, but she thrived on it.

One of the chief things about films Marian has stumbled upon is that there's nothing more deceiving than apparent security. If you tackle Hollywood, don't expect to rest on your laurels because you win a contract. Goldwyn didn't take up her option. But she wasn't sleeping at the switch.

She had engaged a business agent by now. Four days after she was out in the cold, she was at another studio for a test. It was so promising that she was immediately signed on a long-term deal.

"Then for six months I was forgotten. I kept up my coaching with Nance O'Neil; I delved into dancing. Then, finally, I met Edward MacGregor, a stage director. I'd heard he was putting on 'Young Sinners' for a West Coast run and securing the feminine lead would let me show I was worth being cast in a picture. 'How old are you?' Mr. MacGregor demanded when I walked into his office. I countered with 'How old do you suppose?' I sounded surprised at his imagining I could be too young to essay a wild flapper."

THIS youthful confidence captured the part for Marian. Talent, polished by her resolute concentration, emerged to make her a hit in both Los Angeles and San Francisco theatres. She was sixteen, but she had nerve enough to hold her own with veteran performers. And as soon as she finished with the play, Warners assigned her the coveted character of Trilby in John Barrymore's "Svengali."

Everything was grand. She emoted with William Powell and Edward G. Robinson and other greats. Then, at eighteen, she was rewarded with official stardom.

Shortly, there ensued one of those peculiar bad breaks that is apt to ruin you in Hollywood. Through no fault of her own, Marian was bewilderingly disregarded. It seems she had a terribly strenuous program, one lead skimming upon the heels of another. A threat of illness made it necessary for her to go to a hospital and, while she was there, her agent secretly informed her employers that she'd not return to the lot until her small salary was tripled.

This audacity was so infuriating that, when Marian was well again, none of the executives cared to speak to her. When her option came up for renewal it was allowed to lapse. Not until months afterwards did she fathom the riddle.

Gradually the prejudice against her "temperament" faded as she evidenced her natural amiability. But when you once lose momentum it's no cinch to re-arouse Hollywood. She eventually won some leads, and then she accepted foreign offers. She heroined in England and in Germany, mastering sufficient German to speak her dialogue herself. That little feat was accomplished in three weeks,

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State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Regina Cannon, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1936.

ALFREDA R. COLE,

Notary Public, Nassau Co. 1849.

Certificate filed in New York County.

New York County Clerk's No. 858, Reg. No. 8C518.

(My commission expires March 30, 1938.)

incidentally.

But Marian wanted to regain her place in America. So she came back. Columbia put her under contract and Josef von Sternberg selected her to portray the dramatic Sonya in "Crime and Punishment." She was admirable with Ruth Chatterton in "Lady of Secrets," and "Counterfeit" has helped to make her more of a favorite.

WITH all these troubled episodes behind her, she still isn't the least cynical. "You have to be strong enough to stand the gaff anywhere," she contends, philosophically. "I don't say that I'm grateful for hard knocks. I'm not that noble! But when you get a slam, the alternative that occurs to me is to keep on trying until you have another chance."

When she compares her life with what it would have been if she hadn't become a movie actress, she rejoices at the way fate guided her.

"I certainly wouldn't have travelled, or have been playing leads in Hollywood, London and Berlin when I was twenty—if I hadn't begun when I was young. I'd never have had the opportunity to meet so many noted people. Your interests can't help but broaden here, when you're

in contact with visiting celebrities along with local ones."

You can do a little checking on Marian as I have, if you wish. You must concede that she's profited mightily by passing up the ordinary routine for a screen career. Aside from the obvious advantages she has obtained, she's unquestionably enriched herself as a person.

She knows about clothes. Association with smartly dressed women has endowed her with excellent taste. The subtle tricks of charm, which mean so much, are hers. She's habitually attended the outstanding concerts—the Philharmonic Auditorium automatically reserves seats for Marian for every program and she always has a box at the Hollywood Bowl. So her appreciation of music is definitely above average.

"Experience isn't detrimental to a girl," she vows. "It's a tremendous asset. You must encounter unanticipated things and be strong enough to conquer the dilemmas—to gain real poise. And if you handle your personal conduct rightly you won't have to fret about a career's temptations. Men judge you as you wish to be judged.

"I've never had any 'puppy-love' affairs. You'll be thrown with older men if you head for Hollywood. But they're not ogres.

Indeed, they're more exciting because they've been places and are doers as well as dreamers.

"Your dates will be for dining and dancing at glamorous spots. Perfect orchestras, attentive beaux, and the feel of being in the midst of a gala week-end party that never ends. What could be more fun?

"Since I haven't been to college I can merely draw conclusions as to what I've missed. I don't want to sound presumptuous, but the only loss I can think of is that I've worked too steadily to have time for many girl friends. They're nice to have, I'm sure.

"Actual acting is far more valuable than theoretical study of the drama; chumming with those who are constantly accomplishing is more beneficial than reading about the prominent."

You can click in Hollywood if you have as much ability, astuteness and spunk as this girl. I suggest that you induce your family to come with you, however. Marian has always had her home to return to at the end of her adventuring out into the movie world. And she appreciates it. What wisdom there is in this extraordinary young lady!

He Plays in B-Flats

(Continued from page 34)

to another company, Bob returned to M-G-M with fresh honors under his belt, or on his lapel or wherever an actor wears fresh honors.

Now the acting business, in case you don't know, is a business in which the participants are never satisfied. If the story is all right, the director is terrible. And if the director is all right, the actor's role is impossible. If an actor gets a contract, which he has been pining for, he no more than signs it than he wishes he were free-lancing. Nothing is ever perfect in this profession. It seems to be a part of the game for an actor to spend about half his energy complaining about the hardness of his lot.

Here was Bob, with just cause for complaint, it would seem, never saying a word. He just plugged along. And then he was sent to England to make a picture with Jessie Matthews. He was so good in that picture—"It's Love Again"—that they wanted him for another and promised to send Miss Matthews to Hollywood to make a picture in exchange if he would only make "Secret Agent" with Madeleine Carroll. He made the extra picture, to the delight of audiences, his stock soared and he returned to his home studio. And what do you think happened then? You'd never guess, but he was put right into another B-picture. In fact, a couple of them.

Then something happened to make Bob the envy of every young actor in Hollywood. He was given his choice between working with Lily Pons in her current picture, or playing the male lead in "Stowaway" with Shirley Temple.

Now put yourself in Bob's place. What would you do if you had to choose between Lily and Shirley? It is likely you would be in as much of a quandary as Bob was.

"Here I was, in a position I'd wanted to be in all my life," Bob confessed to me, "and I almost collapsed. I read both scripts and the role in 'Stowaway' seemed to offer me more than the other one. However, there were other considerations that

made the Lily Pons picture very inviting. I couldn't sleep nights. I paced the floor. I couldn't make up my mind. And then I said to myself: 'Look here, you've got to decide sometime. You'll either be right or wrong.' So I decided on 'Stowaway.' Everyone tells me I decided on the wrong picture, so I think it must be the right one. Anyway I'm very pleased about the whole thing.

"There's one thing about a Shirley Temple picture," he added, "and that is that everybody sees it."

Robert Young is often spoken of as being "normal," a description that fits few actors, for, as one said to me recently, "no one expects or wants an actor to be normal." But applied to Bob, the speaker usually means that he has kept his balance. It wouldn't have surprised me if Bob had said it was all nonsense not to be normal in Hollywood, but he didn't.

"I used to think that," he said seriously. "Before I was married and even for a while afterward I thought that Hollywood was just a place like any other place; that it was up to the individual to keep his balance, but now I don't think it is so easy.

"In the first place," he continued, "before I got my job in pictures, I worked for a stock broker for \$100 a month. My first job in pictures paid me \$100 a week. Immediately everything was on a different basis. I don't mean that I changed or forgot my old friends or anything like that, but naturally you do things a little differently, live a little better, have more and better clothes and do more things when your salary is increased to four times its former amount.

"I haven't changed my friends, however. I have kept all my old school pals. I do that for two reasons. One is that I like them and the other is that associating with people who do live normal lives helps me to keep my balance."

Then he told of an evening recently when he and his wife took a young married couple out to celebrate the wife's birthday.

WE went to a night club," Bob continued, "where all the actors meet and talk about themselves. I was prepared for a typical night at a cafe, but these friends of ours were so thrilled to be there, to see the stars and noted people that I found myself sharing their enthusiasm. I began to see the place through their eyes instead of these bored eyes of mine.

"Another thing that makes it easier for my wife and me to remain normal and avoid a lot of pitfalls that get in front of some of our friends, is that we have known each other for such a long time. We were friends for years and sweethearts all through school. But this business does offer a lot of handicaps that working in a bank doesn't. However, it is more or less up to the individual, and with all its drawbacks the picture business offers a lot of compensations.

"I'm grateful for all the opportunities it has given me—for my home, the comforts, the good times and the knowledge that I will be able to give my child a good education. And there's one I'll be eternally grateful for, the opportunity of meeting and knowing Lewis Stone. His friendship has meant a lot to me.

"You know, a fellow can be a great actor and an awful heel at the same time," Bob expounded. "Lewis Stone is a great actor and a fine gentleman. No matter what happens, he ignores it all. He refuses to let anything upset him. All the petty annoyances and even the big problems go over his head like water over a duck's back. And when his work is done and he can get out on his yacht, he is king of all he surveys. He puts the studio entirely out of his mind and is just Lew Stone. I've learned a lot from my association with him."

Choosing for a pal a man old enough to be his father, isn't the routine generally followed by the aspiring young actor. But that is just one of Hollywood's set rules that Bob makes a habit of breaking. In a town where "you must entertain the right people—the ones who can help you along—"; where "you must

be seen at this or that popular cafe or night club," Bob goes merrily on his way doing what he thinks best. One of the items on the "must" list for an actor is to have a business manager to handle his money in addition to an agent who gets him jobs.

"But why should I have a business manager?" Bob demanded. "I think it's silly. I can't save money, so I put a certain amount of my salary in the bank every week and when that's gone, that's all there is. If I overdraw, the bank gives me hell and I have to make it up the next week. The rest of my salary I put into insurance and annuities. It doesn't require any master mind to do that."

IT sounds almost too good to be true, but Bob has retained his perspective in a town where perspectives are all out of step. He is even eager to work more than he does—even in B-pictures—because he figures that every role he plays teaches him something about his work and prepares him for a future regarding which he has a plan.

"You see," he said earnestly, in discussing his plan, "I'm almost twenty-nine years old. In five years I'll be close to thirty-five which, if you stop and think, is the age of most of the really important male stars in pictures. Outside of Bob Taylor and a few others, of course," he added.

"I've been in pictures about ten years and I hope I've been learning all that time, but I'm not ready to be a star yet. If I keep on going as I am now; if I work hard and get to be a really good actor, a competent, versatile actor, why, when that big part that every actor hopes for, comes, I'll be ready for it. I'm studying music now. Not because I'm a musician crying to express myself or because I think I have any great voice, but because that will be one more tool for me to use in my business."

"I'm grateful that my career has gone along in a smooth, steady way; that I haven't been pushed into stardom before I was ready for it. Sometimes those meteoric rises to stardom have a fall that is just as rapid and spectacular."

"I've been very lucky," he confessed. "I haven't had to suffer for my art. I didn't even struggle to get into this business. I was pushed into it."

And then he told me how he had a job with a stock broker and a friend suggested he join the Pasadena Community Players.

"Well, that was fun," he declared enthusiastically. "I enjoyed it. Of course, I learned a lot over there, but it was fun doing it. I would have been out dancing or going to the movies if I hadn't been rehearsing every night. A fellow has to go some place. But I wasn't suffering or making any sacrifices."

If Bob only knew what he was missing by not suffering for his art, suffering being one of the most satisfactory compensations derived from the business of acting. But even without suffering, someone with vision saw this handsome boy playing minor roles on the stage and he was given an M-G-M contract and has been with that company ever since.

Of course, no one is perfect and Bob has one bad fault. He is an inveterate knocker. On one subject he has nothing much good to say and, strangely enough,

the object of his vigorous attacks is Bob Young!

"I'm a 'putter-offer,'" he declared solemnly. "Honestly, no matter how badly I want to do a thing, I never get around to it."

Despite my arguments in his behalf, he went ahead, determined to convince me that he is dilatory; that he doesn't take advantage of opportunities and that *mañana* is his favorite word.

I NEVER would have applied for a job in pictures. I might have wanted to ever so much, but I never would have gotten around to it. I plan things to do, all right, but I don't seem to get to them. "Here's one example," he continued. "We wanted a dog to raise with the baby. Our friends offered us dogs of various breeds, sizes and ages, but we never accepted one simply because I couldn't decide which one to accept. Six months went by and then one day our cook returned from a vacation with a little mutt dog under her arm."

"The vet I took him to told me that there was a dog that could look almost any dog in the eye and call him 'brother' without being wrong more than once out of ten times, and the only strain in him that he could positively recognize was Maltese Terrier. Being twice the size a Maltese Terrier should be, the assumption is that his parents 'got around' some. But he is cute and we kept him and now are as attached to him as we could be to the finest dog in the land. But you see, if the cook hadn't taken matters into her own hands, we probably wouldn't have a dog yet."

"I get twelve weeks off every year," he went on. "Often between pictures I'm off for a few days or a week. And twelve weeks of vacation is more than a bank clerk gets. I have loads of time to do things—like studying languages, reading good books, doing things to improve myself—but I don't do them. Everyone should have a hobby, but I haven't. I play tennis and play with the baby and fool around, reading whatever is at hand instead of choosing good books, and the first thing I know I have to get started on a picture."

He may not choose good books, but one thing he does read is the criticisms of his work. And when I caught him nodding his head and muttering: "That's right. I *did* do that," I supposed it must be a very flattering review. On the contrary, this particular reviewer had gone after Bob hammer and tongs.

"He's right, too," Bob declared. "I see what he means, and I won't make that mistake again."

Sometimes Bob is late for an appointment and it is invariably because he has become engrossed in a book or magazine. And often, as he starts out his front door he will stop, stoop over and read an entire issue of some advertising publication that has been thrown onto his front porch. Can you imagine the handsome young actor, his head almost touching the floor, his posterior in an exalted position, reading avidly the bargains offered by Hollywood merchants?

"I guess there's just one way to break me of that habit," he said with an engaging grin, "and that is for someone to sneak up and pin a sign on my back—a sign that reads: 'Kick me.'"

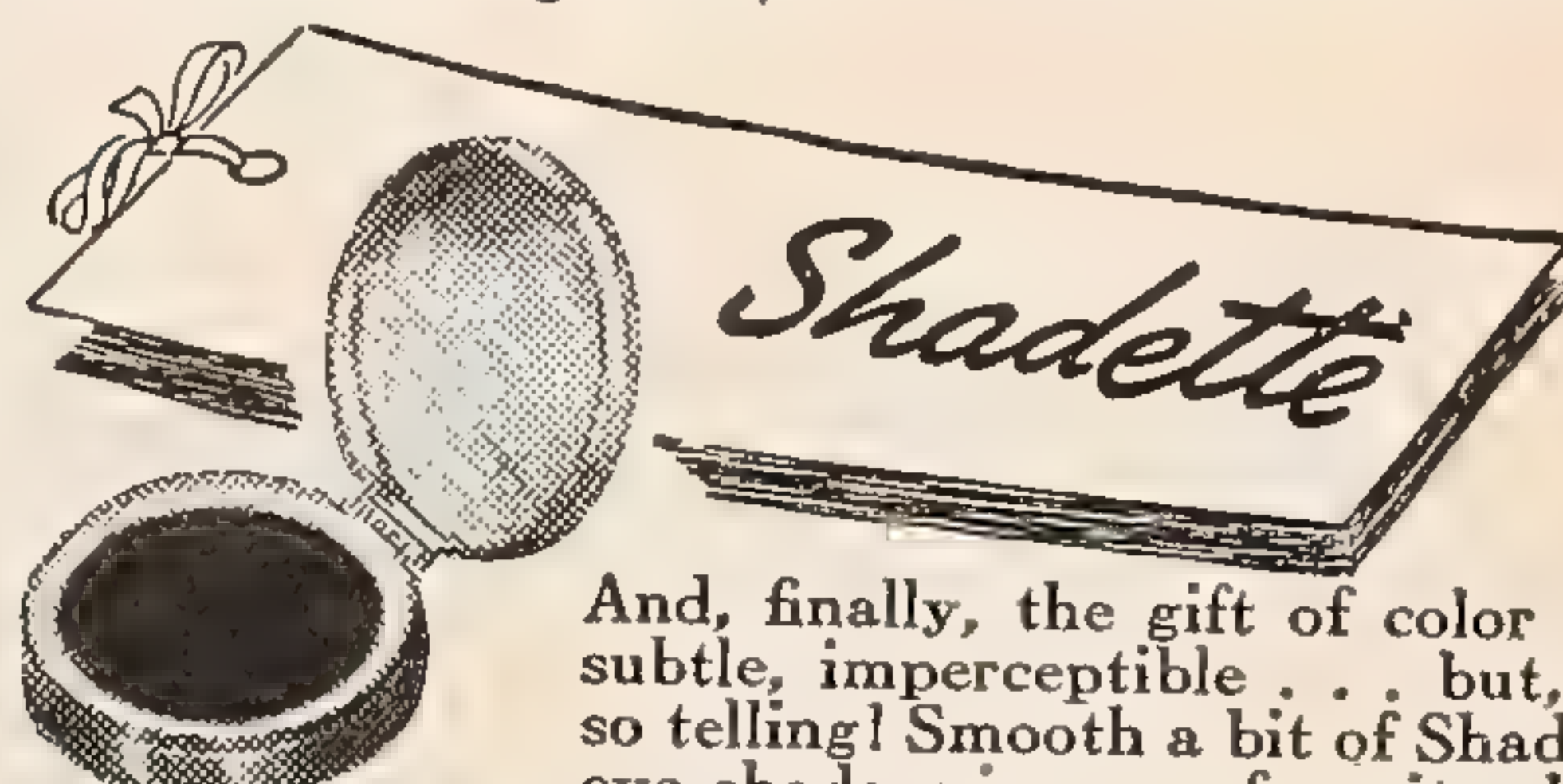


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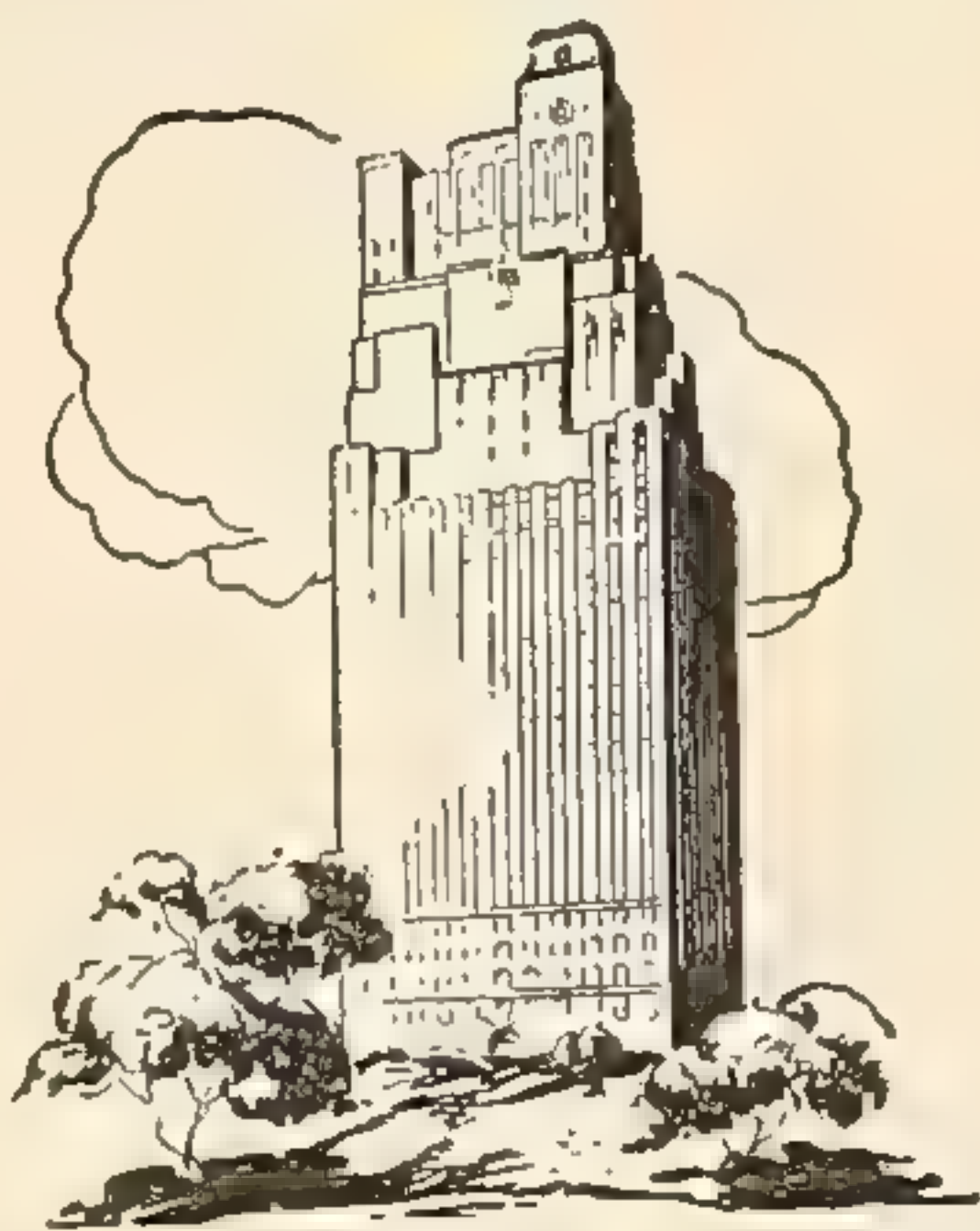


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Not Too Mercenary

(Continued from page 42)

He heretofore has been quite successful in living this freedom. Now, success enters to play the role of heavy. Following "The Song of Songs" with Marlene Dietrich, "The Constant Nymph," "What Every Woman Knows" with Helen Hayes, and "Glitter" with Joan Crawford, Brian found himself a prime favorite with the fans.

There was one producer in Hollywood who knew he was a prime favorite and wanted to star him in pictures. That was Irving Thalberg. BUT—Mr. Thalberg didn't want to cast Brian in big productions unless he was willing to stick close to Hollywood, sign a 52-week a year contract, and devote *all* his time to the movies. Mr. Thalberg, being happily married to Norma Shearer, and also knowing the zest that romance puts in life—real or reel—had a solution to Brian's dilemma but that young man merely chuckled over it and let it go for a chuckle. But this is the idea and this is the way it developed.

One day on the M-G-M lot, Brian was in Irving Thalberg's office, talking career and pictures. Mr. Thalberg interrupted the conference to pick up the telephone and call his home. Mrs. Thalberg, otherwise the beautiful Norma Shearer, answered the call.

"Norma," Irving began, "I've got Brian in my office."

Norma waited.

"I still can't induce him to devote all his time to pictures," Irving continued.

Still Norma waited.

"But I've got an idea," Irving came to the point. "What Brian needs is to fall in love, get married, and settle down in Hollywood."

Norma considered the idea box-office—domestically and professionally.

"We'll have to find the girl for him," Irving ended.

Norma was diplomatic. Finding the girl was something else again. It still is, for Mr. Aherne doesn't discuss his personal affairs other than to say, under cross-examination, that he is not married; he never has been married; he never has wanted to marry; and it doesn't appear at the moment that he is going to think differently, being as free from the thought as ever before in his thirty odd years.

"There's the difficulty," he admitted. "If I don't sign up on a yearly basis to make pictures, it appears I shan't get the parts that I really enjoy playing. On the other hand," perplexedly, "I love the theatre. I've been in it all my life, but now there seems to be a difficulty with that, too—and also because of pictures."

"For instance?" I encouraged.

"Well, there was my part as the English lord in Katherine Cornell's play, 'St. Joan.' It was a beautiful role and I was very enthusiastic about it. But while we were on the road with the play, I received a number of letters from people who saw it saying they didn't care for me at all in such a disagreeable part."

AND it was a decidedly disagreeable part that Mr. Aherne enacted. He was the dastardly Britisher who, for reasons of political gain, sent the heroic Joan of Arc to the stake to be burned. Furthermore, he wore costume and a bit of a beard. And those who have seen him act pleasant roles in pictures, didn't share his pleasure in such a disguised, despicable stage role, no matter what he may think

or feel about it. These same frank dissenters were the people who, liking his work in the talkies, have brought him to the threshold of stardom—provided he will yield to the way the producers want him to live, and work.

"What do you think you'll do?" I asked.

He shook his head indecisively and puffed at the pipe which, having gone out, he re-lit, flipping the match into the fireplace. "I don't know. I don't take to the idea at all of settling down in one place."

Apparently, he never has settled. He has played on the stage in London and he has made pictures in England. He has a charming little cottage down in the English countryside, which is the nearest thing to being settled he has ever managed. He has played in Australia and spent enough time on a sheep ranch there to get a taste of Australia in the rough.

"I enjoyed it," he commented. "The ranch was miles from the railroad station and there were no neighbors for miles about. I did a little riding around the place with the men—most interesting. We took a supply of tea and sugar and then started out to see that the fences were intact and the sheep safe. The trip takes days, for the ranches in that country are simply enormous. When it was time to eat, the chap took a bit of tea, put it in a pot of water, dug a hole in the ground, built a fire over the pot. Then he caught a sheep, skinned it, and roasted it over the fire. Tea and mutton got done together. Then we dined. It's a quiet life and a sane sort of life, but it grows on you as does the country."

"It sounds like a place to stretch," I remarked.

He half-smiled, nodding. "It is—with plenty of sky and stars to help."

"But there's still Hollywood," I returned to the main issue. "Do you agree with the producers that you should give up your life to pictures?"

"I'm afraid I see their side of it pretty strongly," he admitted. "After all, you know, they do put a great deal of money into their pictures and, if they build a player to stardom, they're entitled to get their investment in the player back in his stardom."

"Then if you agree with them you'll sign up for a year?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Do you like Hollywood? Because if you don't—"

"I do like it," he interposed quickly. "I can't say I altogether understand it, but I like it. I was told the first time I went out I wouldn't be able to wait to get back to New York. The second time, I'd think of coming back to see the shows. And the third time," he smiled, "well, the third time I'd close up my New York apartment and move out bag and baggage. But I don't know that I've reached the third stage yet."

"Couldn't you still have the freedom you enjoy and live in Hollywood?"

"I've never been tied down," he moved restively. "I've done what plays I've wanted to do. I've traveled when I've wanted. And I've made pictures when I've liked the parts."

"Then why not make the producers come around to your way of thinking," I suggested brashly.

"They apparently won't," he deplored, and added, amused at his own predicament,

"I really don't know how to make up my mind. Money is good to have. One has obligations, you know. But so is freedom." "And Mr. Thalberg's idea—romance?" "I'm not in love," he answered briefly.

WHICH, in a way, if one be romantically inclined, seems a pity. For Brian Aherne is a most attractive young Englishman. He is rather a shy young man who, in appearance, reminds me vaguely of a youthful edition of Percy Marmont. He is six feet three, leanly built, with light brown hair and blue eyes. He feels most uncomfortable talking of himself and, as a matter of fact, is decidedly wary of granting interviews. There is a clause in his contract saying that he has to see only two interviewers a year, so my being one of the two is perhaps in the nature of a feat. He has an older brother named Patrick, who was a star in the silent days of pictures in England. Patrick is very happily married and has several children. He has a sister, Elena, who was on the stage but gave it up to open an antique shop in London.

Brian has no pet ambition, other than to act parts that he enjoys and avoiding, when possible, playing just so-so hero roles opposite well-known women stars. He considers himself a decidedly hopeless subject to be interviewed. That he enjoys golf, swimming, and motoring; that he has a valet who travels with him and takes care of him and whatever his home happens to be—house, apartment, or hotel suite; that he imbibes tea at four o'clock regularly; that he doesn't care for large parties or slews of people or night clubs and such obvious glitter seems of no consequence to him and, being so very personal, he can't

see how it would interest anyone. He is interested in travel films, though the idea of making any himself doesn't stir him to any other than casual interest. He is very fond of his country place in England and cheerfully proud of it. He has traveled much in England, on the Continent, and in this country.

He is neither happy nor unhappy but has a decided capacity to be either. He is very much the bachelor type, which combines a liking for and an impatience with the loneliness of that state and the idea of ever giving it up. He dreams a good deal, but has the fortunate—or unfortunate—knack of so clearly seeing another person's viewpoint that on occasion it interferes with his own decisiveness.

Which is where we met Brian Aherne and his problem—money or freedom. With freedom he will have money, to be sure, but not the potfuls of gold that Hollywood showers on its favorites. And being acutely aware of the value of money in these days of not so much of it, he hesitates to decide his problem lest haste make for repentance and difficulties. He doesn't usually hesitate in making decisions, and the fact he is doing so now contributes to his unrest. Life has suddenly been transformed for him into a big question-mark and a question-mark isn't the simplest of obstacles. Particularly when one answer brings the pot of gold and the other—well, the life of the free-lance can be champagne or soda-water. And champagne is much cozier than soda-water.

As you read this story, Mr. Aherne is again back in Hollywood, having just finished "Beloved Enemy" with lovely Merle Oberon and this trip may tell the tale: money or freedom.

Handsome Is As Make-up Does

(Continued from page 53)

of your mouth. If you use an indelible stick, don't apply fresh lipstick over old. Remove the old first.

WE hear a great deal about following the natural shape of the mouth. Generally speaking, this is excellent advice. But if you have a very bad mouth, there's no law against experimenting with a few alterations. A liquid powder—very, very carefully used—can blot out to a great extent the natural outline of your mouth, and then you can draw on your own lips, following as much as possible the natural shape and just fixing things up a little where you feel it's necessary. I say you must experiment with this, and once you discover a trick that works, stick to it. If you wish to enlarge a thin mouth a little, do it at the outer curve of the upper lip—not at the bow. Just a tiny bit. Again generally speaking, I'd say it's okay to make a too-small mouth look a little bigger, but a bad idea to try to make a big mouth look smaller. Big mouths are nice and generous and they happen to be fashionable.

The above two paragraphs go for all types. I can't talk about lipstick all day, so . . .

2. I have said, for daytime, the young, natural, wholesome type should do with a minimum of make-up, and often lipstick will fill the bill. But not always. The next most important accent to the face, after the mouth, is the eye. If your lashes are light and dopey looking, use mascara. Brown, not black, for daytime, even though your general coloring is more brunette than otherwise. Just tip the lashes with the brush, very lightly, and then after the goo dries, brush your

lashes out with a fresh dry brush. The same advice goes for eyebrows. Don't draw the brows out beyond their natural length, either. Instead of mascara, you may find that a soft brown pencil, feathered across your lashes and brows, will give the desired effect. Or perhaps one of the good eyelash growers, which are brown in color. Kill two birds with one stone, you see—doll up your eyes and "grow" your lashes at the same time. I've been asked if one can really and truly make lashes grow. M. M. will tell you the truth: they will grow a smitch—maybe a sixteenth of an inch in length—with long, faithful application of lash-grower or vaseline. They will grow materially thicker, however, if you keep after them. And that ain't all: the application of grower or vaseline gives them body and life and sometimes a tendency to curl upward, which makes 'em look longer and thicker than they really are. Now are you satisfied?

Don't use any other eye make-up tricks in the daytime except the above.

I guess I don't need to tell you that if your face shines like a beacon without powder, use powder. A very slightly darker shade than your own skin. Get after that excessive shine with a mild astringent tonic and cut out fats and sweets from your diet for a spell. You should, of course, use rouge if you look terrible without it. Cream rouge for normal and dry skins. Cake rouge for oily skins. Very little.

3. Here are some stunts that this type of girl may do for gala occasions—for evening.

After powdering, dash a towel, wrung out in cold water, against your face. Don't

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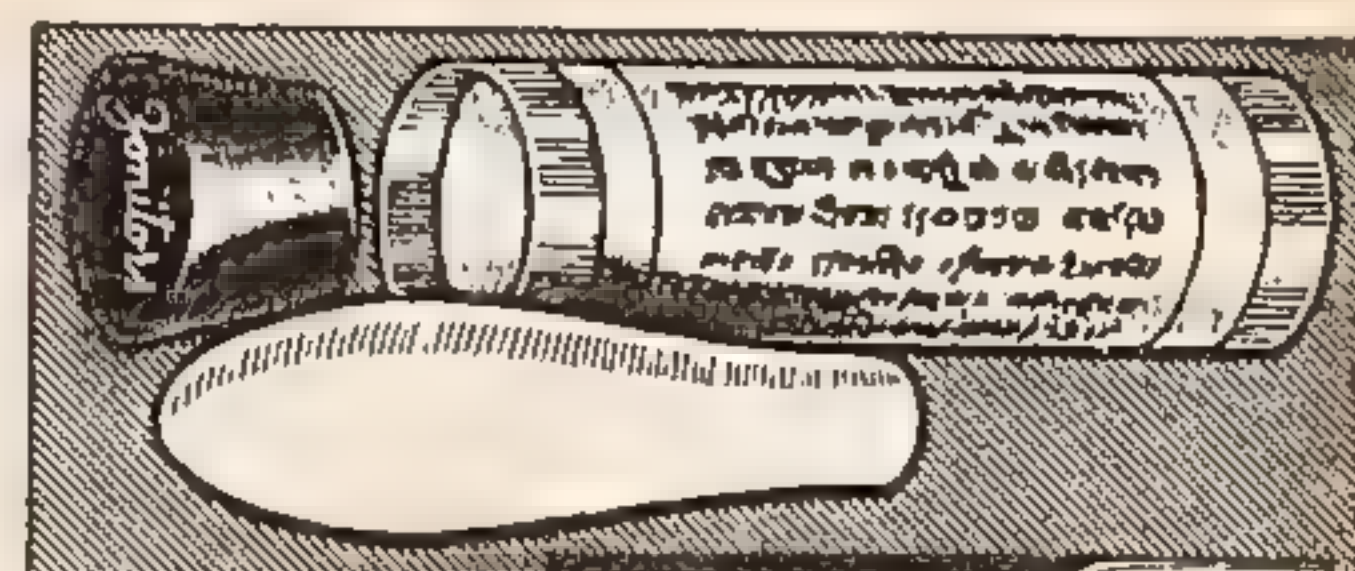
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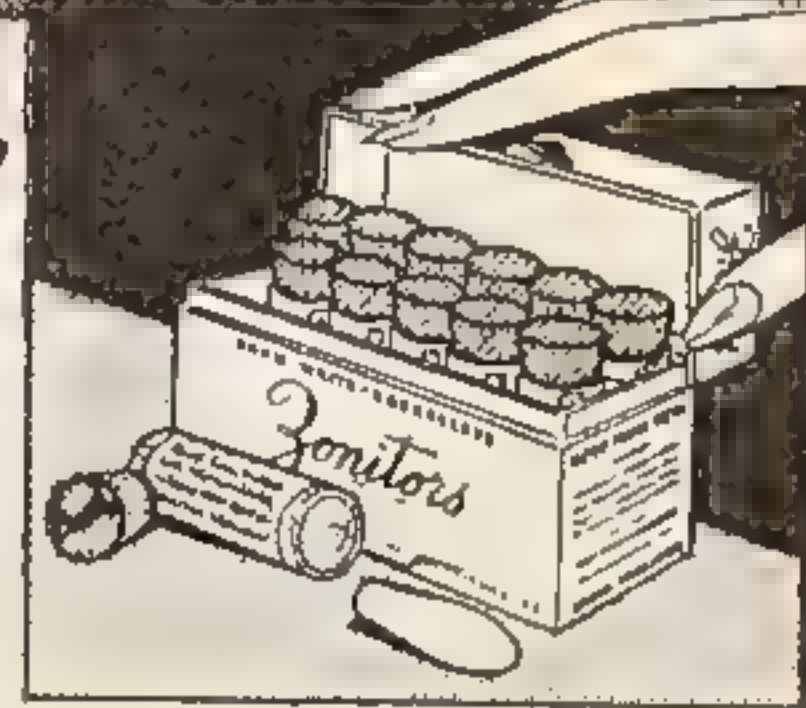
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BEAUTY ADVICE?
Turn to Page 52

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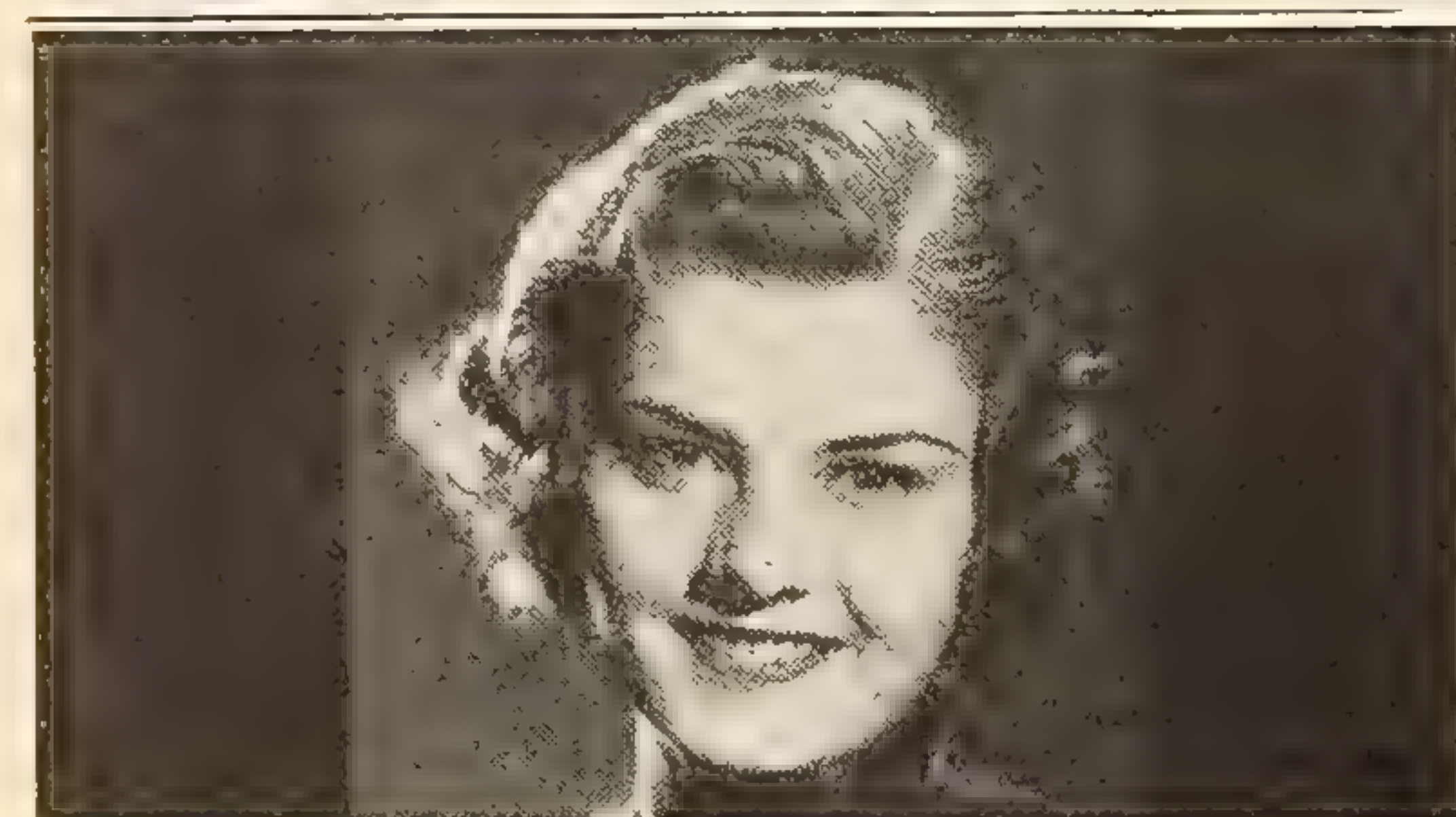
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rub. There's something about this trick which kind of "sets" the powder for the evening. You should experiment, first, of course.

Try using two different shades of powder—in other words, highlight your face with powder. You might use a darker shade on your nose, if you consider it a little too prominent. If your face has a tendency to hollow in, like Dietrich's, at the sides—which is werry, werry fascinating—blend a darker shade of powder into these hollows. Under soft lights, the two shades won't be obvious.

Do some one thing—just one—that will make you look entirely different from your daytime appearance. If you go without mascara most of the time, use it for a party. I know a blonde whose lashes are thick but light. She darkened them quite a lot for one party and wondered why she had suddenly become so popular. Blue mascara for blue-eyed misses is swell. But stay away from the more exotic shades of eyeshadow, you young people; such goings-on are for older girls.

A change of hair-do can make a striking change in a girl for a party. Do the opposite of what you do in the daytime: wear it rather slick and severe, if your customary coiffeur is soft and loose, or vice versa. Refrain, though, you young people, from complicated, "fixy" hair-does, and these ultra-sophisticated hair-ornaments which are the rage just now.

AND now a word to really pretty girls, which brings up Loretta Young as a case in point. Loretta isn't a strict, authentic beauty, because of her big mouth, but she's close to it. She's not striking—like Kay Francis, for example—nor unusual, like Garbo, say. She's just unusually pretty. There's a softness, a passiveness, an ultra-femininity about her. There are thousands of attractive girls in this country, just as pretty in their way as Loretta is in hers. I wish they'd be content to let well enough alone. I wish they'd be content to stay pretty, and not try to be sophisticated types, exotic types, what-have-you types. I wish they'd keep their skins nice, by sensible diet and regular care, and let their make-up go at a touch of powder on the nose and a touch of soft-colored lipstick, perhaps. I wish they'd leave their eyebrows the natural shape, with only the merest bit of grooming for tidiness' sake. I wish the pretty girls with the soft brown hair—like Loretta's—would let it remain soft brown and not go bleaching and henna-ing it. Being pretty to start with, so many young kids think they can turn themselves into all-time wows by using a whole lot of make-up and going in for hair-dye. They end up looking tough and hard-boiled.

For this type, soft colors are the thing. Off-shades of rose and blue. Warm, not hard, bright, shades of red. Grey-green, golden-brown, violet-blue—the more feminine, alluring shades. Soft, feminine lines, too. Not too strictly tailored. Not too clinging to hip and buzzoom. Suggesting, rather than revealing all the lines of the figure.

Irene Dunne may use every kind of make-up on the market. I don't happen to know just what Miss Dunne uses, but she *could* give her face the works, if she desired. Whatever this screen favorite puts on her face, she puts on with the best of taste and the greatest of care. That's one object lesson we'll draw from Irene: good taste, a ladylike appearance under all circumstances. The word ladylike has sort of gone out of fashion, but M.M. thinks it's still a pretty fine word. The other object lesson we'll draw from Irene is this: being a more or less average type (with all due respect to her) and having advanced beyond the young-girl

age, she can do what she pleases to her face and hair, how she pleases and when she pleases. Betcha I could take any number of girls in the late twenties and early thirties who are kind of drab—neither good-looking nor bad-looking—and make them as attractive and smart as Irene Dunne. Here's how I'd go about it:

Pinning the hair firmly back from the face and binding a towel around the locks, I'd thoroughly cold-cream said face—remove every trace of make-up from it—and see what Nature had given us to start with. Let's say the eyebrows are too close together. All right—we'll cheat on Nature a little by plucking them an eighth to a quarter of an inch away from the nose. That sets the eyes wider apart, right off. Then we'll shadow the lids, at the outer corners—out and up, toward the temples. This will be done before any powder or anything else is applied, for it's going to be our daytime make-up and we don't want the shadow to be obvious. A brown cream shadow is the best choice.

Let's say the face is too narrow. We'll put the rouge far out on the cheeks. If the face is too wide, it will go closer to the nose. If it's too heavy in the lower part, we'll put shadows of rouge low down to make the face look thinner. We'll use a medium shade of cream rouge and blend it in like crazy so that no line of demarcation shows.

LET'S try one of the liquid powder foundations over this and see what the effect is. These foundations give a mat-like, dull finish to the friendly old face. Or let's try that semi-liquid make-up that so many of the girls are using instead of powder when they want their faces to stay made-up from seven a.m. to five p.m. It takes a little practice to get these liquids and semi-liquids on without blotching. Don't forget your neck when you're applying powder, liquid or ordinary. But to get on with our work . . .

Let's say we want to use regular powder—the powder that comes in the bottle gives a "too made-up look" for daytime. It would be fine for evening. Press powder on, don't rub it into your skin. Press on an excess quantity and then remove the excess with a bit of clean cotton or a powder brush. You'll have to write me about shades—I can't go into all of that here.

Well, there we are with our eyes shadowed and whatever rouge is necessary and a careful workman-like coat of powder on. Then we'll take a little cream or oil and remove the powder from the eyebrows and eyelashes, brushing them afterwards with a tiny brush kept just for this purpose. How do we look? Do we still need mascara? Or are the results good enough for daytime, plus a dash of good, bright lipstick? Remember, our aim is good taste, we don't want to look too theatrical. If possible, save the mascara for evening, when you may use as much of it as you like. Also for evening, there are shades of eyeshadow like you never heard tell about—gold, bronze, green-gold. Very sophisticated, but the girl we're talking about can get away with them, if she'll keep on exercising the all important good taste. In other words, she may use whatever she likes in the way of cosmetics—the maddest shades of eyeshadow, the wildest reds for her lipstick. But she uses a little—she blends everything in carefully. There are no blobs of color, no hard lines where rouge leaves off and pale skin begins.

Well, and now there's Katie Hepburn, who is no beauty in any language, but who has turned her plain, angular face into a distinguished, interesting face. She's an inspiration to plain women—to downright ugly women. *If you can't be*

pretty, be different. How? Well, there, my children, you'll have to write me for personal information and send me your "pitcher" if possible. One of Hepburn's tricks of individuality is her mouth make-up, which I happen not to like, but it is different. She has little shape to her upper lip and she makes it up straight across, and gives it shape by a trick of lifting it when she talks. Her eyebrows are short, rather thick and blunt, and she leaves them so, refusing to draw them out to the usual exotic Hollywood length.

The exquisite modelling of Garbo's face comes under the head of authentic beauty, but there's many a plain woman who might give her face arresting distinction by adapting Garbo's eye make-up to everyday living. A line is drawn, with a black or brown pencil, far up on the eyelids. Close your eyes and run your finger over your lid, way up into the eyesocket. That's where the line goes. When your eyes are open, the effect of this line is evident, more than the line itself. For off-screen purposes, of course, this line should be blended and blurred a little. It gives that heavy-lidded look. It wouldn't suit everybody, naturally, but it's worth experimenting with. At the outer corner of Garbo's eyes, a tiny triangle of black is placed, to

give that mournful, droopy look. Again, blend and blur. Such goings-on plus a touch of mascara and perhaps a little artificial shaping and lengthening of the brows, can add glamor and interest to even a plain face.

Well, girls, upon reading this article over, I'm scared to death. I tremble to think of the results, when, as and if some of you put one or two of the screwier stunts detailed herein into effect. But, on second thought, I really don't tremble so much after all. I'm sure you'll take the general advice here for every-day use, and leave the more high-falutin' things for special occasions. Be sensible about make-up and use your judgment about it. Moderation in all things is still a good rule. Your friend, M.M., is eager to answer personal questions from any of you. I don't answer questions in the magazine—your letters to me are treated as "poissonal" and private correspondence. Be patient if the answer seems a long time in coming—I try to give you a thorough answer, even though tardy. The address is Mary Marshall, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please don't forget the stamped, addressed envelope. Thank yez!

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 43)

Now, how can you resist such unabridged candidness as that?

"We have to be at it until midnight," she declared as we settled at our table. "And it's so warm there on the set I'm not hungry." She glanced at the menu and continued, "Says she, ordering a steak!" (Only she chose a vegetable plate and coffee.)

I BEGGED her to go into her story—she did. And here 'tis, in her own words. I think you'll agree it's a pip.

"I was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where my father edited the Bridgeport Herald. We moved to New York City, but it didn't make much difference because I was attending convents. I went to three, and at last to New Rochelle College.

"I'm crazy about dancing. Week-ends, when I was home, I had all the Saturday night dates I could. Saturday, day-times, I took dancing lessons from Jack Donohue. That was a bright idea! You see, this whole Hollywood wind-up's probably the result. I remember I was seventeen when I got my first job.

"It seems one of my best boy-friends was at Washington and Lee University, in Virginia, and I decided to go down there for their final dance of the year. So I departed from my campus quite unceremoniously. I wired my mother—after I was on the train.

"Well, that was fun. When I got back to New York, mother met me at the Pennsylvania station with fresh clothes. She said, 'If you're ever planning to get through college you'll have to hurry to New Rochelle for your eyes.' So we dashed to the Grand Central station and with a kiss and a skip I headed for my train.

"Only I had another brilliant brainstorm a second before I got to the gate. My very best boy-friend was graduating from West Point that week and I'd certainly promised to be on hand for all the excitement. You know all the fuss there is, all the grand parading. I was dying to go to that ball, too. Besides, we were in love!

"Fortunately, I had a round-trip ticket to West Point in my purse. I had my evening gown that I'd taken South, and the fresh outfit in which to arrive in a blaze of glory. Also, twenty-five cents in cash in case of emergency. So naturally I switched destinations.

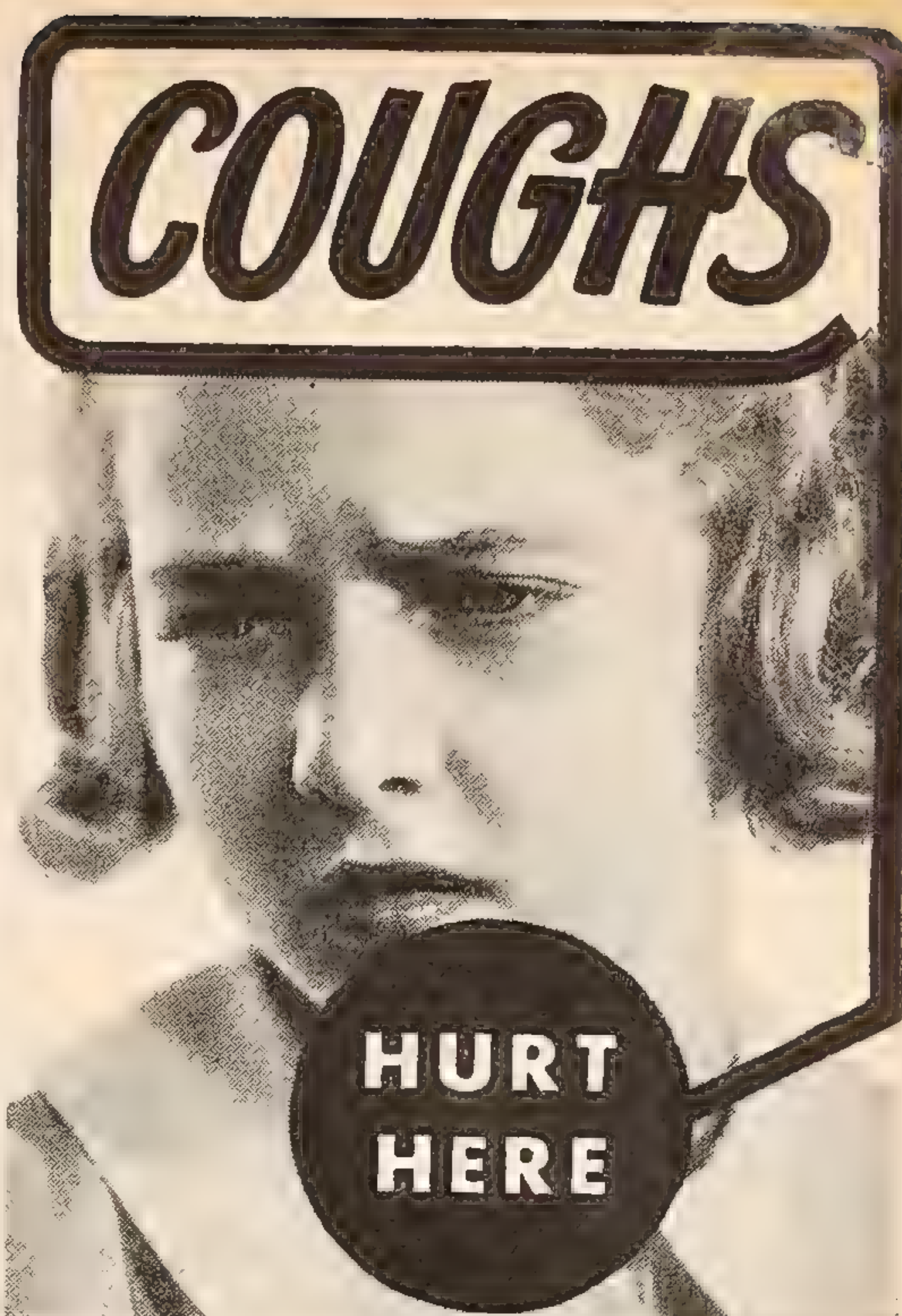
"It was a marvelous week! Of course, we were to have eloped. But we quarreled—got dramatic. Anyway, he was so much older—twenty-seven.

"I arrived home on a Sunday evening and Monday morning I went shopping. Who should I bump into but Jack Donohue's business manager? When he found I was out of school he said, 'Too bad we didn't know that before. Jack's sending a troupe to a leather fair in Boston at five o'clock this afternoon. We could have used you.' I scooted to Mr. Donohue's studio as fast as I could scoot and insisted I could learn the chair-dance tap routine then and there. I did, in a couple of hours. I phoned mother what I was up to, and she stated that she supposed it would be all right—evidently my mind was made up!

"She sent the maid down with some clothes for me and I took the night boat. Our dancing was on for three days, but Jack Donohue thought we were good enough to become a vaudeville act. We lasted at that three weeks, closing in Freeport, on Long Island.

I WASN'T home long until I was invited to a party. Who should be at it but Jimmy Durante and his partners, Clayton and Jackson. Young Mr. Clayton, who was nineteen and so more my type, was positive I had talent. The three of them were opening in a week at Les Ambassadeurs, an exclusive night club. Mr. Clayton told me to call him as he was sure I could acquire the hang of some of the routines. I never did have all those steps pat, but I got by somehow.

"That was swell. But I soon was fired. And here's a queer twist of fate, too. Al Seagal, who's the assistant dance director on this picture I'm doing now, was the man whose duty it was to give me the air! What for? Well, there was



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Believe it or not, Roz Russell wore this "boots and saddles" get-up to the tennis matches! Looks kinda swell, doesn't she?

a Yale-Dartmouth football game and I went to it with a particularly handsome Dartmouth grad. The trouble was that we were having such a fine time I didn't bother to get to the club until two A.M.

"I wasn't any loss to them. But Jimmy Durante felt sorry for me. Shows what pull will do—he knew the Silver Slipper was opening a new revue in a few nights and he got me in there. At the dress rehearsal they were instructing us about the finale and I was so green I didn't even understand such a technical term. I stepped out of line and inquired blandly, 'What the heck's a finale?' Everyone screamed, seeing I was perfectly serious. It struck them so funny they introduced that crack as my speech in the performance!

"Harry Carroll was at the club one evening and he asked me if I wanted to do a buck-and-wing specialty in Ruth Selwyn's '9:15 Revue.' That meant doubling in two places. But the strain didn't hurt me, for the Selwyn production folded in six weeks. After the fourth, when we were in Chicago, I left because I had an offer to join the second 'Little Show.'

"Mr. William LeBaron caught the revue and offered me a film test. I wasn't interested. By then I had the hunch that I was a genuine smarty. And I was satisfied with what I was doing. When the show closed, however, Mr. LeBaron

wired his New York office to try me again. I decided I might as well take the test, so I did. That was on December 22nd. They informed me I registered and was to leave three days after Christmas. I landed here in Hollywood on New Year's Eve.

"I didn't know a soul and I was scared stiff. But I'd been fairly popular in the East, so I was ready to climb on the local bandwagon.

"My first week in Hollywood I was entertained continuously. Then I was assigned a role. But, since I wasn't to start for another week, I went to the beach every day to acquire a modish tan. I did such a keen job that after the first day's shooting I was out of the film. I was too dark. When I faded out I was prepared to try once more."

There Arline Judge hesitated for breath. You've read most of the rest in brief news dispatches from Hollywood. She began with leads and her beguiling pertness has caused her to be in constant demand. At present pert Arline is considered one of our ablest comedienettes.

But screen success isn't all Hollywood has given her.

DURING the making of "Are These Our Children?" Wesley Ruggles, who was directing, fell madly in love with her. He sensed her splendid acting possibilities, also, and encouraged her when she wondered if she could deliver in the complex business in which she discovered herself. She realized that she loved Wes far more than she'd fancied she had adored those adolescent heroes back East.

So, within a year after jumping into the greatest adventure a modern girl can experience—going into pictures—Arline had a thriving career and a husband who was ace-high. She moved into a huge house, and shortly she had a son. Because she is so social minded she's become a popular hostess and her good humor makes her an ideal guest.

Perhaps all this luck tempted the gods. At any rate, last spring Arline and Wes separated. It was an excellent opportunity for the gossips to swing into action.

"I like people," Arline was telling me over her second cup of coffee, "and I like them to like me. When Wes and I disagreed I stayed home alone for three weeks. I knew that whomever I'd be seen with would be blamed for breaking up our marriage. Then I—well, you recall the song 'Painting the Town with a Broken Heart'? That was my impulse. I took ill and was in the hospital for a month. I phoned Wes from there and asked him if he'd go home and watch over the baby. He's stayed on."

"I've been swamped with writers' requests for 'the inside' on my personal problem. I haven't given a single interview about it, and I shan't."

"Has this made you more serious?" I interposed.

"Certainly," she replied. "When you have a child you stop being so impetuous. When you've a home to supervise you have responsibility thrust upon you. When you find that you actually have a spot with the movie public you're grateful for it, and want to hang onto it. Because I choose to go out when I'm blue is no indication that I'm taking things casually. That's what the gossips say. They don't know that there have been times when I'd have broken into tears in the middle of the Trocadero if anyone had cried, 'Boo!'"

The director left the restaurant and that was a sign Arline's free hour was up. I helped James assist her into her limousine. "I hope you got a story," she remarked, suddenly and surprisingly wistful.

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 8)

14. Rudy Vallee as a prizefighter.
15. The Marx Brothers as the Rover Boys.—Joe Campagna, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Season Tickets for Movies?

Why not a season ticket for movie audiences? I think this would be a great inducement to those who are not frequent attendants and so do not know which pic-

ture they would care to see, and so often end up by not going at all.

Season tickets could be sold for a month or more, and, with a slight saving on the "strip," the "regulars" could revel in seeing a favorite show twice, while the uninitiated, who were doubtful about the kind of show to visit, would feel they might risk a ticket. On the assumption that we all love a bargain, I feel sure that season tickets would be a great success, and bring many a new fan to the flickers.—Connie Cowell, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

We're interested to know how you will vote on these fifteen questions. The results of this questionnaire will be published in a forthcoming issue of MODERN SCREEN. Fill in the coupon (please print) and send it to: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1. Best actor on the screen is.....
2. Best actress on the screen is.....
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4. Most beautiful girl on the screen is.....
5. Best singing star (male) on the screen is.....
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7. Best musical for 1936 is.....
8. Best child actor on the screen is.....
9. Best child actress on the screen is.....
10. Best dancer (male) on the screen is.....
11. Best dancer (female) on the screen is.....
12. Most promising newcomer (male) on the screen is.....
13. Most promising newcomer (female) on the screen is.....
14. My choice for a Modern Screen life story is.....
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Christmas at the Lloyds

(Continued from page 13)

with a plunge in the outdoor swimming pool! Quite a California finale, is it not?

But within the house itself, Christmas is observed along more traditional lines in an atmosphere that is essentially friendly, simple and homey despite the grandeur of the surroundings. That can be explained, doubtless, by the fact that the Lloyds are really "family people" with a keen liking for gay and informal entertaining at their own fireside and with a firm determination to make their place a real home for their children.

"We make the greatest fuss possible over every single holiday, even the less important ones," said Mrs. Lloyd, seated opposite me in the lovely French-style music room with its white baby grand piano and delicate flower-painted ceiling. The three children, Gloria who is 12, Peggy, 11, and Harold Jr., 5, sprawled out comfortably on the pale rose rug, seemed fully as interested in their Mother's remarks as I. And why not? Weren't we going to talk about Christmas? So they were all ears as she continued.

FIRST, of course, we decorate every single room with holly and mistletoe—while the children's playhouse comes in for special attention. We have a simply huge tree in the living-room with smaller trees in several of the other rooms. The last mentioned are for decorative purposes only, since all the gifts are placed under the big tree. We collect all our relatives and some of our closest friends and make it a gala occasion. On Christmas Eve we all hang up our stockings in front of the fireplace—papa, mamma and visitors as well as the children.

"Then, in the morning, after Santa Claus has paid us a visit, we explore the contents of the stockings and open our presents," she went on with an affectionate glance at young Harold whose eyes were fairly popping with excitement. "We sing carols and play games and after dinner spend the day in quiet recreations around the house and in the gardens. It is strictly a family day with us, you see. On New Year's day we keep open house with guests beyond number dropping in casually; but Christmas day is devoted to the children, with their happiness and enjoyment uppermost in our minds.

"And now for Christmas dinner and holiday refreshments in general," Mildred Lloyd continued, warming to her subject as she noted with what keen interest and obvious pleasure I was taking down notes of all the things she was telling me.

"Our dinner table decorations provide us with a touch of the 'white Christmas' idea which is so popularly accepted as the thing to have. In the center of the table we have a long mirror—that's supposed to be ice, you know, and it's surface is dotted with little dolls in fancy skating outfits. Skiers slide perilously down imitation snow hills at either end. At each place there is a small Santa Claus standing with a chocolate reindeer on a mound of sparkling snow.

"The dinner menu is pretty much the same, I imagine, as in most homes—turkey with all the trimmings, vegetables, potatoes, a light salad. This always is followed by a blazing plum pudding, fruit cake and mince pie. By the way, we make our own fruit cake and we've already put several away to 'ripen'.

"Well, so much for the dinner. But

those foods I already have mentioned play but a small part in our holiday culinary program. Candies, for instance, get star billing since this is the one time of the year when we have lots of it around—all sorts of candy, chocolates, hard candies, and peppermint sticks on the tree. But most popular of all with the children are home-made candies such as Butter-scotch Caramels and special date, raisin and cocoanut confections that we have named Fruit Nuggets. And how they do enjoy having a hand in making these sweets and in cutting out fancy cookies! All three love to cook, anyway, and often are given a chance to try their hand at it. So when I announce a candy and cooky-making afternoon, you should see their smiling faces!

"Yes, we have the time of our life in the kitchen," the children's mother assured me, "with pots and spoons and candy thermometer, fancy cooky cutters and a rolling pin. And don't you believe for a minute, either, that 'too many cooks' bring about failure rather than success. Why we always have the most marvelous results, don't we?" she inquired of her fascinated listeners and a chorus of childish voices came back with an emphatic "Yes!"

Then Mildred Lloyd went on to describe the simple sugar cookies that she approves of both because of their simplicity and because they are the kind that can be cut easily into amusing and seasonal shapes. A rich Fudge Loaf also came in for mention, principally because of Peggy Lloyd's great liking for chocolate cake and fudge icing. The Lloyds' White Fruit Cake was described by Mildred also as "just the sort of thing to have on hand for Christmas parties and casual guests," although she does not approve of anything quite as rich for the children.

YOU will want to have candied fruits on hand, too, to nibble on. And, of course, you ought to have a variety of sandwich spreads for teas and buffet suppers and all forms of informal entertaining," my hostess suggested, "so let's go out to the kitchen and let the cook help us out in that respect. That is if you'd care to?" she went on inquiringly.

Would I care to? Why that was the sort of invitation I was waiting for and was just about to hint for, so I arose hastily and off we went. With the children leading the procession and with MODERN SCREEN's own photographer we descended upon the kitchen department in force.

And such a kitchen! Two of 'em, in fact. Each about the size of the Grand Central Station, I thought, as I hastily took in the mammoth refrigerator which covers the wall between the two rooms and opens into both; the center work tables in each room; the huge electric ranges, the miles of cupboards and the square miles of tiling. No hotel could boast of finer equipment—nor of a better cook or a more obliging one. Far from complaining about this sudden raid she entered into the spirit of the occasion and rushed around getting out mixing bowls, spoons and ingredients. I was soon able to observe that Mrs. Lloyd's cooking abilities were not merely an idle boast and that the kids were almost as good at helping as they were at sampling.

You'll love all the recipes I jotted down. The unusual sandwiches and the Candied



Hey, Shirley Temple! You can't get away with that—where's your beard? Miss T. looks very serious about this Santa Claus business—probably her favorite role!

Fruits that I'm giving you here in a few seconds . . . the Peggy Lloyd Fudge Loaf with its rich chocolate frosting . . . the sugar cookies for fancy cut-outs such as trees, birds, rabbits, Santa Clauses and even Mickey and Minnie Mouse! (The last named are new and, with raisins for eyes and nose, they're sure to be a sensation among the younger set!)

Then there's the White Fruit Cake—richly tempting and not too hard to make, and last, but perhaps best of all, the two candy recipes, the Fruit Nuggets and the Butterscotch Caramels.

Then, as if all that were not enough, I also am going to send to the first couple of thousand, who write in, an unusually fine candy leaflet which contains recipes for all those tempting-looking confections shown in the picture at the beginning of this article. You'll find both chocolate and Divinity Fudge in this leaflet, Penuchi, Fondant and Peppermint Wafers. Both these and the Lloyd recipes are absolutely free.

If ever you had a golden opportunity to serve the most delicious of sweets and party refreshments — at a season when they would be most appropriate and appreciated—this, my dears, is it! So don't forget and don't delay. "Mail at once for a Merry Christmas," is my advice, while the Lloyds join me in wishing you suc-

cess with their sweets and in extending to you all the season's greetings.

The Lloyds' favorite sandwiches:

EGG CREOLE

For each sandwich allow a half, chopped hard-cooked egg, a half tablespoon chow-chow and enough mayonnaise to blend. Add shredded boneless sardines, well drained. Spread between thin slices of buttered, wholewheat toast.

CALIFORNIA AVOCADO

Trim crusts from thin slices of rye bread. Spread with ripe avocados mashed with a small amount of boiled dressing. Season with salt and pepper.

MYSTERY SANDWICH

One-fourth pound sharp store cheese, one-fourth pound dried beef, 1 egg slightly beaten, 1 cup canned tomatoes, a dash of cayenne. Put cheese and dried beef through the food grinder. Add egg, tomatoes and cayenne. Cook in top of double boiler until cheese has melted and mixture is smooth. Cool thoroughly before spreading between thin slices of wholewheat bread.

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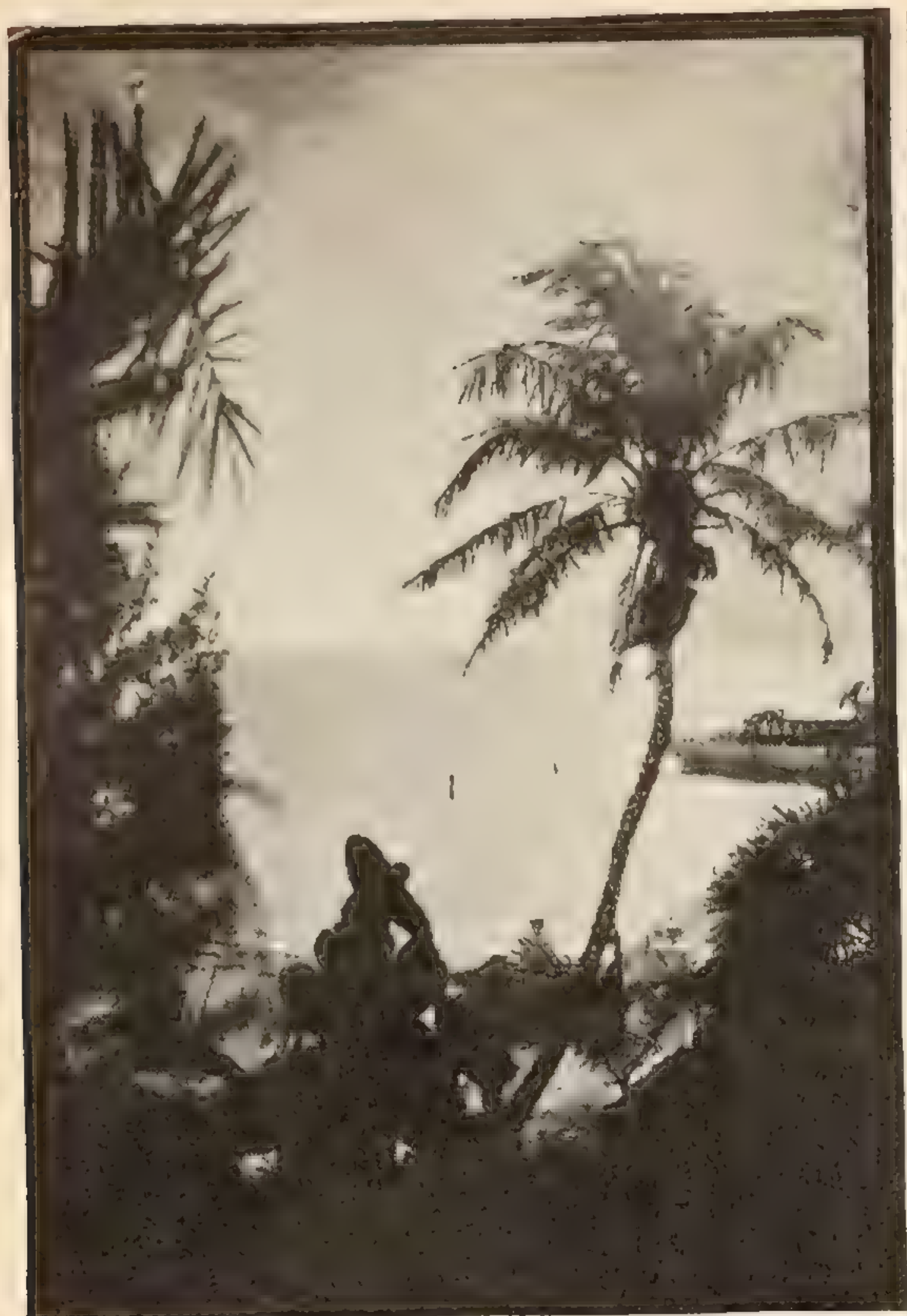
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SLICED CUCUMBER

Spread buttered rye bread with mayonnaise. Add thin slices of cucumber and sprinkle with a very little scraped onion and salt. Top with second slice of bread.

CANDIED FRUITS

Syrup for Candied Fruits: Boil together 2 cups sugar, 1 cup water and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup light corn syrup until the syrup spins a thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon.

For Pears, Peaches, Plums, Cherries: Pare, core and slice fruit. Drain all juice. Add fruits to boiling syrup, being careful not to have them crowded. Simmer until fruits are clear. Skim from syrup, drain and spread on a screen to dry. Pack between sheets of waxed paper and place in tin box or glass jar.

For Quinces, Pineapple, and Figs: Wash, pare and slice fruit. Simmer in clear water until tender. Drain and use the water in which fruits were cooked in making the syrup. Proceed as in recipe.

The Modern Hostess

Modern Screen

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing Harold Lloyd's favorite Christmas recipes. Also the special candy recipes.

Name

Street

City

State

Men, Men, Men!

(Continued from page 47)

company. He liked my looks at first, but after a sample of my smugness, he *didn't* like my type. How do I know? Because years later we became friends and he told me. My silly stiffness had robbed me of a job. Because he had asked me so many personal questions, I just knew he was out to do me wrong. I have since found out that out-to-do-wrongers ask no questions at all. They are too busy telling you about themselves.

"Girls can't afford to be high-hat and smug in these days, especially about jobs. Good sportsmanship is the thing that counts. The girl who is always pleasant and friendly and who doesn't fret about working late hours always has an edge over the girl who is constantly kicking up a fuss. Maybe it isn't glamorous to be known as a good sport, but glamor doesn't belong in a business world." Mae stopped her constant motion, stared straight at the wall thoughtfully, for a moment, then snapped her fingers.

"Yes, even though it does shatter some illusions, let me say right here and now that glamor doesn't belong any place but in the movies. Oh, I know a lot of people think differently. Look at the hundreds of interviews that movie people give every year on 'How to Get Glamor.' Well, I don't believe in it. Not for ordinary, every-day people in an ordinary, every-day world. Glamor, like a train, gets in a girl's way and keeps her from having fun.

"What man, for example, is going to ask a glamorous creature to a happy-go-lucky picnic in the woods? Nor can he picture glamor riding in a rattletrap car or going to an amusement park. If a man is planning a Sunday trip to the shore, he's taking the girl who will be cheerful even in the face of punctures, hamburgers and rain. That's why I say glamor girls miss out on a lot of fun.

ANOTHER erroneous belief about men is the one that they always like to do all the chasing. If that were the truth, hundreds of girls wouldn't have a man or home today. How often have you sat around and waited for the 'current' apple of your eye to ask for a date? And how often have you discovered, after it was too late, that he had wanted to ask you, but hadn't dared because you had always treated him as though he were just your little brother's scooter? Yes, some men, like some horses, just have to be led. You can usually recognize the kind by his complete indifference. And if you can't let yourself take a too-friendly initiative, then tease

him. At least do something to let him know you know he's alive.

"Another phoney belief is that men always prefer girls who are modest. Well, modesty is all right in some respects. But not about the things which, in your Aunt Effie's day, were 'unmentionables'—make-up, girdles, ladies' room and such. Frankness about these things not only puts you at ease, but your escort as well.

"Still there are exceptions. Modesty where evening clothes are concerned is something else again. Your beau may say, 'Boy! Ain't that somethin'!' on beholding a girl's decollete on the dance floor. But he'd probably have a fit if you turned out in the same outfit—backless, shoulderless and next to nothing underneath. Maybe he's goofy in this respect, but it's a goofiness that should be appreciated, because if he doesn't object to you in just one yard of satin, then there's something wrong somewhere, and you'll probably never have the chance of hitting your best friend in the face with a bridal bouquet. Most men feel that a too revealing gown, is just brazen!

"Another thing, my Grandmother may have found that the way to Grandfather's heart was through his tummy but that was in the days before chain restaurants. There is nothing that gets results today like 'appeal' and I don't mean just sex appeal either. No matter how efficient a business woman you are, it's smart to sometimes be deep in a quandary and to seek the advice of your boss or your beau. Don't go the whole extreme, however. Don't be too helpless and frilly. Don't just throw your whole problem in the lap of your god. Explain it sensibly, be it finances or family. Then ask him for his expert help. Remember, whether they own up to it or not, the paternal instinct is strong in men. And, give a man a chance to advise and guide you and you'll get a raise or a date—maybe both.

"As for my advice on what to do about the men you feel that you don't want to have anything to do with . . . my advice is do nothing. Nothing at all. Neither sneer nor tilt your nose. Just act as though he didn't darken your door. If he asks for a date, say, 'Sure, I'll meet you at eight,' and then let him try and find you at eight. Yes, I mean it literally. Be completely absentminded about the man you want to ignore. Don't stop speaking to him or laughing at him . . . and don't sneak around corners or you'll run into him for sure. And then won't you look silly—and won't he know right then and there that

he has a power over you? And true, there are some men," Mae laughed, "who delight in such power. Like cats, they dote on trapping their mouse.

"No, because I'm naturally a peaceful soul and because I personally believe it's bad ever to make an enemy, my rules on men are trusting. I think if I *were* originating a course, the rules would go some-

thing like this: Always give the man the benefit of the doubt. Fraternize, don't glamorize. If he can take it, let him have it, and pick up the check yourself once in awhile."

Mae stretched and yawned. "That's all for today. If you don't mind, I'm tired and I'm hoarse . . . and the soap box is yours."

HERE ARE THE LUCKY "NEW MOVIE TYPES" CONTEST WINNERS

Congratulations to the two, out of thousands, who won the honors

Miss Liliane Kerekes of Detroit, Michigan, and Mr. F. John M. Beattie of Deerfield, Massachusetts, are the lucky winners in Modern Screen's "New Movie Types" Contest. On November 4th, jubilant and excited, they left on the promised trip to England aboard the S. S. Queen Mary, bound for thrilling entertainment in London and the unusual opportunity of a real screen test at the Gaumont-British Studios.

Miss Kerekes and Mr. Beattie were selected by Modern Screen from thousands of entries because they possess qualities which make them true new movie types as well as remarkably appealing.

In a forthcoming issue of Modern Screen we are going to let these two personally tell you about all the wonderful occurrences of their thrilling trip. They want YOU to "travel" with them and they'll take you to all the gay spots and glamorous settings they enjoyed. Best of all they will give you all the details of their screen tests at Gaumont-British Studios.

Don't fail to read what Liliane and John have to say about experiencing this once-in-a-lifetime adventure in an atmosphere of "stardom" luxury.

Information Desk

(Continued from page 11)

SARAH MCGAFFERTY, Boonton, Pennsylvania—Yes, Dolores del Rio is the second cousin of Ramon Novarro. It might interest you to know that this much related young lady is also Gary Cooper's aunt by marriage. I wonder what relationship that makes Ramon to Gary?



DON AMECHE (First printing; total number of requests 193.) To be heard and not seen was the fate of Don Ameche for six long years. Doubtless you were one of the entranced listeners to his starring radio vehicle, "First Nighters."

You and Darryl Zanuck! And when Zanuck discovered that Don was quite as seeable as he is hearable, he made him a movie actor, in fact two movie actors. With the aid of a blonde wig, Don played the roles of both Karl Freyman and Mario Singarelli in "Sins of Man," his first picture. Ameche was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, in 1908, of Italian-English parentage. In his youth Don took to law and slaved away at the law schools of Georgetown, Marquette and Wisconsin, sort of a strolling student. Maybe this wandering college career gave him a taste for the road. At any rate, after a short stay at Wisconsin, he abandoned the law career and joined a traveling stock company. Shortly afterwards, Don passed through the ordeal of a radio audition with flying colors. There can be no doubt that radio made Don the actor he is today. Over the air your looks can't help you. Neither can gestures. It's voice that counts and you've got to put everything into your voice, or else. Don learned the trick, and that's one excellent reason why, at the end of a very few months, you fans are besieging this desk with questions about this pleasing young signor. Don is married to a childhood sweetheart, a natural blonde, and very blonde at that. In contrast is Don's Latin coloring, all except the eyes which are hazel. The Ameches have two heirs, Donnie and Ronnie, no foolin'. Don's current film for 20th Century-Fox is "One in a Million."



BOB STEELE (Last printed November, 1934. Total number of requests since then, 386.) Robert Bradbury is what his intimates call him, and he was born in Portland, Oregon, January 23, 1906, which makes him almost 31 years old. He isn't

as tall as you might think, measuring 5 feet 10 inches in his stocking feet. Nice and slim at 158 pounds, he has blue eyes of the twinkling type and brown hair. His two current pictures are "Brand of the Outlaws" and "The Law Rides."

ENID PETERSEN, Butte, Montana—No, I wouldn't exactly call Joan Crawford superstitious, but she suffers from all sorts of complexes. Claustrophobia is one of the worst and that means that she is deathly afraid of shut-in places like subways and elevators. She once walked up eight flights of stairs to see her doctor. You can just bet that she needed medical attention after a long climb like that. Maybe some day Joan will clamber up eight flights to see a psychoanalyst . . . and then ride down in the elevator.

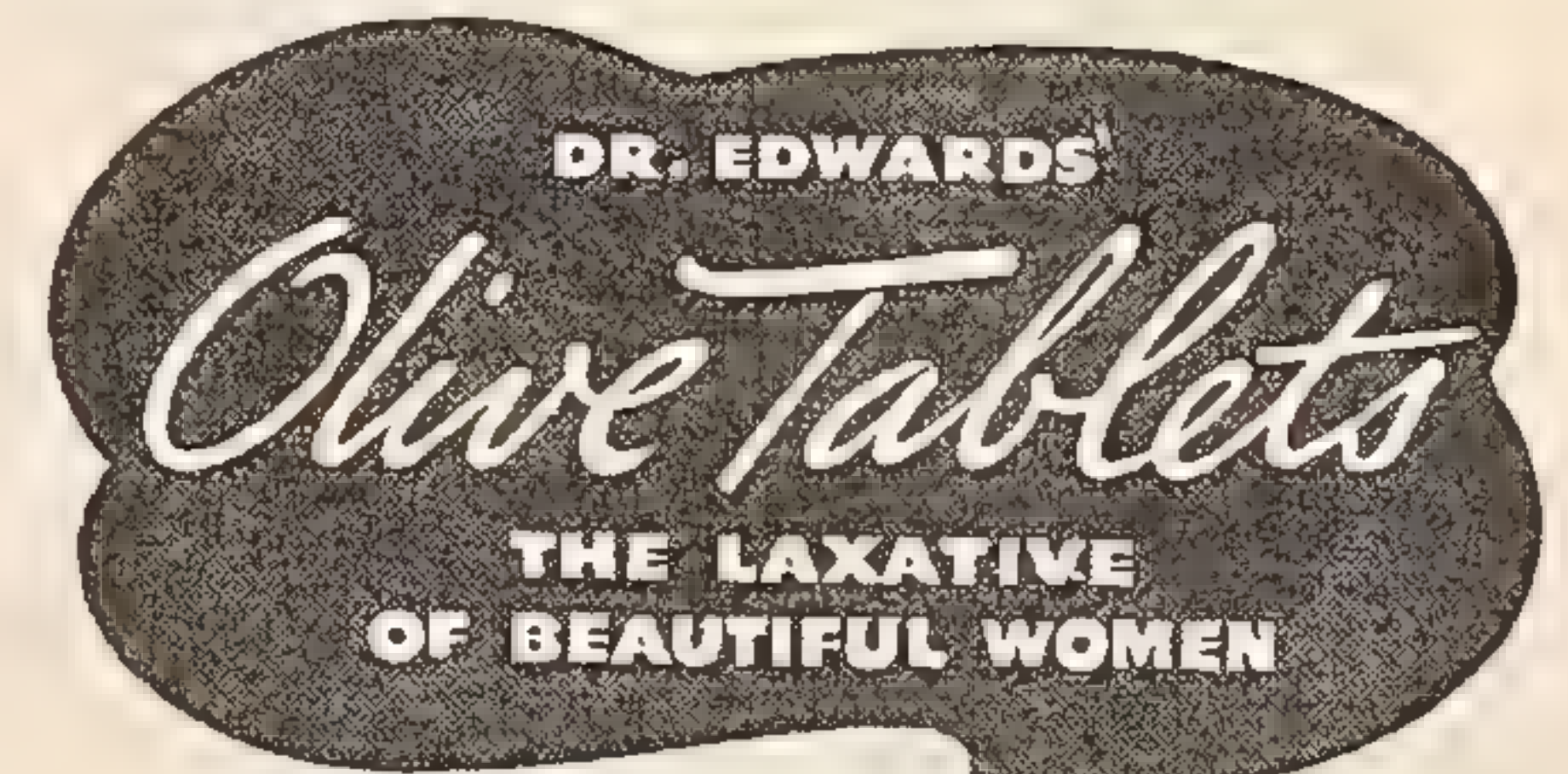


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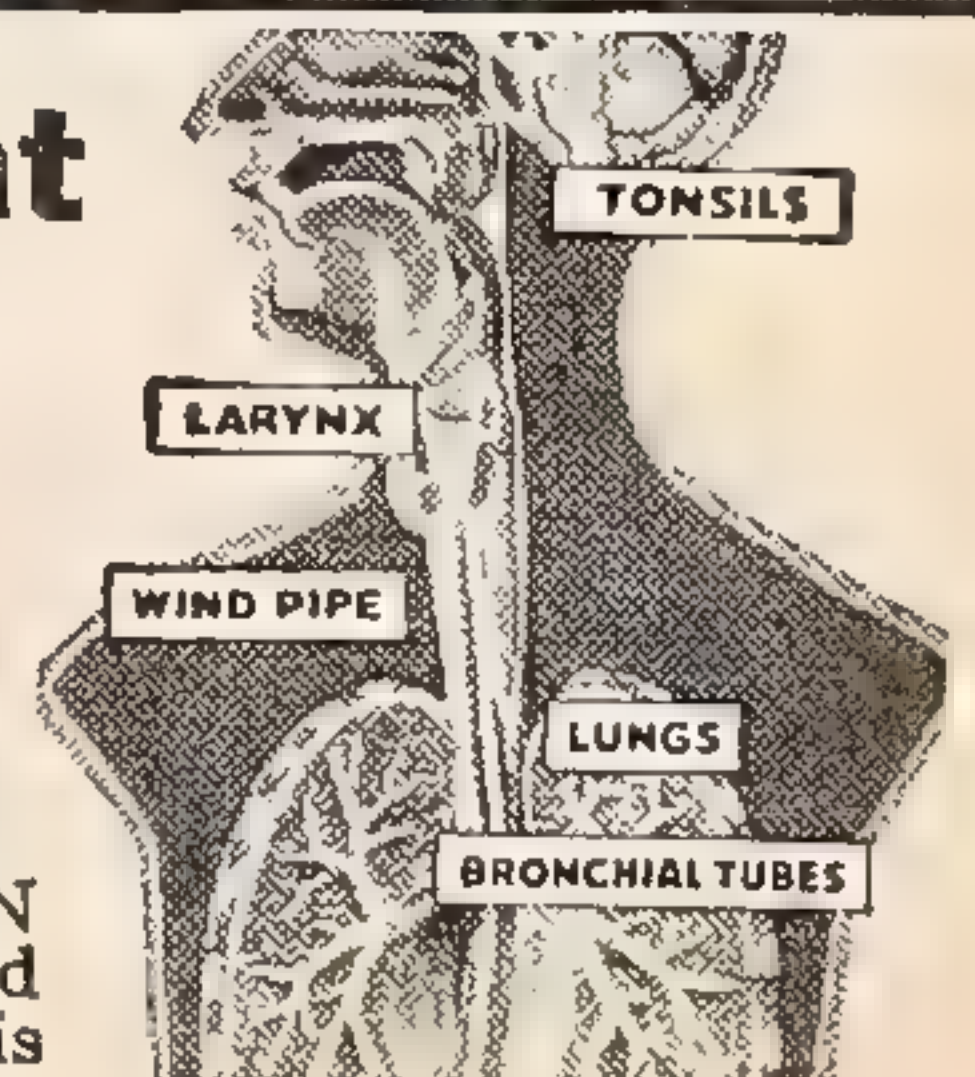


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These Charming Children

(Continued from page 31)

their riotous games, pinning the tail on the donkey, carrying peas on a knife, racing across the lawn, as hilariously as the youngest of the young. Watching her, it was almost impossible to believe that only the day before, dressed in the forlorn tatters of the Chinese wife, she had enacted one of the most dramatically tragic scenes of "The Good Earth."

Simone Simon is a French runner-up for the Viennese Luise. Her emotions, too, are volatile, child-like and unrestrained. Simone arrived in Hollywood many months ago, armed with a long-term contract. She had been brought to this country after a brilliant success in European pictures. But the studio could find no roles to fit her individual charm. So she waited and waited. Everyone was against her, she believed. She had no friends in this strange country. With the hurt feelings of disappointed childhood, she pouted and refused to mingle with other people, preferring to be alone and lonely. She was the dramatic and colorful picture of a broken-hearted, little girl, staring into the window of a forbidden sweet shop.

Then came her big opportunity in "Girls' Dormitory." The little Simone literally put that picture in her pocket and walked away with it. She became a star overnight. And, like the happy child, who is finally given the biggest plum in the biggest pie in the shop window, she fairly radiated exuberant joy. She made friends with her fellow men. She played laughing, vigorous tennis at one of the popular clubs. But that doesn't mean that

Simone is a changed person. Tomorrow something may happen and she will return to her red-lipped loneliness and silent pouting. Hollywood expects that. It would be disappointed if its Luises and Simones failed to change their moods with their frocks.

THAT changeableness is a quality shared by all the Hollywood children. Today they are down in the deepest dumps. Tomorrow they are on the highest heights. One morning I met Isabel Jewell on the stairway leading to the executive offices of her studio. She was crying bitter tears. She knew that she was all washed-up in Hollywood. She wanted to take the first plane out of town. Her disappointment and grief were pathetic. She had just learned that the powers-that-be had left on the cutting room floor her biggest scenes from her last picture. The reason was easily understood. Isabel's artistry threatened to steal the dramatic honors from the picture's expensive feminine star.

Late that same day I met her again. The tiny Jewell was bubbling with joy. Entirely forgotten was the sorrow of the morning. She had been given a really big role, one of the coveted parts of the year, in a really big picture. She was walking on clouds. Everything was bright and rose-colored. She loved Hollywood.

Don't think for one moment that Isabel Jewell is a child in intelligence. She is one of the smartest, most brilliant young women in pictures. But, like all the successful Hollywood players, she is a child in her emotions. That is the reason for her being an actress. If she had not possessed that quality of enduring youth, she probably would have continued in her career as a school teacher, which she gave up to follow the lure of the stage.

Myrna Loy, the poised and elegant Wife Number One of the screen, knows how to play a game of hide-and-seek which would bring joy to the heart of any imaginative youngster. She manages to keep her studio, her friends and Hollywood in a continuous state of excitement and wonder. Before she became a real-life wife, the bride of Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Myrna changed her houses as often as other children change their favorite games. All the Loy homes were located as far off the beaten path as possible. When Myrna entered their doors she went into a mysterious silence and seclusion. To talk to her by phone it was necessary to play a telephone game which consisted of calling a succession of unknown and unlisted numbers. Finally, after a half dozen calls, you heard the low Loy voice.

One of Myrna's greatest joys was her ability to keep secret the places of her vacations. Her secretary, alone, knew where to reach her. Several times, when Myrna had hinted that she was departing for the desert or the mountains, she remained quietly in her own home, sleeping and reading and entertaining the few friends whom she could trust to keep the secret of her whereabouts. She was as proud as a triumphant youngster when she returned to the studio and announced that she had been no farther away from Hollywood than Beverly Hills. It was a part of that glorious game of childhood which Myrna, like the others, persists in playing.

The men are as adept at the game as are the women. Imagine a full-grown and



Loretta Young goes to see herself in "Ladies in Love." You don't have to be told her escort is Eddie Sutherland—he's that devoted to the lady.

successful doctor or lawyer racketing around his home town in a dilapidated white roadster, sending young women corsages of vegetables and spending long, valuable hours in the arrangement of gags for a surprise birthday party for a fellow doctor or lawyer. It's impossible even to imagine it. The entire community would immediately brand him as balmy, touched in the head, too flighty to be trusted. Yet Clark Gable did those very same things and, instead of censuring him, Hollywood vociferously applauded him. For months he drove the broken-down car which was sent to him by Carole Lombard, one of Hollywood's most madcap youngsters. In return he sent Carole elaborate bouquets of garden vegetables. Also the busy, hard-working Clark devoted one entire day to the rigging up of an intricate loud speaker system on a sound stage. Through the concealed horns loud and ridiculous birthday messages were shouted at regular intervals to Wallace Beery.

FRED ASTAIRE, like Clark, is one of the hardest-working men in Hollywood. Dancing is the breath of life to him. He is as serious about it as every successful man is about his profession. The shooting of the dancing scenes in his pictures is a long and tiresome process. He and Ginger Rogers rehearse for long, weary hours. They serve as their own stand-ins, dancing the routine of their steps while the cameramen and electricians adjust the lights and lenses so that every movement of their swaying bodies is in perfectly illuminated focus. It is during that stand-in service that Fred and Ginger entertain the company and crew with insane, impromptu steps and contortions which the public never sees. Weary as they may be, Fred and Ginger, like two irrepressible children, make play of what, otherwise, would be drudgery.

Their parties are another way of expressing their youthful craving and capacity for laughter and fun. There was Carole Lombard's fun-house affair, when she engaged an amusement park for an evening and turned her guests loose to slide and shriek and tumble with the hilarity of youthful hoodlums. The nervous-breakdown party, given in honor of Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart, where the grown-up children arrived at high noon garbed in the tails and high hats, the chiffons and low-cut velvets of the evening hours. Roller skating fests where they throw their dignities and their equilibriums to the four winds. The barn dance where the guests rode miles in hay wagons and danced in a rough-floored stable. The "kiddie" parties, where they rig themselves in Boy Scout suits and French doll frocks and play the well remembered games of their childhood.

Their zest for fun seems unquenchable. Their imaginations run riot tirelessly. They indulge in the unrestrained antics which belong to a youth that cannot and will not die. There are several scenes which no one, who saw them, will ever forget. Lawrence Tibbett, lying flat on his back on a living-room floor, singing grand opera melodies while he kept time with his feet and grinned at the circle of applauding listeners. Jean Harlow, gowned in white satin and ermine, lighting matches under the canvas seat of the chair in which Clark Gable was sitting. Johnny Weissmuller suddenly interrupting his lunch to throw Lupe Velez over one shoulder and carry her, screaming and kicking and laughing, from the studio commissary. Leslie Howard, a scarlet bathrobe covering the blue of his Romeo costume, climbing up on a wobbly ladder to make his own motion pictures of a scene from "Romeo and Juliet," played by

Norma Shearer and John Barrymore. Bob Montgomery doing a spring dance on the top of a row of files in the studio's publicity office. Mae West screaming in her excitement at the Friday night fights. Jeanette MacDonald arriving on the stage in a huge dog house after she had been scolded for her tardiness by Director W. S. Van Dyke.

Their griefs, their enthusiasms and their dislikes are as violent as their play. Like irresponsible children, they quarrel violently one day and make peace the next. They race from one game to another, from Truth to Monopoly to Handies to Knock-Knock. Each game holds the center of interest for a short time. The children play it with all their vim and vigor. Then they tire of it and discard it in favor of some new diversion.

Their very speech reflects their intensity. It is studded with superlatives and embroidered with a childish demonstrativeness. They shower "Dears" and "Darlings" upon each other. Today they are "mad about" one thing. Tomorrow they think something else is "absolutely wonderful." Everything is either the best or the worst. There is no happy and uninteresting medium for them. They have the ability of endowing the most commonplace happening with a bright warmth and color.

There is little wonder, being as they are, that their romances are so many and so turbulent. They bring to each new love affair the romantic glamor which high-school boys and girls give to their first heart throbs.

They refuse to grow old and blasé. They are proud of their zest for living, their youthful freshness of emotion. They strive to keep that young enthusiasm because they know that, when they lose it, when they grow up into adult seriousness and staidness and boredom, their day of



Glenda Farrell changes escorts so fast Hollywood can't keep track. Here she is at "Flash-lighters Frolic" with Drew Ebersson. Both beam gaily.

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Stars' Studio Addresses

(Continued from page 66)



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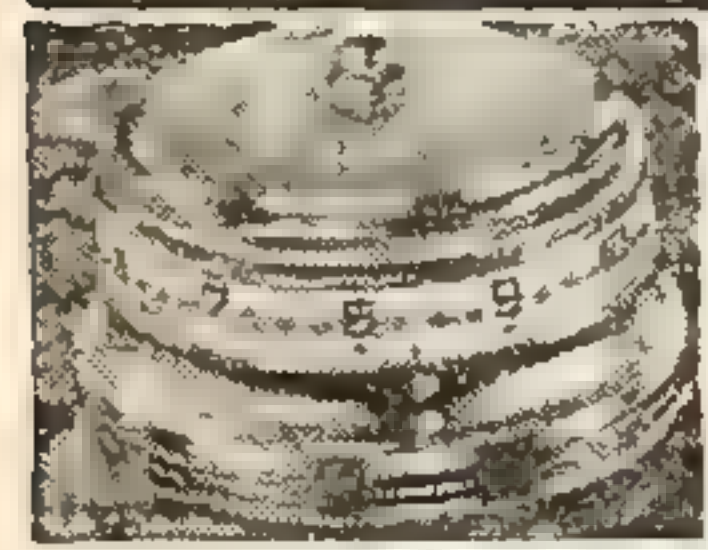
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LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
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MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century-Fox.
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MARSHALL, HERBERT: RKO-Radio.
MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
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McGUIRE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: Republic.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, FRANK: 20th Century-Fox.
MELTON, JAMES: Warner Bros.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Paramount.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
MEREDITH, BURGESS: RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
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MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MILLAND, RAY: Paramount.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: 20th Century-Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Gaumont-British.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOCRE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
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MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
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MORRIS, CHESTER: Columbia.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Paramount.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
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NOLAN, DORIS: Universal.
NOLAN, LLOYD: Paramount.
NORTON, BARRY: M-G-M.
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O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
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OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
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PEPPER, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PIDGEON, WALTER: Universal.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRESTON, ANN: RKO-Radio.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: M-G-M.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
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RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: M-G-M.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Paramount.
RATHBONE, BASIL: M-G-M.
RATOFF, GREGORY: 20th Century-Fox.
RAY, LEAH: 20th Century-Fox.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.

REED, PHILIP: United Artists.
REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
REYNOLDS, CRAIG: Warner Bros.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: M-G-M.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
ROBERTI, LYDA: M-G-M.
ROBERTS, BEVERLY: Warner Bros.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
ROWLES, POLLY: Universal.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, TOM: United Artists.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCHUMANN-HEINK, MME. ERNESTINE: M-G-M.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARL, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHERIDAN, ANN: Warner Bros.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: United Artists.
SILVERS, SID: M-G-M.
SIMON, SIMONE: 20th Century-Fox.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: Universal.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDER, LIONEL: Columbia.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Columbia.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANK M.: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox.
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREEN, MARY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: 20th Century-Fox.
VINSON, HELEN: Gaumont-British.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: RKO-Radio.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHALEN, MICHAEL: 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Gaumont-British.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: United Artists.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: M-G-M.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: Universal.
WITHERS, GRANT: Paramount.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOOD, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, CHARLENE: Paramount.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.
ZEHRER, LILI: United Artists.

Reviews

(Continued from page 17)

★★ Adventure in Manhattan
(Columbia)

Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea and Reginald Owen do their best—which is always good—to make something of this assignment. But the plot flattens this picture in spite of their efforts. It is one of those mystery tales where not only the audience is kept in the dark, but the main characters seem a bit bewildered. Joel McCrea has the role of an amazing young man who has psychic powers when it comes to crime. He becomes so obnoxious to his fellow reporters after successfully foretelling a series of thefts and murders that they decide to take him down a notch. Jean Arthur, an actress, is hired to help them since McCrea has boasted that no woman can ever interfere with his brain-work. Jean manages to interfere considerably, but in the end helps him solve the biggest crime of the day. Reginald Owen is at the bottom of this crime. He plays the jewel thief who has been at large for more years than the police departments of several countries would like to remember. This kind of picture may serve to get some people's minds off their troubles, but it is doubtful diversion for the majority.

★★ Along Came Love
(Paramount)

Here we have the perpetual Hollywood Cinderella story in different guise and a right amusing little film it turns out to be. Nothing great, but full of infectious gaiety that communicates itself to the audience. Leaping directly into the cock-eyed plot, Cinderella (alias Irene Hervey) is an ash-can saleslady in the basement of a huge Manhattan store. Given to hero-worship and astronomy, she falls in love with the constellation Orion, of all things. When she meets one John Patrick O'Ryan, Park Avenue medical student, Cinderella switches her fixation from a celestial body to one more embraceable, but just as remote to her. Irene Franklin, playing Cinderella's mother, sings lustily, taps and rolls up a major portion of the laughs for herself. If your heart warms to film old-timers, you will welcome the sight of H. B. Warner and Doris Kenyon. Irene Hervey, Charles Starrett, Bernadene

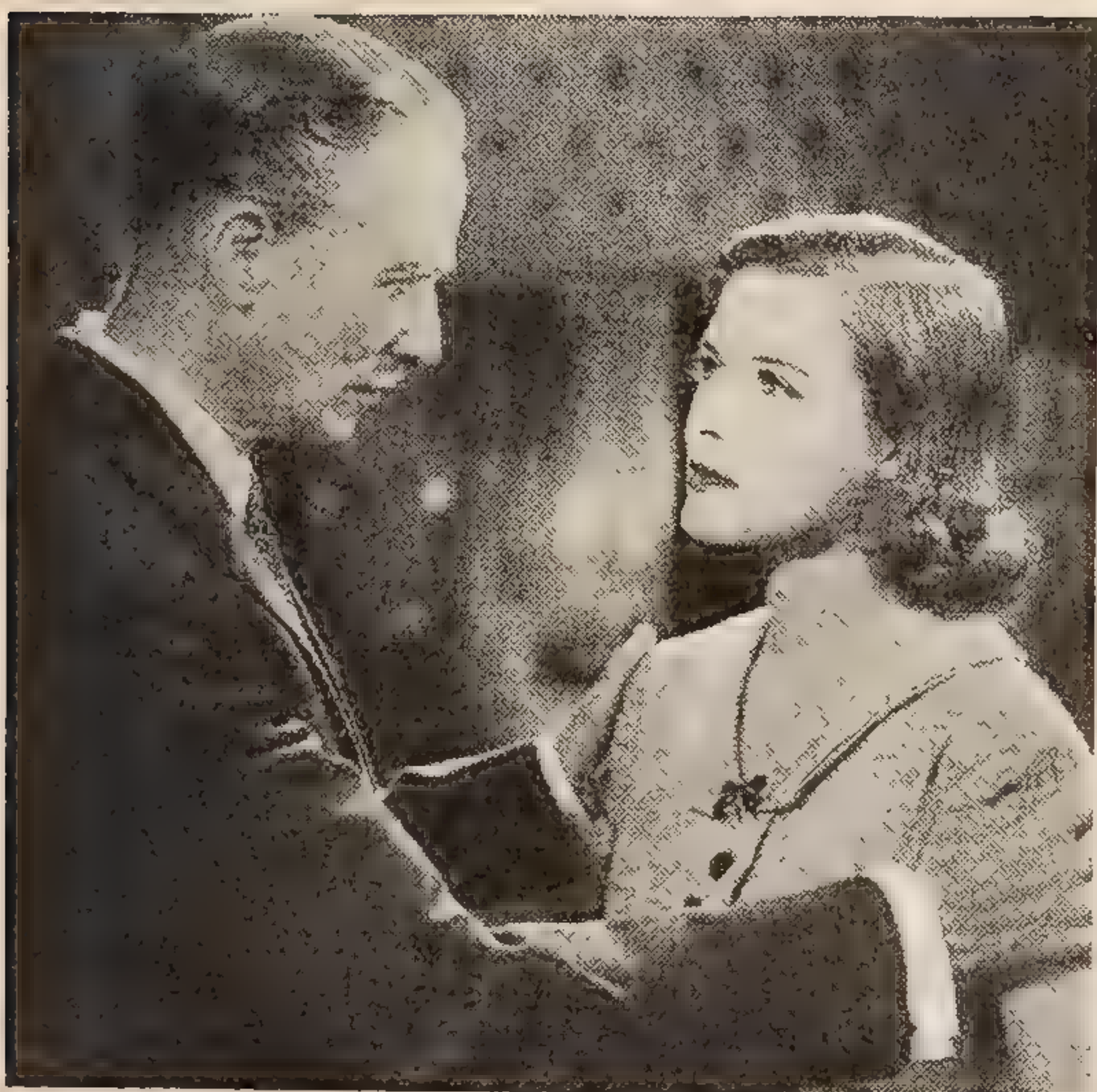
Hayes, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Charles Judels contribute greatly to the general sprightliness.

★ The Man I Marry
(Universal)

This comedy won't have you in stitches, but you can't miss a couple of good laughs anyway. Besides, it is worth seeing in order to get acquainted with Doris Nolan, who makes her promising celluloid debut here. She plays the role of Nigel Bruce's and Marjorie Gateson's niece. Nigel's chief interest in life is producing plays while his wife's is scaling the social ladder. For her cause she manages to get Doris Nolan affianced to Gerald Oliver-Smith, an Englishman on the stuffy side. When Doris beats a retreat to a deserted house she runs smack into Michael Whalen, a playwright on the genius side. All should be clear sailing from then on, but they manage to string along for several reels before realizing it's Love. In the meantime, Doris swipes Michael's play and gives it to her uncle, thereby saving him from bankruptcy and paving the way to fame for Mr. Whalen, who is so against this sort of thing that they have to lock him up in jail to keep him under control. An obviously padded plot is lightened by some good dialogue and comedy by Chic Sale. Skeets Gallagher and Cliff Edwards do some cutting up as a couple of drunks, but they fall pretty flat.

★★ The President's Mystery
(Republic)

This picture was taken from the Franklin D. Roosevelt opus recently published in a national weekly. Though a political tale, involving economic conditions chiefly, it is packed with suspense from the first reel, when a successful attorney, Henry Wilcoxon, decides to disappear from the world and his wife, both having wearied him for some years. He establishes his death by purchasing a corpse and running it over a bridge in his car. Having liquidated his fortune, he then starts out by bus for his new life, only to read in the next day's paper that his wife has been murdered and that he is the guilty party, his own suicide proving his guilt. From then on the story becomes involved



H. B. Warner and Irene Hervey in a scene from "Along Came Love."



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Nat Pendleton and James Melton in "Sing Me a Love Song."



Joan Blondell and Frank McHugh in the comedy, "Three Men on a Horse."

with a cooperative cannery which Wilcoxon becomes interested in. Strikes and communism add dramatic interest, while Betty Furness provides the romantic element. All goes well until Sidney Blackmer, an unscrupulous attorney, who knew Wilcoxon before his disappearance, begins tightening the net about him. Wilcoxon is outstanding, while Betty Furness and Evelyn Brent contribute good work. The comedy scenes are carried off with a flourish by Barnett Parker, as the seemingly stupid butler whose brainwork finally saves the day.

★★ Rose Bowl

(Paramount)

If you are college age or collegiate by nature, you'll get a lot of fun out of this picture. It winds up, of course, with football in the Rose Bowl, and the hero, Tom Brown, crashing through for his alma mammy. But football is not the only thing in the picture. Benny Baker introduces a glass-breaking gag that is the funniest thing he's done in celluloid. Then there is Eleanore Whitney who hasn't a single tap to do in this one, but shows definite proof of dramatic ability and looks pretty enough to inspire any team on to victory. Larry Crabbe does a nice job as the handsome football hero for whom Eleanore has been pining only to learn that Larry isn't at all interested, while it's Tom Brown in whom beats the heart of gold. Nydia Westman, as Eleanore's sister and partner in a college town candy shop, gives a good account of herself as does William Frawley in the role of football coach. Good gags, good football and good-looking girls make this film diverting entertainment.

★ Sing Me a Love Song

(First-National)

The scene is the employees' lunch room at Haines' department store. At the table are Patricia Ellis and ZaSu Pitts of the sheet music department, Allen Jenkins, an elevator operator, and James Melton, a newcomer to the music department. When Jenkins complains of the food, Miss Ellis reminds him that Mr. Haines, Jr., who has just taken over the management of the store, will no doubt make many improvements. The employees' lunch room soon looks like a nightclub and Mr. Melton, between songs, finds time to see that the charms of Patricia Ellis are more numerous than those of Ann Sheridan, his wealthy fiancée. Most of the picture's amusing moments are furnished by Hugh Herbert, a rich guy, who is also a kleptomaniac. James Melton's voice is splendid,

but his acting still leaves something to be desired.

★★ The Smartest Girl In Town (RKO-Radio)

There isn't much to this picture, but everyone seemed to have a fine time—not only the cast but the audience. It is another of those Gene Raymond-Ann Sothern comedies, with both of them at their gayest. And if you like the way Gene and Ann go gay, this picture is for you. If you don't, Helen Broderick and Eric Blore will make you feel your ticket was a safe investment. Erik Rhodes supplies some laughs with his characterization of the bewildered baron who is courting Ann with the enthusiastic cooperation of Ann's sister, Helen Broderick, who thinks a girl should marry strictly for money, she having married for no other reason than love. Believing that clothes may not make the man but certainly help a woman make a man, Helen starts Ann on a career of modelling the smartest apparel in town. When the company hires Gene Raymond's yacht for an advertising background, she proves her point. Though, of course, Gene would have adored Ann in last year's kitchen number. Gene thinks up a really cute idea of pretending to be the male model hired for the picture, and you can imagine Ann's surprise after several reels to find that she's fallen in love with a multimillionaire! It's that kind of story, well padded with snappy dialogue and a few genuinely comic sequences.

★★ Three Men on a Horse

(Warner Bros.)

Though the laughs fall short of those garnered by the stage version, "Three Men on a Horse" is still good screen fare. Teddy Hart and Sam Levene are the only ones rounded up of the original New York stage company. Others in the cast are Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee, Allen Jenkins, Carol Hughes and Joan Blondell—to give you an idea of the comedy offered for your money. Frank McHugh is the hero, though on the Caspar Milquetoast type. His life work is writing greeting card ditties, until he discovers, quite by chance, that he is equally talented at picking horses. So good is he that a gang of toughies, headed by Sam Levene, kidnap McHugh, much to the joy of Joan Blondell who is Sam's girl friend and always has had a poetic side to her nature, too. Follows a tale that race-track addicts will lap up, but that still is humorous enough to provide entertainment for the rest of the audience. McHugh goes through grueling and hilarious experiences before he is



A tense moment from "We Who Are About to Die," with John Beal and Ann Dvorak.

finally returned to his wife, Carol Hughes, whose nagging had turned poor Frank to the bottle in the first place. And Guy Kibbee, his boss, forgives him even if Frank did slip up on his annual Mother's Day verses.

★★ Tarzan Escapes (M-G-M)

Another Tarzan tale on the screen is always good news to the Burroughs' fans. But this should be the best news yet, since it tops all previous Tarzan thrillers. Johnny Weissmuller has never had himself a better time in all his years of Tarzanning, in spite of suffering dirty work at the hands of John Buckler, an animal collector who decides to take him back to England as Exhibit A. As if that weren't hectic enough, there's in-law trouble for Tarzan. The relatives of his mate, Maureen O'Sullivan, suddenly drop into their honeymoon cottage in the tree tops and lure the bride back to civilization. But you can't keep a Weissmuller down for more than a few reels, so he gets matters straightened out eventually with help from a herd of elephants. There are grand shots of animal life throughout this celluloider, to say nothing of the jungle background photography, which should make the picture enjoyable for those less active by nature than the majority of Tarzan fans. In the supporting cast, Maureen O'Sullivan gives a sincere and likeable performance. Benita Hume and William Henry, as her cousins, are good. E. E. Clive, Herbert Mundin and John Buckler contribute satisfactory characterizations—and Cheetah almost steals the picture with his histrionics.

★ A Woman Rebels (RKO-Radio)

This is old-fashioned melodrama, a costume play lacking in pace and dramatic force, despite good performances by most of the cast. It tells the story of Pamela Thistlewaite and her rebellion against the straight-laced standards of mid-Victorian England. Lonely and unhappy because of her tyrannical father and the marriage of her only sister, she succumbs to the charms of a gay blade from London. Her baby arrives at the time of her sister's death, so Pamela's child, as far as the world knows, is her niece. From then on she crusades for women's rights and hides her secret and her love for Sir Thomas Lane (Herbert Marshall) until the truth is finally revealed in a divorce suit. You can recognize the ancient plot in spite of its fancy dress disguise as the picture moves slowly to its inevitable ending.

★★★ Come and Get It (Samuel Goldwyn)

Here's as lusty and loud a screen drama as you could wish to see. Adapted from Edna Ferber's novel, it bristles with life and shouts its way through an hour and a half of good, vigorous entertainment. Starting out as a story of the northern Wisconsin lumber camps in the 80's, it becomes, in the end, a dramatic and powerful love triangle. It is the story of Barney Glasgow (Edward Arnold), whose unquenchable thirst for wealth and prominence leaves the forests devastated and the dance hall gal who loves him heart-broken. He wants to marry the boss' daughter to promote his future, but she (Frances Farmer) weds his lumberjack pal (Walter Brennan). Years later, rich and respectable, he returns to his old haunts, meets his former sweetheart's daughter (also played by Frances Farmer) and falls in love with her. He brings her home with him and at this point his power to get what he wants, is broken, for the gal falls in love with his son (Joel McCrea). Edward Arnold's performance is excellent, and Walter Brennan is swell as the lumberjack. You fans will agree that Frances Farmer has a definite screen future.

★ Wild Brian Kent (Sol Lesser-RKO)

This picture is almost as flat as the Kansas prairies which serve as its background. Ralph Bellamy is the supposedly wild young man of the title role, who after a few years of reckless dissipation in the big city turns to the corn country and the good life. Here he meets Mae Clarke, who lives in mortal fear that the farm owned by her aunt and uncle is going to be foreclosed by the city slicker. However, Ralph has thrown his money away with a lavish hand by this time. But he hies himself to town and talks the would-be fore-closer into loaning him enough money to ship Mae's sheep to market. Mae gets the money all right, but she also gets some of the infected sheep belonging to the big meanie mixed up in her shipment. Things look pretty dark again, but Ralph saves that day, too. The next problem is to get the wheat crop in. Excitement mounts steadily because you have a feeling that the villain will surely put a monkey-wrench in the threshing machine or something. But he foils everyone by just setting a match to the ripe field of grain. Our hero arrives on the field just in the nick of time, and Ralph Bellamy beating out fifty acres of flaming farina is undoubtedly the high point of this picture.

★ 15 Maiden Lane (20th Century-Fox)

This offers enough thrills to be pleasantly diverting to fans of an adventurous turn of mind. Those with a skeptical viewpoint may find it hard to take in spots. Concerning the jewel trade, which centers around Maiden Lane in New York City, the plot thickens in the first reel with the discovery that a diamond of fabulous price has been stolen from a merchant in the building. Robert McWade is owner of the insurance company which must stand the price, if it is not recovered and Claire Trevor is his niece who sets about saving him the dough by locating the gang of jewel thieves. Miss Trevor's celluloid courage is a thing to marvel at—the more dangerous the crook or the situation, the more she is intrigued. Cesar Romero is the suave and supposedly clever thief, who falls into the blonde's trap, without even so much as bothering to find out her connections—a little matter that would have



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saved his life in the last reel. However, there are some believable and really exciting sequences which build suspense to the final clean-up of the gang. Romero's role does not give him opportunity for his undeniable gifts. Claire Trevor is attractive to look at and gets the most from the part assigned her. Douglas Fowley is good as the go-between, while Lloyd Nolan and Robert McWade pass muster.

★ **Luckiest Girl in the World**
(Universal)

As the "Luckiest Girl in the World" Jane Wyatt does not make too favorable an impression. In the first place, the story is too weak in spots to carry conviction and, in the second place, players cast with her don't help matters along much. Miss Wyatt is attractive to look at, but lacks picture personality—at least at this stage of the game. Of the entire cast Eugene Pallette and Viola Callahan are the only outstanding players. The others, including Louis Hayward, Catherine Doucet, Nat Pendleton and Philip Reed are merely satisfactory. Pallette plays the millionaire whose daughter, Jane Wyatt, is madly in love with Philip Reed. Phil's a young man whose outstanding qualification for marriage is that he plays a fine game of tennis.

Papa says Jane can marry him, if she can manage to live on \$150 for one month in New York City. This wouldn't be too tough for most gals, but Jane has such a struggle. Louis Hayward, a young man renting a room in the same boarding-house, practically has to feed her, and love blooms over the burnt hamburger. Nat Pendleton, as the bodyguard hired to watch over Jane, provides most of the laughs, but it's too much the same type of Pendleton gagging. Hayward and Miss Wyatt fall pretty flat in their attempts at light comedy. Viola Callahan, in a short bit, as the boarding-house keeper, is at least believable.

★★★ **The Garden of Allah**
(United Artists)

With the industry's knowledge of the intricacies of technicolor advancing with each color film, "The Garden of Allah" takes advantage of previous experiments and emerges as the most beautiful series of photographs thus far brought to the screen.

If you think Marlene Dietrich was beautiful in black and white, wait un-

til you see her in color! She is, as the French have it, the nuts. So with Dietrich looking radiant, beautiful moonlight shots of the desert and superb acting by Charles Boyer, one forgets that the story is hardly modern and that at times the picture's pace is a decidedly lethargic one. The story is about a Trappist monk who renounces his sacred vows and flees from the monastery, whereupon he falls in love with a woman who, like himself, is searching for happiness. They marry, but their idyll is ended when, his secret discovered, the former monk returns to his life of celibacy.

Although acting honors go to Charles Boyer, Marlene Dietrich acquits herself surprisingly well in a role eminently suited to her special talents. In a beautiful dance sequence, Tilly Losch proves herself an exotic screen personality.

There are also capable performances by Joseph Schildkraut, John Carradine, Basil Rathbone and C. Aubrey Smith.

★★ **Under Your Spell**
(20th Century-Fox)

Here's Lawrence Tibbett again, in finest singing form, to prove he is the screen's premiere baritone. Also, that he can go through dramatic paces with the greatest of ease. It's too bad that the story is superficial and does not match up to the depth and beauty of his rich tones. But as long as Tibbett sings frequently and stirringly, the plot is of small matter. In addition to the exquisite music (there's an excerpt from "Faust" that will make your blood tingle, the two typical Tibbett numbers—"Under Your Spell" and "My Little Mule Wagon") is the custom-built story of the concert artist, who is a martyr to the demands of fame. Between cigarette-endorsing and back-patting audition winners, life is pretty vapid for the baritone—until the girl comes along. Patterned after the zany type popularized by Carole Lombard in "My Man Godfrey," Cynthia Drexel (Wendy Barrie) is rich, pampered and given to breaking dishes in moments of stress. To spite a social rival, she engages the baritone to sing at a party. When the singer jumps all contracts in an effort to "get away from it all" the willful miss pursues him to his mountain cabin to force him to fulfill her commitment. Failing, she will have to marry a man she doesn't love, because she made a bet that way. You know the rest.



Jane Wyatt and Louis Hayward in "Luckiest Girl in the World."



A scene from "A Woman Rebels," co-starring Hepburn and Marshall.

More Good News

(Continued from page 41)

termission. The mystery, according to Cesar, is: which of his so-called friends handed him an exploding cigarette?



More fun on the "After the Thin Man" set. In one scene, Bill Powell was to enter a prison cell with several young ladies. After getting the party locked up in the jug, Director Van Dyke and crew calmly left for lunch. But they returned to find Powell having a swell time—and a swell lunch—with the gals. Seems he had yelled out an order to the studio commissary, and they had shoved their fanciest five-course luncheon through the bars. Since guys in jail have no money, Van Dyke is still wondering whether his gag was worth the price of the stiff lunch check he had to pay.



Now that winter has hit Hollywood—the thermometer has dropped to 70°—everyone heads for Palm Springs and the desert every week-end. There the glamor girls and boys can get away from work and the cruel cold for a few days while they grow radiant under the southern sun and the pleasant publicity. The desert resorts are more popular than ever this season and tourists wanting to rub sun-tans with their favorites should come armed with ample check-books. At one of the spas, for instance, you can purchase the regular

luncheon for \$2.00, and if you wish the added distinction of having plunged into the same pool with a \$5,000-a-week cutie, another \$2.00 takes care of that. And why not? After all, what can they raise on the desert but prices?



On a clear day, as the saying goes, you can see Bob Taylor's dressing-gown from San Francisco. He startled the waitresses at the studio commissary with it the first few days, but they're getting used to it. Personally, we think it's a trick to hide his identity, because the robe is so startling you hardly notice who's in it.



On the "After the Thin Man" set at M-G-M, Director W. S. Van Dyke was preparing to shoot a scene. Jessie Ralph was to say a few words to Sam ("Three Men on a Horse") Levene. Levene is from Broadway and Van Dyke had been giving him the ribbing most newcomers get. After the first rehearsal Van Dyke asked Levene to show more of his profile. Levene complied, and they went over it once more. Van Dyke asked for still more profile, and he got it and they shot the scene. "How was I?" asked Levene. "I don't know," replied Van Dyke. "You aren't in this scene."



Before you send one of those "from a friend" notes to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., we assure you that Bill Powell is stepping out with Myrna Loy Hornblow in the name of art only! They're Nora and Nick up to their debonair best in "After the Thin Man," the sequel to that all-time cinematic wow "The Thin Man."

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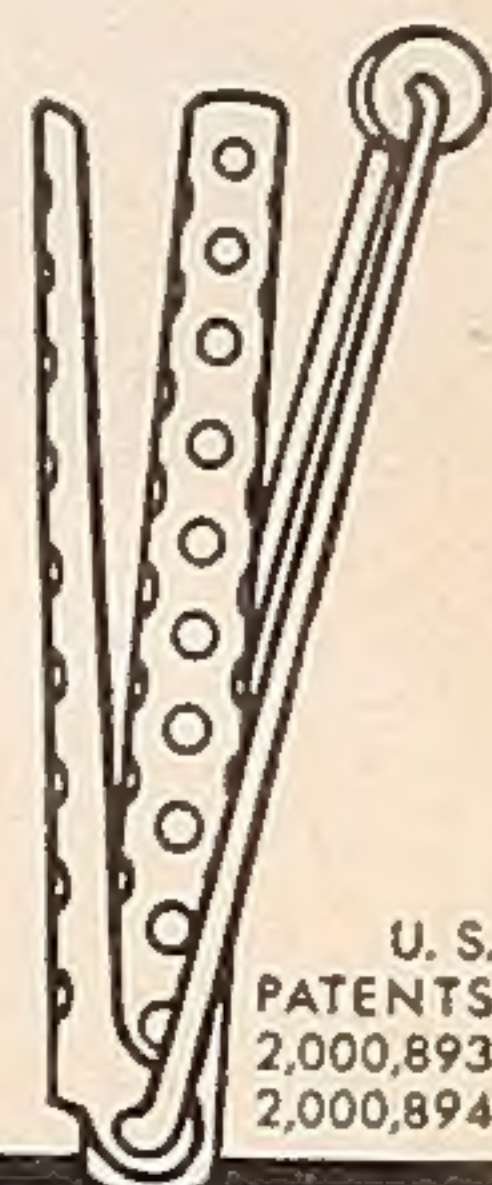


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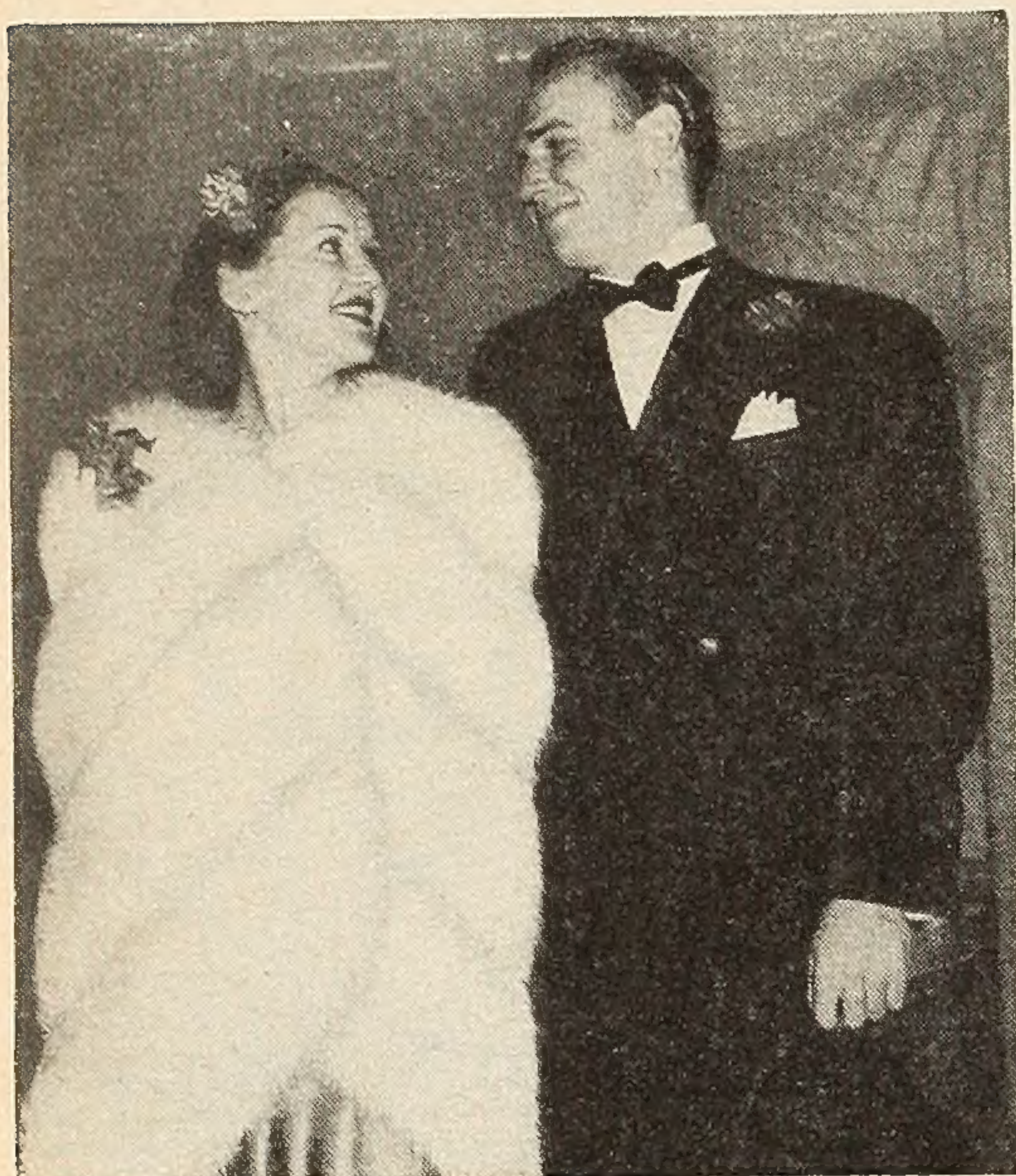
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When two burglars parked themselves in the garage of the Ravenswood Apartments, one evening recently, they lined up the tenants as they arrived and relieved them of their cash and jewelry. They were really marking time waiting for Mae West, who owns the building and lives in it. But Mae was at the fights and the thieves decided to come up and see her some other time, much to the relief of the other tenants who knew that Mae would be accompanied by her two bodyguards, which might have meant considerable gun-play.

Jean Harlow's so crazy about badminton that she's torn up a bedroom in her home and made a badminton court of it. Badminton courts should be outside, but Jean shouldn't because the sun doesn't agree with her. Hence the inside court for Harlow. Or is it because Bill Powell had to spend most of his days in darkened rooms for a spell on account of a bad case of looking too often at studio lights?

Jeanette MacDonald is back in town after visiting in New York and Philadelphia with her mother and sisters. In the meantime, Gene Raymond has been making daily trips to San Fernando Valley, where the MacDonald-Raymond home is being nailed together. According to their understanding, there'll be no wedding until the house is completed. And there's talk around that Mr. R. is trying to convince Jeanette that she really ought to see Yuma at this time of the year.

Susan Carrie Saunders is the reason you're not seeing Fay Wray in celluloid these days. Susan Carrie's taken all of Fay's time since her arrival a couple of months ago. What's more, there's talk of Fay giving up her movie career and devoting herself exclusively to home, husband and daughter. They may make their home in England, where John Monk

Saunders is writing for British films.

Bing Crosby thought up the idea of mid-ocean previews. There have been pre-showings of pictures on planes, trains and busses, but never on the briny. When Bing left on his trip to Hawaii, he had Columbia book passage for a print of "Pennies from Heaven," his new picture, which he hadn't seen. But he'll never do it again, for he had to see the film every night for the five nights of the trip. Passengers in every class demanded to see the preview and asked that Bing be present to lend a bit of atmosphere. You can't turn down a boat load of customers, which is why Bing was so glad to see land and the last of "Pennies from Heaven."

Mickey Rooney's face was several shades of red the other day, instead of the even freckled sun-tan it usually is. Because he was due back to the studio immediately after a broadcast, Mickey didn't have any spare time to change into the tuxedo which he was supposed to wear for his next scene. So he decided to change in the car while en route. Imagine his chagrin when his chauffeur stopped at a traffic signal right outside Hollywood high school and he found himself with an audience of admiring co-eds.

It takes time, but gradually Greta gets around to things. Make-up boxes, for instance, took her ten years to appreciate. The Silent One's make-up has always been carried around in a shoe box on the set until a few weeks ago when she suddenly appeared on the "Camille" set carrying a swanky purple leather one under her arm, and smiling fondly at the crew and Robert Taylor. Taylor, it turned out, just happened to be in the way, for the smiles were all for the crew. And particularly for Harry Edwards, prop man on the picture, who was the donor of the gift to Garbo.



Party-goers! Patty May, "Buck-Wheat" Thomas and Porky Lee.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Light | <input type="checkbox"/> Peach |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Medium | <input type="checkbox"/> Natural |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark | <input type="checkbox"/> Blanche |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Orange | <input type="checkbox"/> Suntan |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Raspberry | |
| Rouge | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Orange | <input type="checkbox"/> Raspberry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Poppy | <input type="checkbox"/> Peachbloom |

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It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for themselves—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning... to wish your friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.



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